

MODERN SCREEN

OCTOBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

THE COMPLETE STORY OF

"THE LETTER"

Starring

BETTE DAVIS



BETTE
DAVIS

Two Women ...

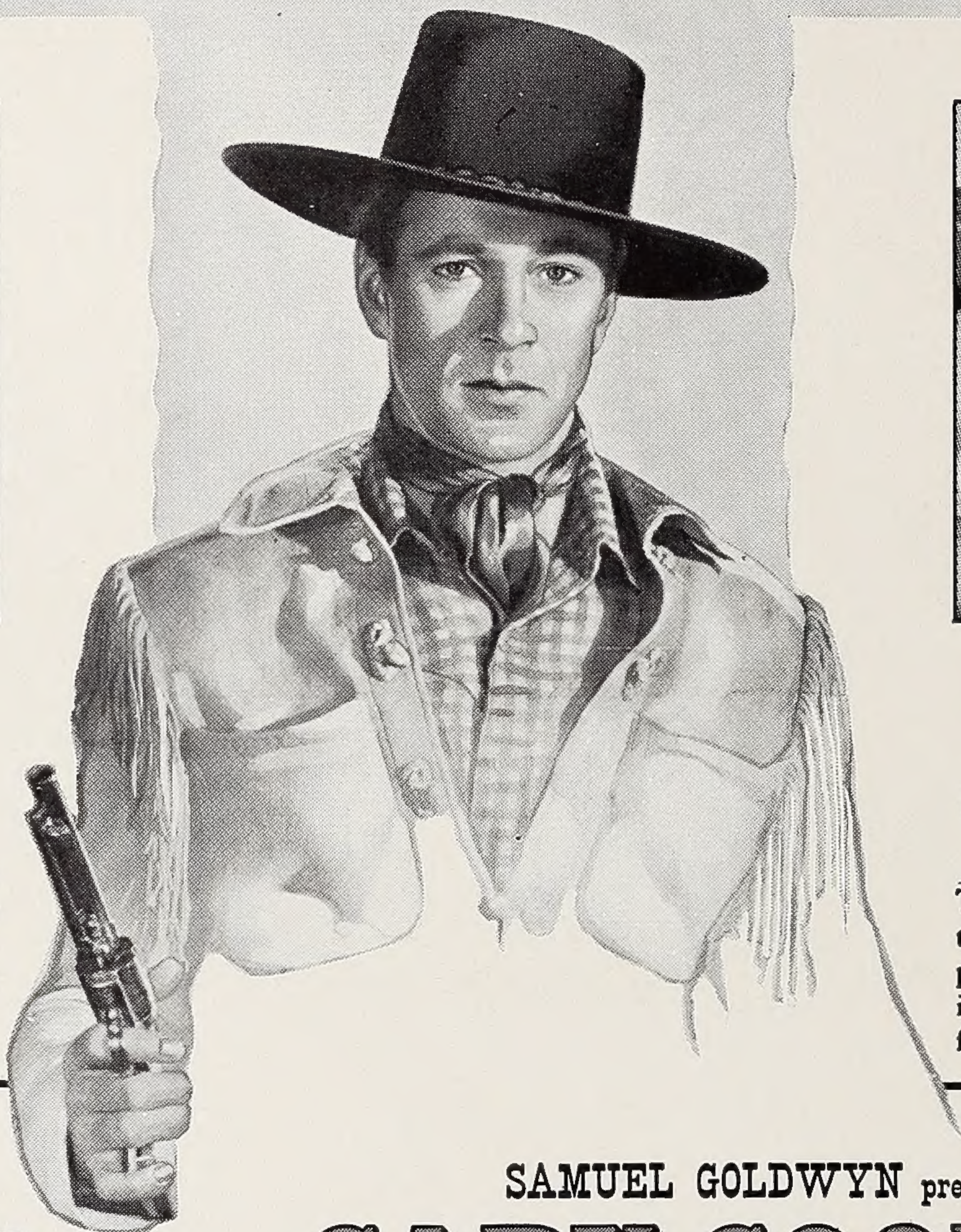
**helped him overthrow
the most ruthless power in the West!**



SHE HAD

Courage

... the courage to fight the most dangerous man west of the Pecos ... infamous Judge Roy Bean ... in the bitterest feud that ever shook the frontier!



SHE HAD

Glamour

The most adored woman of her time...exotic Lily Langtry...triumphantly touring the West, and adding the flame of her beauty to the fire that was raging in men's hearts!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

IN

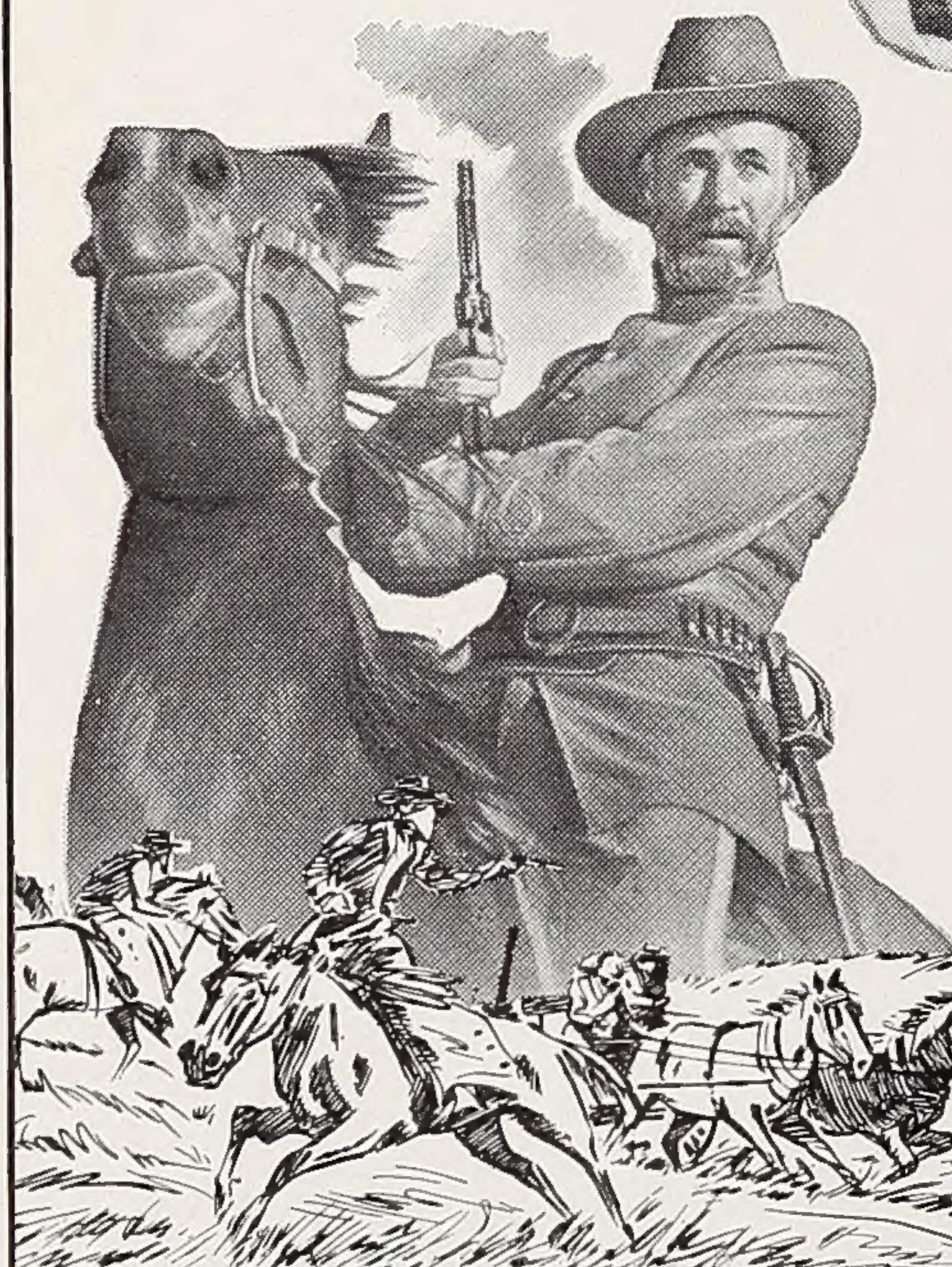
THE WESTERNER

with WALTER BRENNAN

FRED STONE • DORIS DAVENPORT

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

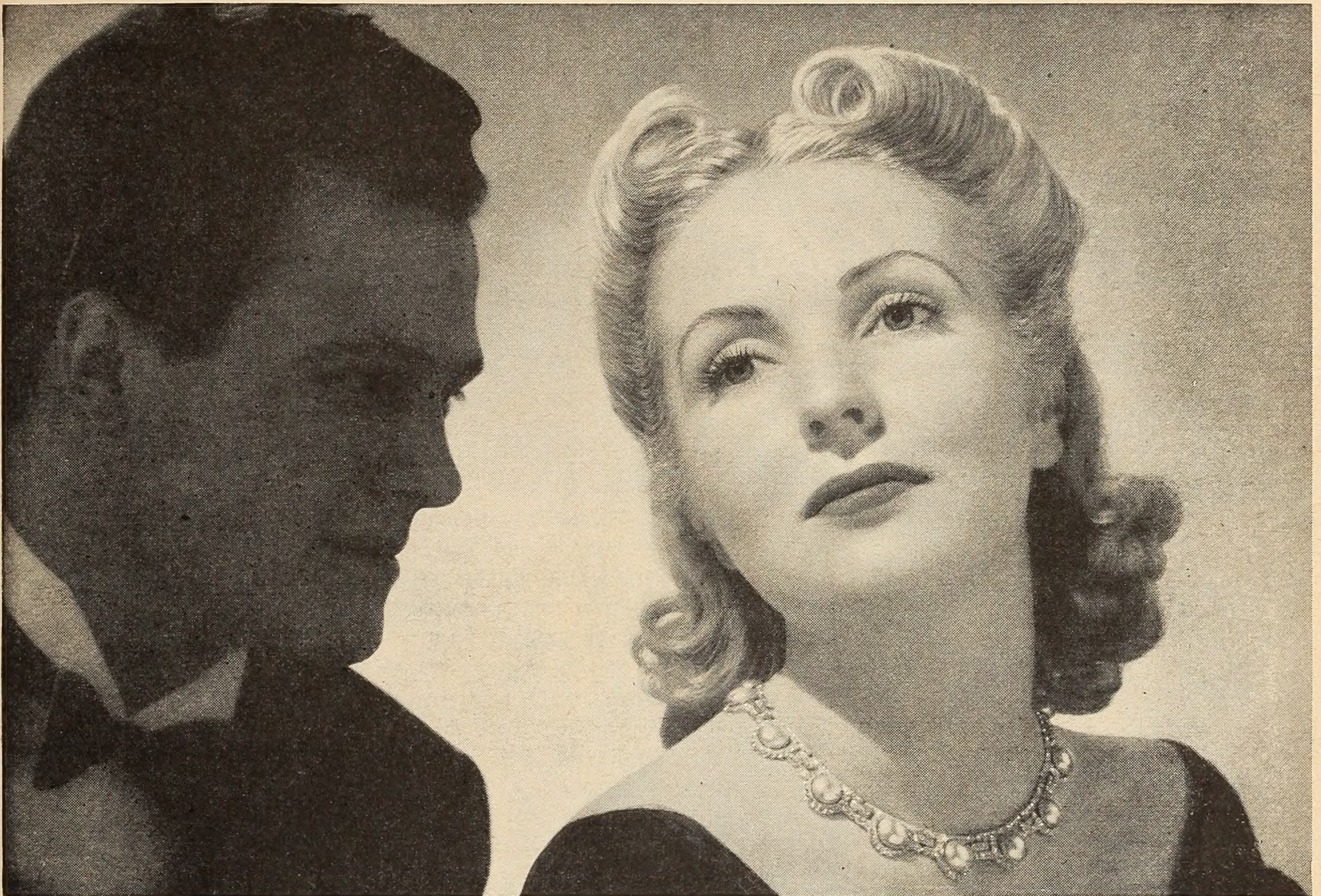


Watch for this spectacular picture at your local theatre!

HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"YOU'RE THE SONG IN MY HEART!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage
help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: "*You're beautiful,*" they said, "*beautiful!*"

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*



And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS.

"Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied

hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the

gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger,

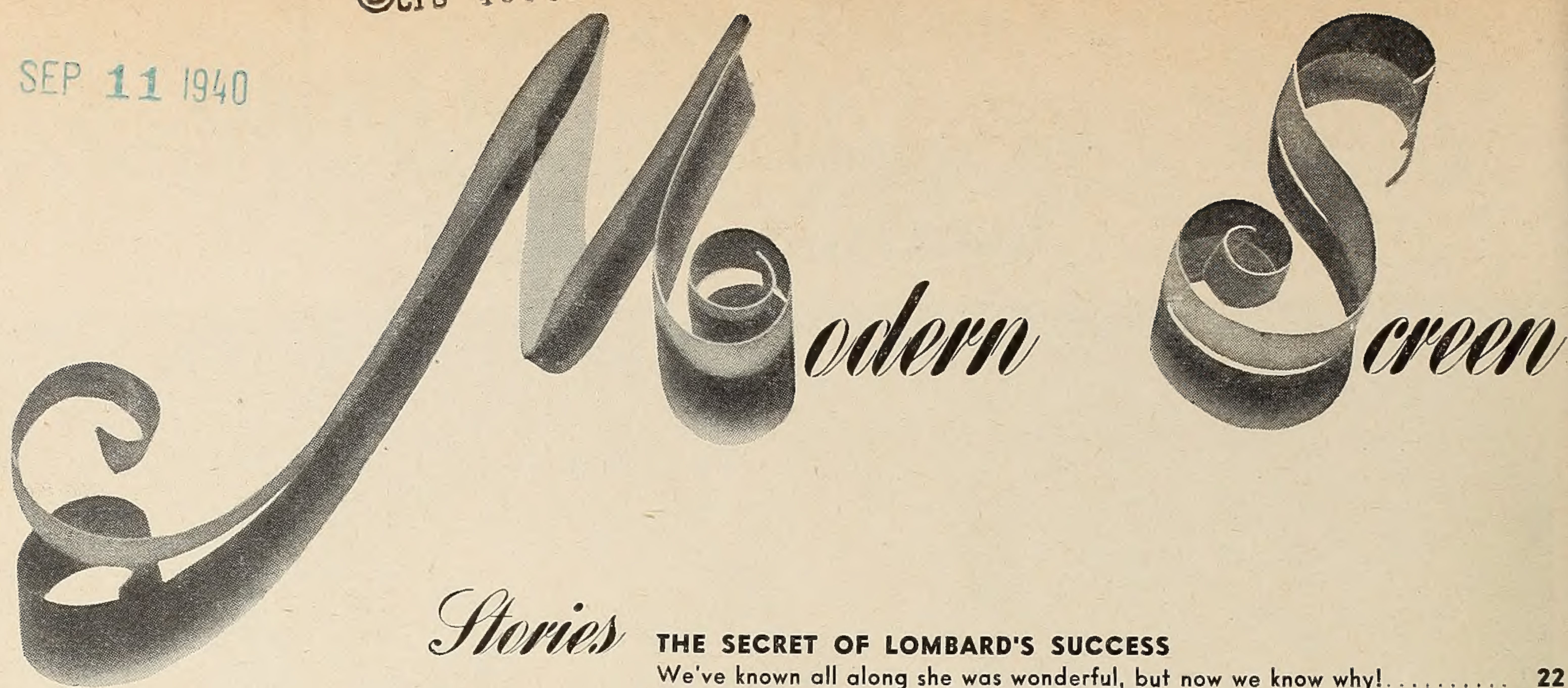
your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SEP 11 1940



Modern Screen

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Just when you think that Mickey couldn't possibly top his amazing hit record, along comes a new show funnier than ever!...This one even tops the laughs, songs and dance entertainment of "Babes in Arms"!

Yes! It's Judy! She's sending those sweet and hot notes right to the bottom of your heart again! Hear her swing out with "Strike Up the Band", "Our Love Affair", "Nobody" and many more!



The Merriest Pair on the Screen in a Great Musical Show!

STRIKE UP THE BAND

with

PAUL WHITEMAN AND ORCHESTRA

JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. & Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley

Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

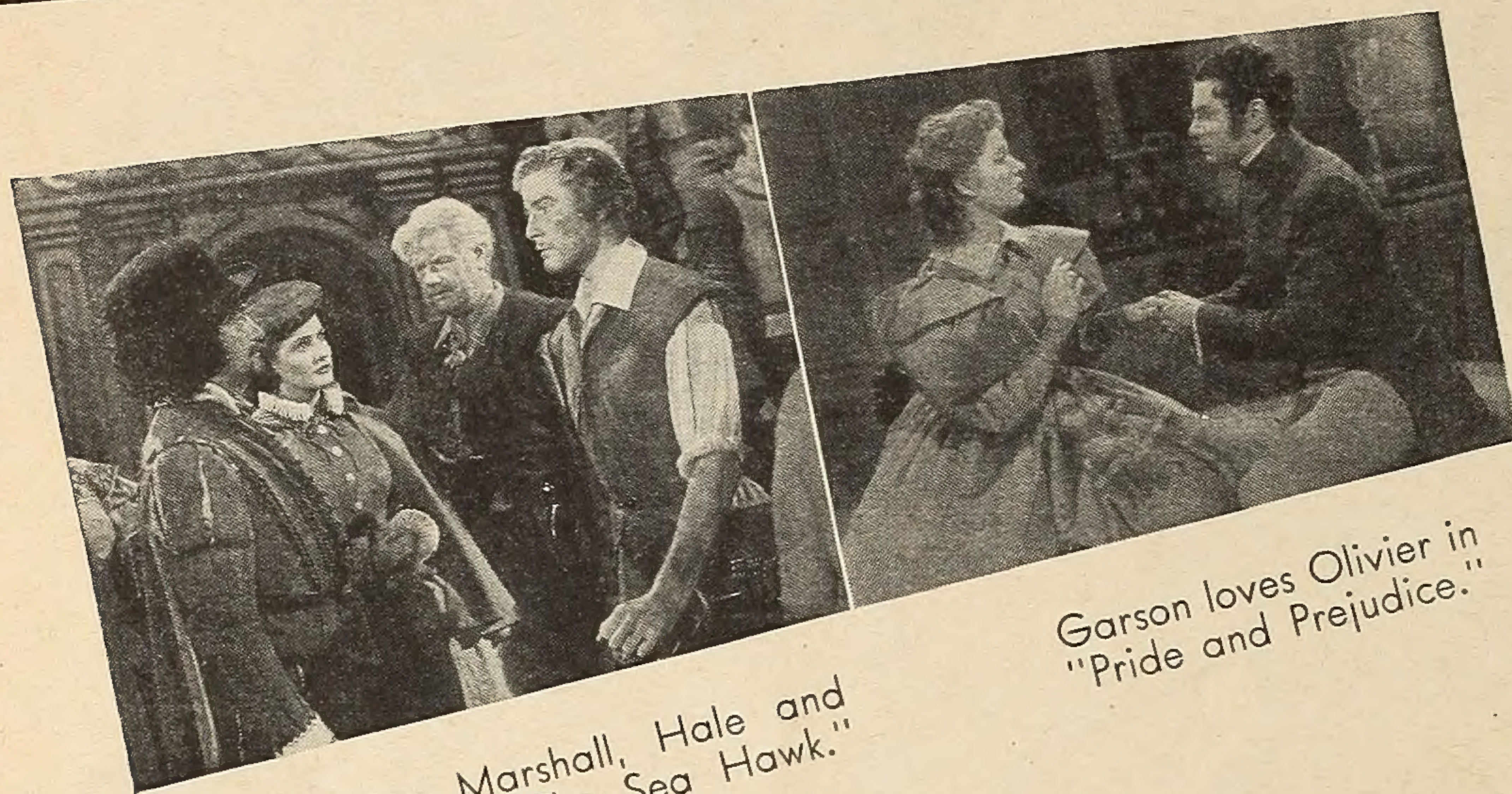


Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz,"
and a flock of peppy personalities!



MOVIE REVIEWS

A GUIDE TO FILM ENTERTAINMENT



Rains, Marshall, Hale and Flynn in "The Sea Hawk."

Garson loves Olivier in "Pride and Prejudice."

★★★½ THE SEA HAWK

REVIEW—Once again Sabatini's salty superman is roving the seas for England, sinking, pirating and capturing the enemies of Albion in the name of good Queen Bess. If you like a good, long sea yarn, filled with blood and thunder, magnificent sea battles and sword play, stately shots of those wooden tubs of yore with their cannonballs and clumsy dignity, rough, tough crews full of derring-do—and a handsome hero and heroine—here's your meat.

It all opens with an amazing sea battle in which the very spry Errol Flynn sinks a Spanish privateer. One of the best sea battles ever filmed, it would seem hard for the picture to top that scene but it manages to very nicely. There are exciting moments in the tropical jungles, in which Errol and his rough-toughs are captured by the Spanish, thanks to Fifth Column work back in England, and some pretty hectic scenes of horror in the galleys to which Errol & Co. thereafter are assigned. Their escape from the galleys and their subsequent capture of a Spanish warship is packed with much prickly suspense.

Though very athletic, Mr. Flynn is no Doug Fairbanks, for whom the part seems to exist. Miss Brenda Marshall, new to films, may not have more acting expressions than Flynn, but she is easy on the eyes. Claude Rains is in the picture but it's hard to tell him in his disguise of a dark, curly chop-beard, and it's just as well. It's his poorest job. But the motley, grimy crew around Flynn is well cast, and Flora Robson is truly slick as the ugly Queen Bess—the best part in it all. Directed by Mike Curtiz.—*Warner Brothers.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Warners shot the works on this—\$1,750,000 . . . 3,500 extras worked eight weeks in sea scenes at a salary cost of \$300,000 . . . 60 wardrobe ladies and tailors stitched two months on the many Elizabethan costumes. They cost over \$100,000 . . . A vast steel and concrete marine stage was built for \$90,000, measuring 160 by 270 feet, and holding up to 12 feet of water. 375 men worked 11 weeks with three shifts a day to build the British hull and the Spanish galleon that fight in this. These warships cost \$150,000 . . . 60 trained gunners and 120 assistants operated those cannons during the battle scenes—and though the cannons roared, they flung no actual shot. All those hits were made by hidden charges of powder set off by electric spark . . . Tho both ships were seaworthy, all fights and sinking of the Madre de Dios were done on the new Marine Stage . . . The "dream-chasing" Errol Flynn studied Spanish during filming, preparing for his air flight around South America. He and Lili still get on by loving in opposite directions. Five years ago they were calling Errol "Hey you!" around the sets. Today he's Mister . . . Brenda Marshall is really Ardis Ankeron Gaines, was born on the Island of Negroes in the Philippines, is 25, Texas-raised and a Texas State College grad. Her first kissing scene with Errol Flynn was filmed behind locked sets. The jitters had to be dispelled . . . Original Hawk didn't come to a penny more than \$500,000.

★★★½ PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

REVIEW—Jane Austen's fine novel of Olde English manners of the 18th Century has been done over into a nice, long costume comedy which won't disappoint you whether you have or haven't read the book. Aldous Huxley, probably the

most intellectual young man in the world today, had a hand in its writing; Robert Z. Leonard directed it with a light, often farcical touch; the cast is studded with lovely, young fresh creatures, and it is as fresh and humorous a comment on social snobbery and hypocrisy as Miss Austen intended it to be.

Not an uproarious affair, the charm of the picture, as that of the book, lies in the plots, counterplots and old-fashioned social talk, larded with the epigrams that people evidently used. The cumbersome, seemingly formless story reduces to this: Mary Boland, playing her fluttery self, has five marriageable daughters, and a frank, noisy determination to see them all married—well. Among them is Greer Garson, who plays the "modern" daughter Lizzie, for whom a Mr. Darcy, played by Mr. Laurence Olivier, falls. Lizzie despises his snobbishness, but finds herself falling desperately in love with Mr. Darcy, and the best part of the picture tells how they finally get together.

Acting honors go to Greer Garson, who looks as if she'll succeed Norma Shearer as the leading comedienne of Hollywood. Miss Garson, though not the breath-taking-beauty type, has great charm and is a skillful actress. Olivier certainly provided enough heart throbs to overcome any shortcomings, but the rest of the cast seemed slightly wooden against Greer Garson's shining job.

The backgrounds are charming and pleasing on the eye; the swing of the high class speeches and oldtime wit is easy on the ear, and the picture never goes "quaint," so I am sure you'll have a good, profitable and classical time at it. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: P & P—Jane Austen's first novel—was written around 1797, but dumb publishers held up its publication for almost twenty years! . . . Greer Garson's from County Down, North of Ireland, has Florentine red hair, green eyes, and is technically an Orcadian, her father having been born on the Orkney Islands. Greer's a London U. grad; comes from a long line of anti-theatre parsons, kirk elders, doctors; got on stage only because an M.D. said it would cure what ailed her . . . Laurence Olivier doesn't want to be tagged as a Great Lover. He wants to be a Great Actor. He and M-G-M invested about \$150,000 in *Romeo & Juliet*, which he played with Viv Leigh on Broadway late last spring, and which failed to wow anybody . . . Edna May Oliver is Boston-born and bred, kindly, caustic and anecdotal off-screen . . . Supper served in pic contained thirty distinct items. This was considered just a light Sunday night snack in the 1790's . . . Picture provided a financial field day for the horse and buggy renters of Hollywood, recently starving to death . . . Director Rob Leonard used to be a ham himself; can remember when a colossal feature was made in a single day, when salaries ran as high as \$50 a week and picture budgets as high as \$700 . . . P & P budget came to about \$1,500,000. (Continued on page 11)

**“A Miracle is happening to You right now
A ‘NEW-BORN-SKIN’
for your OLDER Skin!”** *says Lady Esther*



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can*! If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours*! Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and so *gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth*!

★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

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Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name

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City State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



WE KNOW A MILLION SECRETS AND ARE DYING TO SPILL 'EM. WRITE IN!

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hazel Spencer, Falconbridge, Ont. Comedienne Gail Patrick, who's a fugitive from heavy drama and sophistication, was born in Birmingham, Alabama, with the Irish-as-Paddy's-pig name of Peggy Fitzpatrick. She is just twenty-seven and very happily married to Bob Cobb, manager of the Hollywood Brown Derby. Black-haired and dark-eyed, Gail is five feet seven and weighs 120 pounds. She says she's a little overweight, but absolutely refuses to diet. She graduated from Howard College, with every intention of becoming a woman lawyer. That, however, was before Paramount launched its famous Panther Woman contest. Gail sent in her picture just for fun, and was stunned to discover that she'd won a movie contract! Says her greatest vice is an incurable mania for match-making. She's always trying to marry off her friends. She loves to dance, hates smoking and is a collector of perfume. Your favorite cowboy, Gene Autry, is six feet tall and will be thirty-three on September 29. Yes, he does wear cowboy clothes off screen, and his pet rig is a blue shirt, white chaps and an enormous sombrero.

Margaret Ann Bell, Waxahachie, Texas. Small wonder you think Bob Steele is a grand actor. He's been in the profession since he was two! His dad was a vaudeville player, and he made Bob part of the act as soon as he could toddle. When he was fourteen, Bob and his twin brother were corralled by Hollywood for "The Adventures of Bob and Bill," and from then until now, he's scarcely missed a day's work before the cameras. His real name is Robert Bradbury, and he was born in Portland, Oregon, on January 23, 1906. He's five feet ten, and occasionally gets into high heeled boots to make himself look taller. He weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's divorced from his first wife, Louise, and is married again. Rootin' tootin' Bob is a terrific baseball fan, is a mighty fine poker player and can swim, sail and golf with equal ease.

Virginia Monk, Trenton, N. J. Yes, Priscilla Lane was married to Assistant-Director Oren Haglund. Everyone thought they were engaged, but their marriage was kept a secret until "Pat" recently sued for divorce. She claims they lived together only one day, but Oren says they were blissfully happy for over a year. You can reach Priscilla at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California. We really can't give you the exact cost

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We didn't forget last month's promise! Here are stories behind the names of more stars. If you don't find one on your favorite, write and ask us for it.

Her name was long and oomphless—Greta Gustafsson—and when she came to Hollywood she was told she could choose a new one. Anyone she wanted! Greta was hurt. She huffed out of the studio, head high and arrogant. "I've got it!" yelled a young Spanish director. "Call her Garbo." "Garbo!" shouted Louis Mayer. "I like it." But when Greta heard it, she thought they were saying "garbage." She was wild! She wanted to go home. It took several interpreters three weeks to explain that "garbo" was Spanish for a regal way of walking!

He has a million freckles and a jaw like Gentleman Jim Corbett. At three, Hollywood decided he was little-tough-guy movie timber, but his name conjured up governesses and satin-lined perambulators. Joseph Yule, Jr., was far too elegant. "Got a face like the map of Ireland," said one executive. "Call him Mickey McGuire." Later on, the creator of the comic strip Mickey McGuire brought suit against the studio. A change of name was in order, and quickly. A dozen Irish names were put in a hat. Mickey stood on tiptoes and pulled one out. It was Rooney!

A song and dance gal with a name like Estelle O'Brien Thompson would be poison in a London night club, so she was renamed simply Queenie. She was sensational! One day, Alex Korda and a friend saw her in a restaurant. "Gorgeous creature," said Korda, "but that's the world's most ghastly name." Two weeks later he'd hired her. On the day she signed her contract, she had her black hair parted in the center and swept back in two wing-like curls. "I feel like a blackbird," she told him when he said he liked it. Alex rechristened her on the spot. He streamlined her middle name from O'Brien to Oberon, and called her Merle (French for blackbird) Oberon.

of a motor trip to Hollywood, but you can probably approximate it from these statistics. Los Angeles is about three thousand miles from New York (figure your gasoline from that), and it can be covered in six days if you're in a terrific rush. You can figure your food and lodging from that.

Richard Williams, Middlesboro, Ky. Here's how to make a Paradise cocktail such as Merle Oberon and George Brent toasted each other with in "Til We Meet Again." To equal parts of pernod and cointreau, add a dash of lemon juice and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Pour into a shaker, add ice and stir—don't shake. That's important. Hope you like it!

Margaret Drury, Toronto, Ont. Roz Russell will be twenty-nine on her next birthday, but that won't be till next June 4. The raven-haired, black-eyed Rosalind is five feet five and manages to keep her weight below 120 pounds, although the Lord only knows how. She loathes exercise and simply gorges all day long on one fattening morsel after the other. She's a native of Waterbury, Conn., but Hollywood is her permanent home now. She is the first actress to sprout from the illustrious Russell family tree, and the excitement of it nearly incapacitated the folks back home for a while. No, she's not an only child; she has two lawyer brothers and a couple of writer sisters. Says she has but one fault—bragging about her namesake niece, Rosalind La Roche. "No Time For Comedy" is her latest picture.

Phoebe Otterman, White River, S. Dak. The "Dead End" Kids include Billy Halop, Gabriel Dell, Huntz Hall, Bernard Punsley, Bobby Jordan and Leo Gorcey, who, by the way, is the oldest of the gang and looks the youngest. He is twenty-four and married. You can get a group picture of them by writing to Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Enclose twenty-five cents.

Barbara Glascock, Los Angeles, Calif. Lana Turner is well out of the newcomer class at this point. A veteran of ten movies, and a star for over a year, she's been in Hollywood since 1937. Lana's played in "They Won't Forget," "The Great Garrick," "The Adventures of Marco Polo," "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "Rich Man, Poor Girl," "Dramatic School," "Calling Dr. Kildare," "These Glamour Girls," "Dancing Co-Ed" and "Two Girls on Broadway." Her latest is "We Who Are Young," opposite John Shelton.

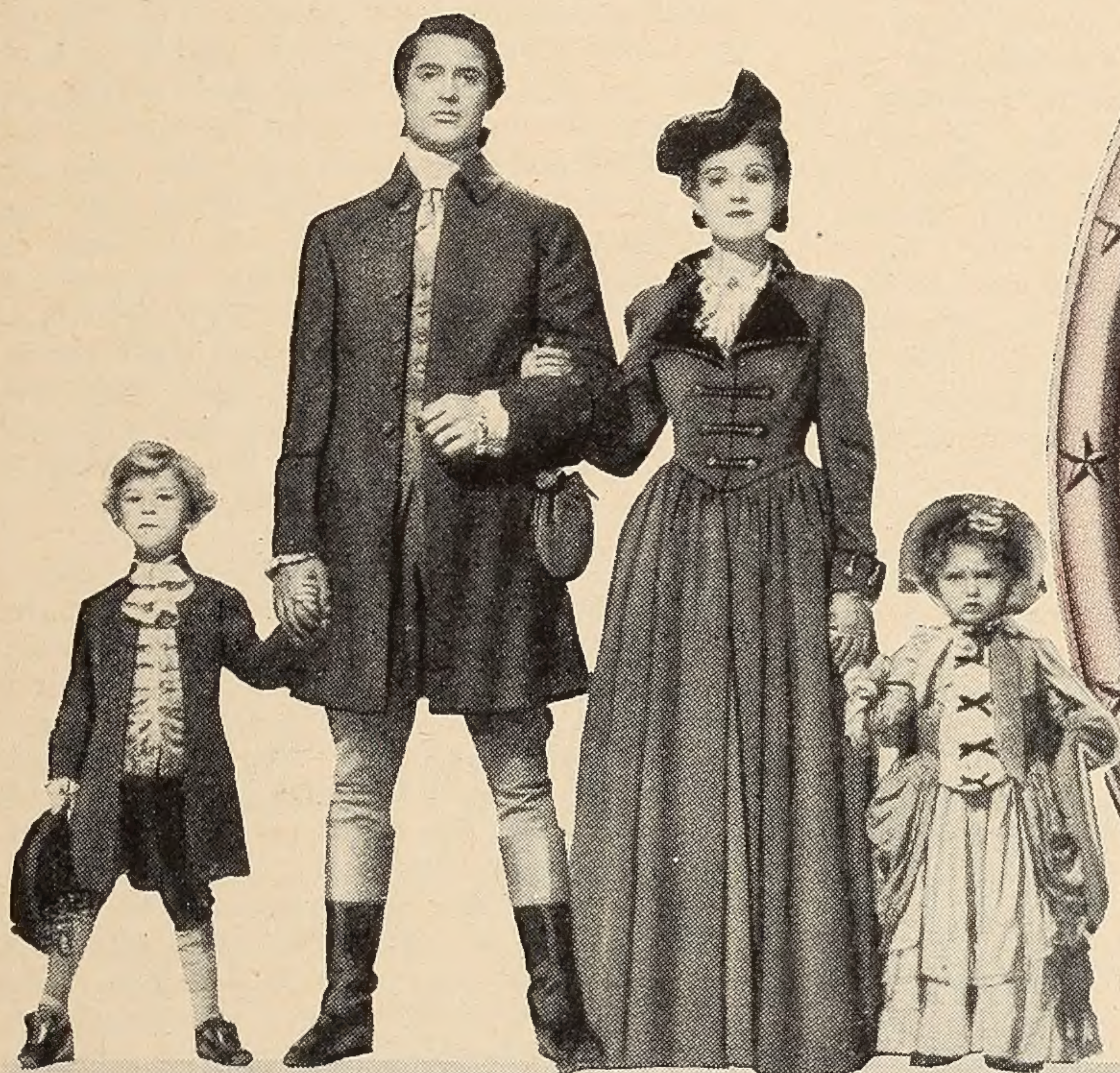
Winnie Burrows, San Diego, Calif. After "Lost Horizon" was re-issued recently, lots of fans began (Continued on page 10)

Meet

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

LOVE... LAUGH AND WEEP WITH THEM!

Live their wondrously exciting romance! Let yourself be swept along by the relentless tide of a struggle so mighty the screen has never seen its equal...Created by Frank Lloyd, who gave you memorable "Cavalcade", "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo"!



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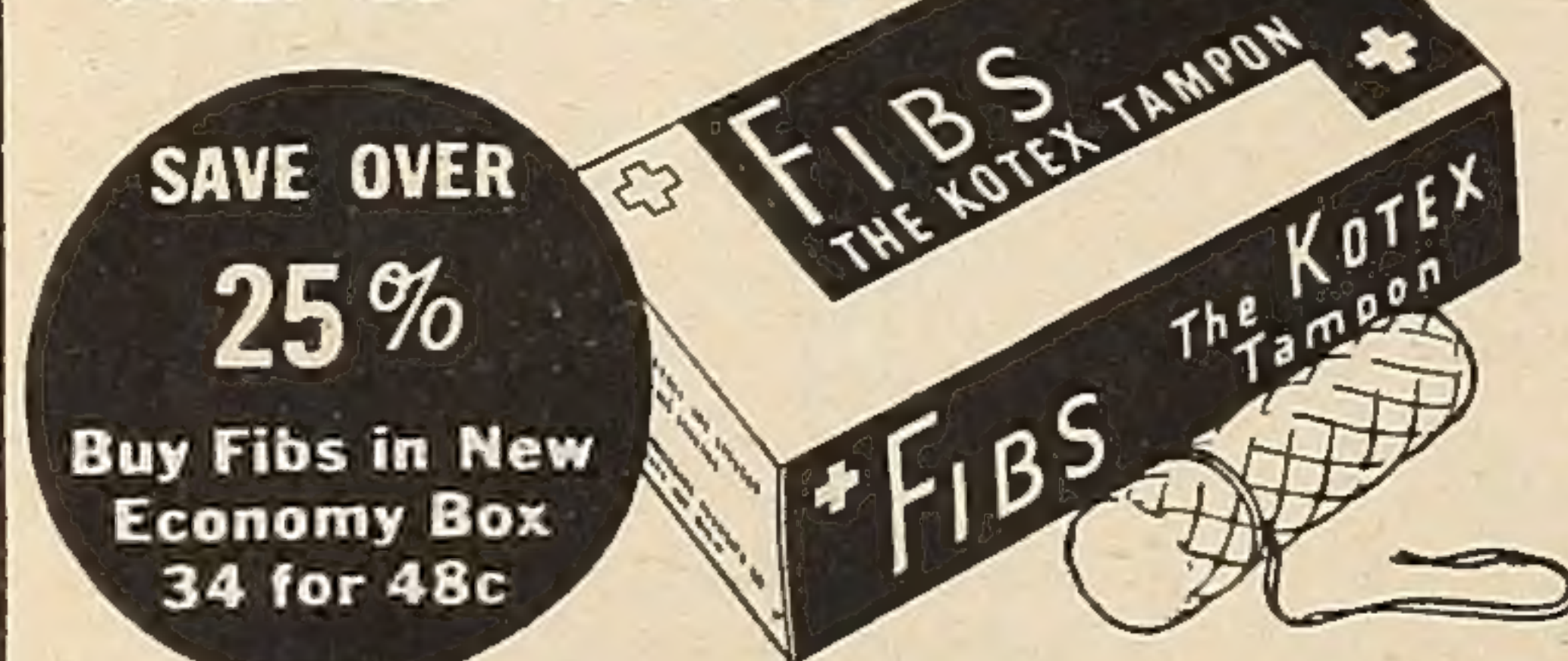


Jane told me: "FIBS are grand! They're comfortable, secure and so easy to use. You see, the rounded top means that no artificial method of insertion is needed."



Ann told me: "FIBS are quilted! And that's important because it keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use and prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering. Increases comfort, too, and lessens the possibility of injury to delicate tissues."

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(Continued from page 8)

to wonder, just as you did, what had become of its lovely star, Jane Wyatt. Well, since she made that picture in 1937, Jane's taken time out to have a son and she also returned to her first love, the stage, for a while. Now, however, she is back in Hollywood to play in a series of Republic pictures, the first of which is entitled "Girl From God's Country."

June Drake, Saskatoon, Sask. Your "dream man" Jimmy Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, on May 20, 1908. He was christened James, but his two sisters call him Jim, his chums call him "Stew" and his fans know him simply as Jimmy. He didn't just whiz to stardom, but has years of solid stage experience behind him. After graduating from Princeton, where he was a member of the famous Triangle Club, he "prepped" for Broadway on the Cape Cod boards, then landed roles in the New York hits: "Goodbye Again," "Spring in Autumn," "Yellow Jack" and others. Yes, he does smoke and he's not averse to an occasional cocktail, but he's not a party boy at heart. He isn't married, but he is expected to trek down the aisle any minute with Olivia de Havilland. All his life he preferred blondes, till "Livvie," as he calls her, sold him on the brunette idea. He answers very little fan mail, we are sorry to report, for he despises letter-writing. Lists it as his pet hate, although he adores to receive letters and is an avid reader of every line of his fan mail. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Helen Hayes, Flint, Mich. Errol Flynn uses his real name. He's just thirty-one and is married to Lili Damita. The first picture Errol ever made was the English version of "Mutiny on the Bounty," in which he played the part of Fletcher Christian from whom he is a direct descendant. His first American film was "The Case of the Curious Bride," and Errol was the corpse! His latest is "The Sea Hawk."

Lillian Spradley, Tifton, Ga. Alice Faye was born in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City on May 5, 1915. Her real name is Leppert. As a little girl, she adored games of make-believe and was always pretending that she was a "big lady." When she was thirteen, she tried to bluff her way into a job in the Ziegfeld chorus, but even the lipstick and rouge didn't make her look any too grown-up, and she was soon on her way home, "a broken woman," as she says. The following year she got a job with the Chester Hale stage unit, and thenceforth life was pretty perfect. A few years later, Alice was at a party at which a voice recording machine was the main entertainment. When it came Alice's turn, she sang "Mimi," in her casual, throaty way. The play-back impressed one of the guests, Rudy Vallee by name, and before long Alice was singing with his orchestra. When Vallee went to Hollywood to make the film version of "George White's Scandals," Alice and the band went along, for his radio contract had not expired, and he was to continue broadcasting from the Coast. The studio took one good look at Alice, signed her for a "Scandals" role, and in a few short weeks she was rocking the country with her rendition of "Nasty Man," in that picture. She was made right then and there, and ever since has been one of the top box office stars.

Elizabeth Dierke, Bronx, New York. Yes, isn't it exciting to think you can buy clothes that your favorite movie star has worn—and at a fraction of their

original cost! For prices and other details, just drop a line to Patsy Brogan, 407 North Camden Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Betty Jean Cox, Wichita, Kansas. That Bobby McClung, whose picture you sent us, is not a "Dead End" kid at all, and we have no idea who's responsible for billing him as one. He's quite well-known as a harmonica player and has made a few films for Republic Studios, but he's never been in a picture with the Dead Enders. Bobby Jordan is the only Bobby in that gang.

Jacqueline Arias, Palisades Park, N. J. Russell Hayden has only been a movie star since 1937, but he's been in the movie industry for years. Photography fascinated him from his childhood and, while at the University of Southern California, he made up his mind to be a movie cameraman. He heckled the technical department at Paramount for months, and finally got a job there doing sound recording and cutting. He loved his work and really didn't aspire to become a star, but Producer Sherman thought he was too good a bet to be wasted behind the scenes. He offered him in the role of "Lucky" in one of the Hopalong Cassidy films. Russ took it and has been a permanent fixture in those films ever since. He's six feet two, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and very dark eyes. He's married to Jane Clayton, a Texas heiress and also his co-star in many films. Watch for him in "Three Men From Texas."

A. C. Carter, Sherman, Texas. Your favorite cowboy, John Wayne, seems to have broken away from Westerns at last. His latest pictures are "The Long Voyage Home" and "Seven Sinners." No, that isn't his real name. He was christened Marion Michael Morrison, and he says one of the main reasons he went into the movies was so that he could change his name. He was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907, but has lived in California most of his life. He attended the University of Southern California and has been in the movies since he was twenty-four. He's married to a Venezuelan, Josephine Saenz, and they have two children.

YIPPEE, FANS!

At last we have it for you—that biographical chart of your favorite "westerns" that you've been begging for! Imagine having at your fingertips the real names, birthplaces, birthdates, heights, weights, how they got their start and studio addresses of over sixty of those rough-riding heroes, leering villains and wide-eyed heroines of your pet "horse opries!" Made up in a most attractive form, it will make your album proud as anything. Just send five cents in coin or stamps with the coupon below and your chart is as good as lassoed!

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I am enclosing five cents in stamps or coin for which kindly send me your chart of the Western Stars.

Name.....

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City..... State.....

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

★★★ They Drive by Night

This time, it's Ann Sheridan and Ida Lupino who tangle for the affections of Mr. George Raft. George, at his acting best, is a grimy-faced, grease-spotted truck driver. Somewhere along his long weary hauls, he picks up the lush Miss Sheridan, a hash-slinging hussy, who soon succumbs to George's desirability. She wants him legitimately, and I'm glad to say he does her, too. Meanwhile Ida Lupino, unhappily married to a laughing boor of a capitalist who owns a freight truck line, falls in love with George, who, being a movie hero with a nice regard for the censors' wishes, repulses her. This so frustrates Miss Lupino, she murders her dull hubby, makes Raft a capitalist, and later implicates him in her crime. Happily, she goes nuts in court and Ann takes her much-wanted boy friend home with her for good.

The first half of the picture, when it deals with the ups and downs of the poor trucker, is excellent. Everything is very authentic—the talk is very typical and the truck accidents and tragedies are as real as if they'd actually happened. Humphrey Bogart, as Raft's brother, contributes his share along with Raft to make this half live. But when Raft is suddenly yanked from this realism, by Miss Lupino, into the "social" set, it all grows fairly ordinary—the usual love triangle stuff, and unnatural except for Alan Hale's fine acting. Had this road saga stuck on the road and not wandered off into a familiar detour, it might have

been a great picture. As it is, it's just half terrific. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Ann Sheridan's really Clara Lou Sheridan of Dallas, Texas, names General Phil Sheridan as her great-uncle. She paints pretty well in oils, is nuts about Hollywood, can find her way around in a good book and enjoys her fun. She hates spinach, turnips, traffic cops and too much radio or phone ringing. Billy Rose offered her \$100,000 to appear in a bathing suit at the San Francisco Aquacade, but she refused. Her yearly salary is about \$100,000. . . . Ida (Loops) Lupino is happily married to actor, Louis Hayward. She's but 23, walked out on a \$1700 a week contract with Paramount a few years back because she wanted better roles and was out of work a year and a half. She never diets, never exercises, weighs a steady 103, used to be a blonde but has relapsed to her natural glossy brown. . . . George Raft is Italian-German, New York slum born, used to be a pro boxer, ball player and ballroom dancer. Today he has become an omnivorous reader, seeks to better himself socially and mentally and has recently purchased a racing stable. His taste in clothes, which used to be rather brassy, has quieted to banker violence. His favorite food is steak, which he eats three times a day—usually without any other dishes, and always rare. Most of the truck wrecking was done in miniature, but Warners actually burned an old

truck in that fire scene. . . . Censors passed this film, yet some of the scenes are eyebrow lifting and one scene in which Miss Sheridan invites Mr. Raft up to her room for "coffee" at midnight is—ahem!—delightful. What's happening to Hollywood. Is it getting normal?

★★★ I Married Adventure

Flying snakes, monkeys that dive 80 feet to the ground unhurt, camera-shy rhinos, pygmies, charging lions—and incredibly weird, wild and beautiful scenes of African and Borneo jungle life, make this a thrilling experience for the arm-chair adventurer.

Concocted from the camera-results of their 27 years of jungle-hunting, it sketches the lives of the Martin Johnsons, the world's most famed nimrods. Every foot of the picture teems with a natural history excitement—the kind you'd get from an animated National Geographic magazine. Natives stalk a predatory lion and Mrs. Johnson shoots it at a dozen paces just as it is about to leap for her pretty throat. Another time she parks a bullet in the schnozz of an ill-mannered bull hippo who has been cutting up unpleasantly around the African countryside—this time from six paces. You see a native being seriously clawed by a lion; another thrown from a giant mahogany tree by an infuriated 450 pound orangoutang which the Johnsons are trying to take alive. There are funny scenes among the pygmies and stomp

(Continued on page 13)

"Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!



● "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled . . . so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you . . . helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

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Improvement in
Beauty Soaps
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Everywhere!



At your dealer's now,
no change in wrapper!



● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

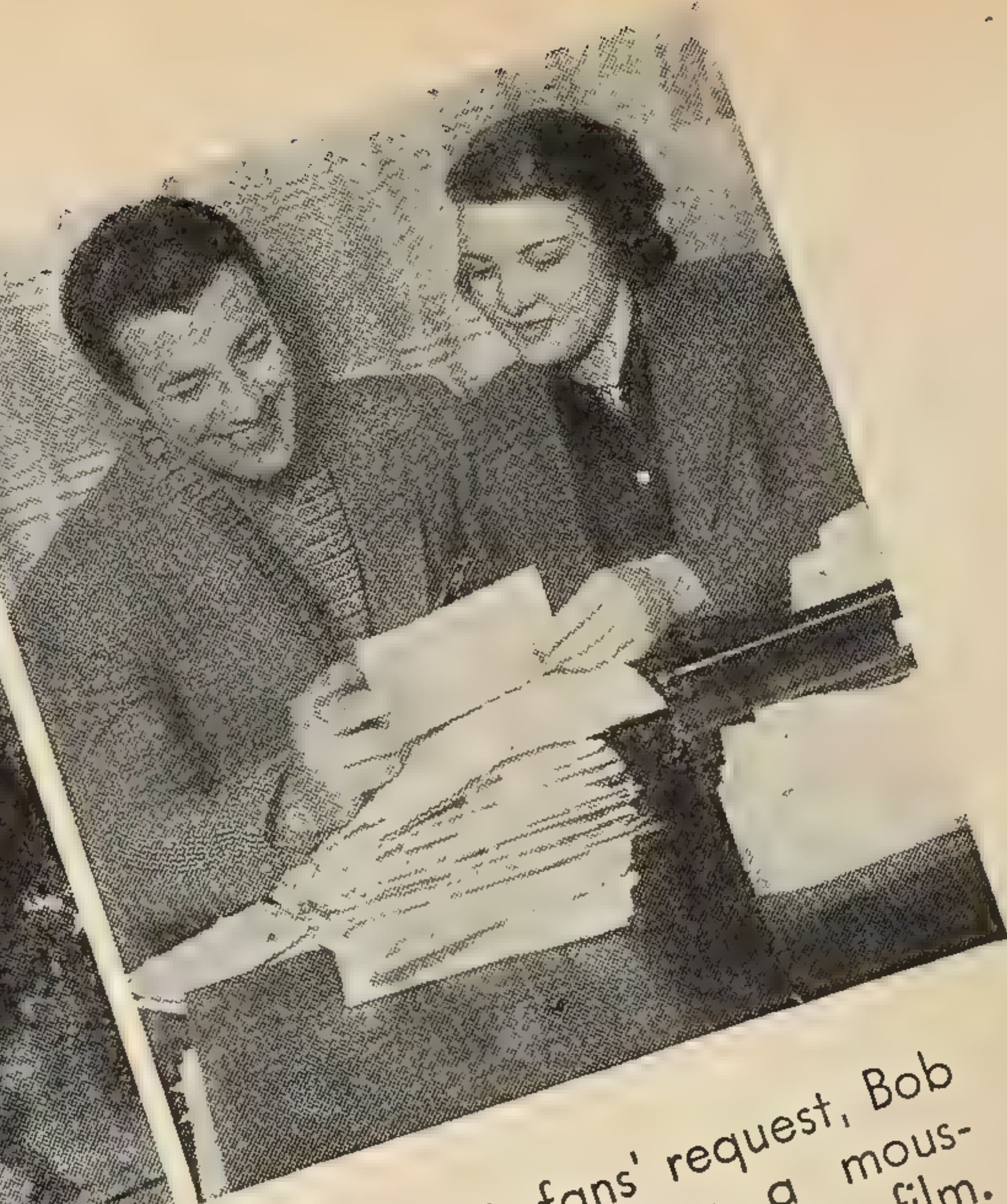
The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

*It's fun to write
fan letters - and
you really can
get an answer!
It's all in know-
ing how. Just*

HOLLYWOOD'S FAN MAIL



Jane Withers just lives from mail-time to mail-time. She loves letters.



At his fans' request, Bob Taylor wears a moustache in his next film.



Not a day goes by without a proposal in Olivia de Havilland's mail-box!

MANY of us have long harbored a secret yearning to write to a star, but we haven't known quite what to say, and we've felt a bit sheepish about the whole thing, anyway. Sissy stuff! Why, thousands of people are writing every day and getting results. Just listen to this:—

Screen players get about 36,000,000 letters a year (representing over \$1,000,000 in stamps and \$700,000 in stationery). One out of every five fans requests—and really gets—a photograph; the others ask for information (which is given if a return envelope's enclosed) or simply tell their favorite how swell they were in their last picture. Very much in the minority are letters from crackpots and pan-handlers.

You've probably wondered whether or not the stars enjoy their mail. Do they! It's literally their bread and butter, their swimming pools and evenings at Ciro's! You see, every so often the studio executives get a report from the mail department and the stars who aren't drawing mail are "axed."

Quick as a flash you're no doubt thinking, "Well, if mail's so important they must answer it all!" They can't, of course, but they do answer the most interesting letters. Their private secretaries and the fan mail department attend to as much of the rest as justifies replies. The studios employ 125 people at \$30 a week just for this purpose. The more popular the star, naturally, the less chance you have of a personal reply, but many of the newcomers—Dennis Day, Ann Gywnne, Mary Beth Hughes, Ezra Stone and others—answer each and every letter themselves.

Shirley Temple, who a few months back received her millionth fan letter, used to get the most mail. Now, Gene Autry is head hauler-inner, with Gloria Jean, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis and Clark Gable close on his heels. Stars most generous with photos are Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy and Priscilla Lane, who often send out pictures without the customary twenty-five cent remittance. Most appreciative but least responsive is Jimmy Stewart, who despises letter writing. Most pursued by men is Deanna Durbin, who's probably invited to more college proms, football games, June weeks and winter carnivals than any other girl in the world. Most conscientious about replying are Claudette Colbert, Dick Greene and Mickey Rooney, who really answer an amazing amount of their mail themselves.

Now that you've got the facts and figures, what's to do about it? Well, here's a little fan "lettiquette" that will clear up a few puzzling points.

Letters may be typed or written, but be sure they are neat and legible. Use good writing paper and blue or black ink. Avoid blots and smears, soiled or torn paper and ornate or cramped writing.

There's no hard and fast rule about whether to say "Dear Bill" or "Dear Mr. Jones," although Universal stars prefer the former, and Fox players like the more formal "Dear Mr. Jones." Say whichever seems natural to you.

Brevity and sincerity should be your keynotes. Don't gush, don't give a hard luck story and don't ramble on.

Close your letter with "sincerely," followed by your whole name or just the first one.

Re-read your letter, imagining that you're a jaded star who's had a very busy day. Does it sound friendly, encouraging and gay? Yes? Well, dollars to doughnuts you'll get a reply! Go to it now, and remember—faint heart never won a darn thing!

(Continued from page 11)
 scenes in the jungle that would turn the Harlem stompers green with envy. These alternate with breath-taking airplane shots of hitherto unphotographed African peaks, snowcapped, despite being located on the equator. Probably the most awesome part of the picture is the airplane view of practically all African wild life—stampeding over a drought-parched African veldt desperately looking for life-giving water. If they don't find water it's death. They find it, and the Johnsons photographed them, drinking peacefully side by side—a vast wild brotherhood despite having been born mortal enemies.

Possibly, some of the killing done in the film may leave you squeamish. I thought a little of it unnecessary having learned from some of the Johnson books, like "Safari" and "Simba," that there are no African animals who won't run from you—no matter how tough lurid fiction writers make them. Despite this, I think I'd trust my legs (or gun) instead of what I'd read in a book, when being faced by a charging lioness just finishing a hunger strike. I imagine the Johnsons feel the same. Columbia.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Osa Johnson, born Osa Leighty, in Chanute, Kansas, (pop. 3000) left high school at 16 to marry Martin Johnson in 1910. Johnson immediately took her off into the jungle and they kept going 27 years thereafter. The first Johnson home was on the shores of Lake Paradise, 450 miles from Nairobi, Africa, and their first meals were elephant trunk soup and lion chops. Osa has always carried a patchwork quilt and red rag rug of her grammaw's for luck—and jungle comfort. Closest she ever has come to death in the jungle was when a cookstove of hot stones exploded in her face. She keeps her skin soft in the deepest jungle by nightly creamings and always makes up for African chiefs. She loves clothes, sometimes dresses for dinner with lions roaring outside the compound. She always plants a truck garden no matter where she operates from and carts along chickens—to insure fresh eggs and a green salad. Says lions and tigers are fifty-fifty kings of the jungle and would exterminate each other if it ever came to a showdown. She's encircled the globe six times, speaks 24 African tongues, is scared only in traffic, has never been ill in the jungle, gets best shots of natives by giving them salt, was first woman ever to win confidence of pygmies and was also first to explore Africa by plane. She injured her kneecap when her airplane pancaked against a hillside near Los Angeles in January, 1937. In that accident Martin Johnson was killed.

★★½ The Boys from Syracuse

Tastefully decked out in fresh-laundered sheets, Allan Jones, Rosemary Lane, Irene Hervey, Joe Penner, Martha Raye, Charlie Butterworth, Eric Blore and a few other outlying Hollywood comedians chant and clown their way through this Rodgers-Hart-George Abbott musical, originally cooked up for Broadway from Bill Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." The result is a very mild, amusing, harmless film musical—welcome if you have nothing particular on your mind and want to keep it that way for the next ninety minutes.

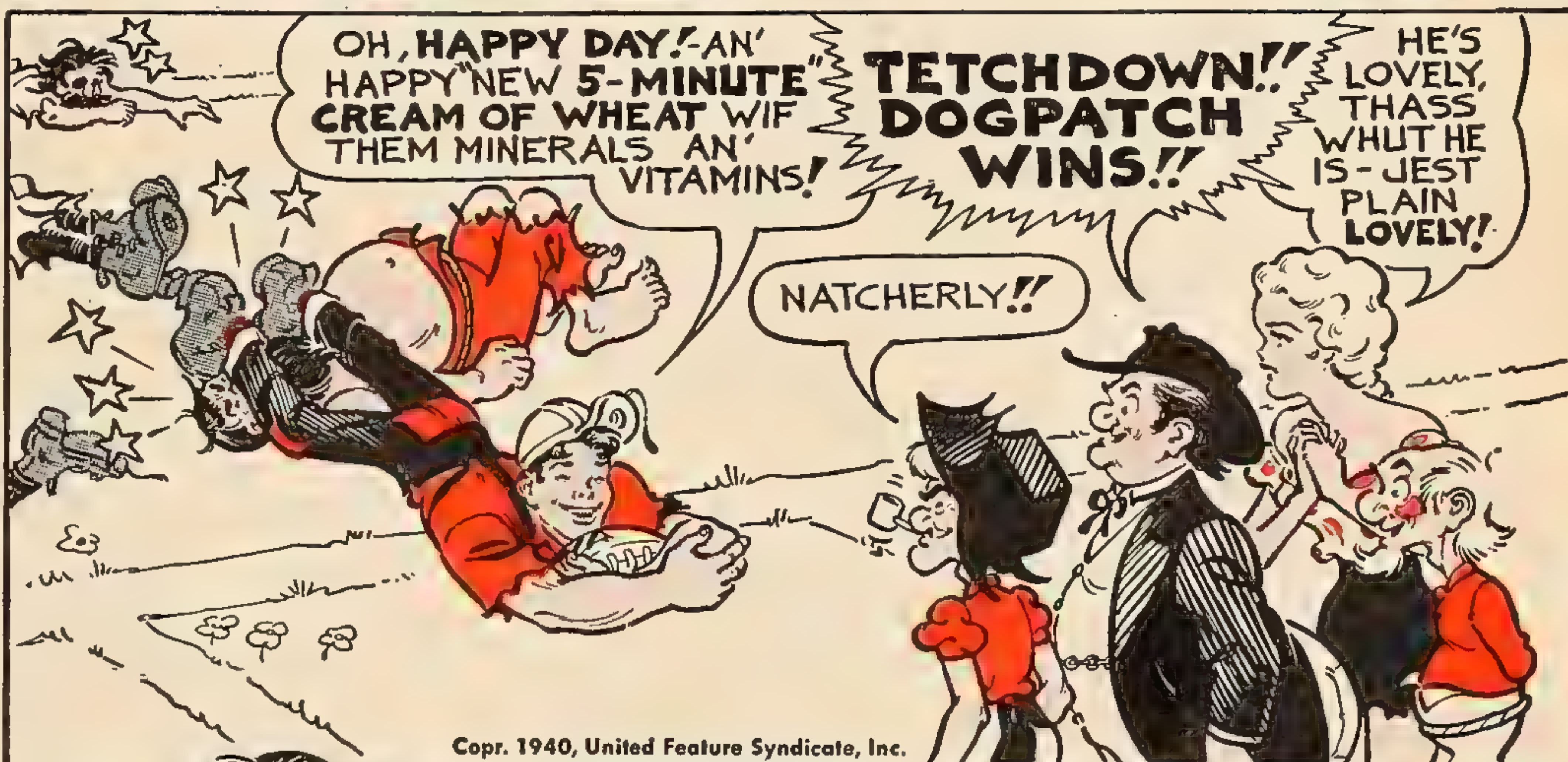
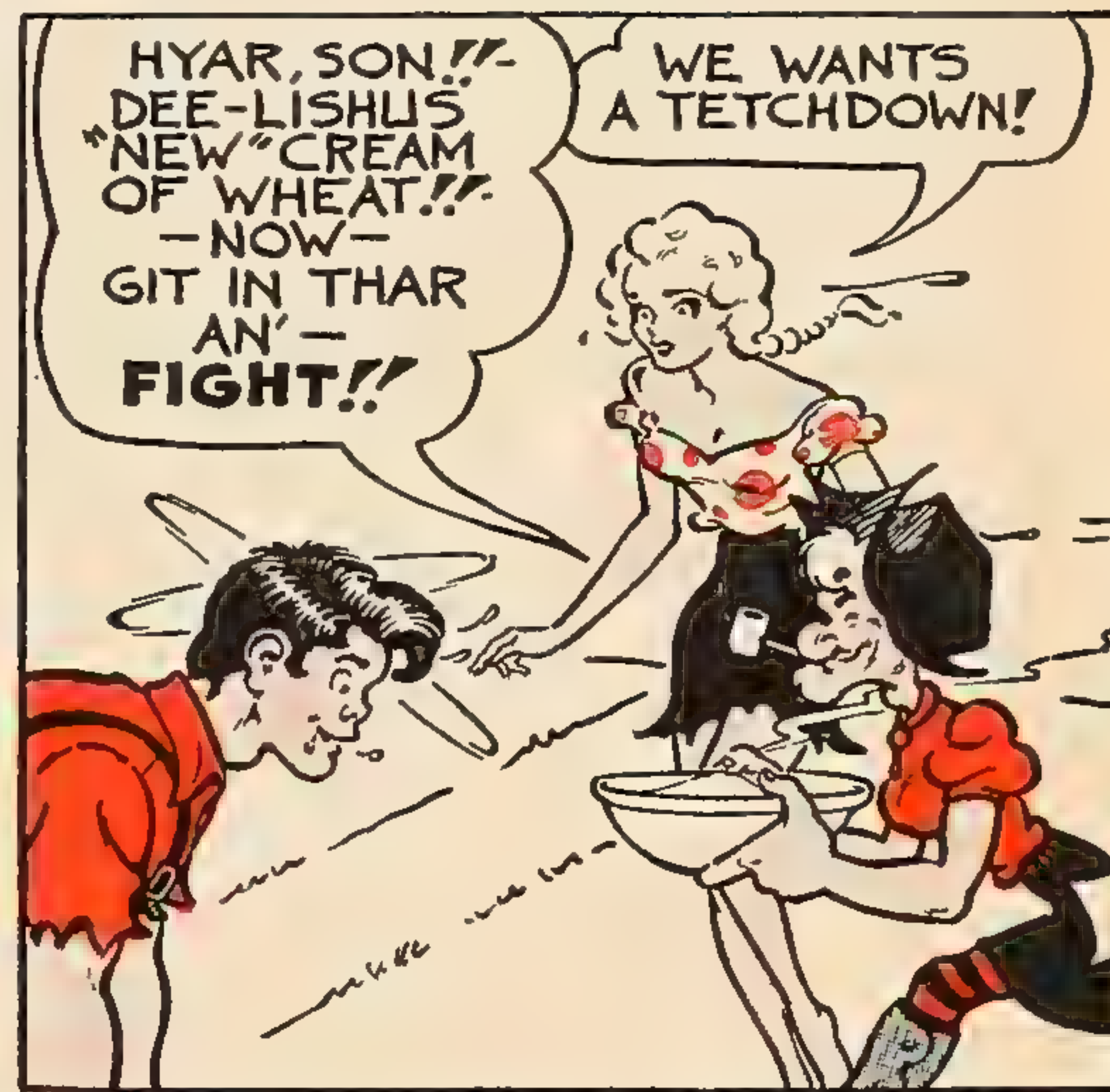
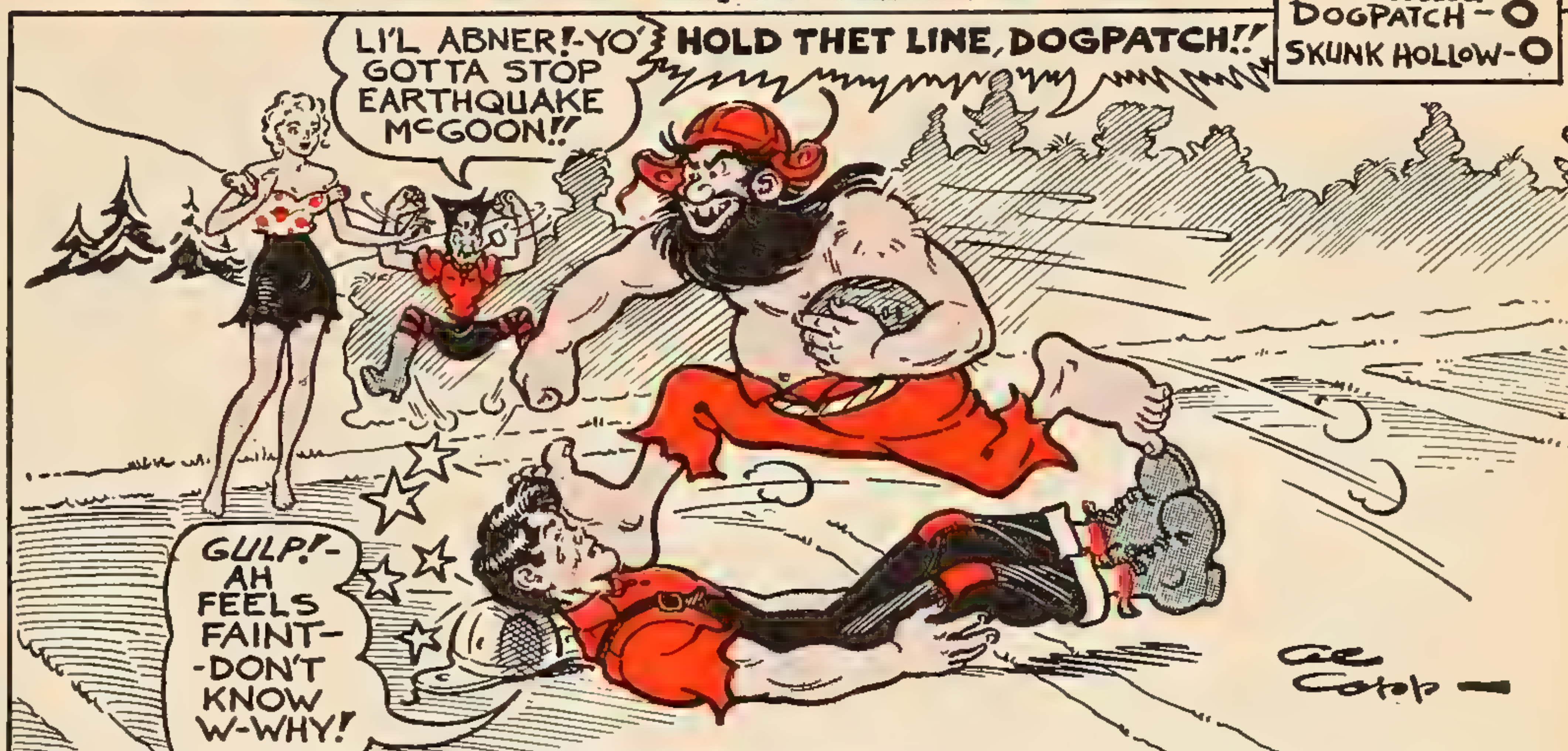
The scene, as you ardent Shakespearean students know, is Ephesus, Greece, about 2500 years or so ago, back in the days when you got out of bed dressed in your pillow with arm and neck

(Continued on page 15)

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

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SCORE
 DOGPATCH - 0
 SKUNK HOLLOW - 0



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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 64

ACROSS

- 1 & 5. Who is the star pictured?
11. Married name of our star
15. Disney's first big "star"
16. With our star in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington"
17. Heroine in "The Villain Still Pursued Her"
19. Incites
20. Dress
21. Aunt in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
22. "The Outs - - - r"
23. Eleanor Powell's kind of dancing
25. "Too Many Husb - - - s"
26. Footlike part
28. The dead-pan comic
29. Re-echoed
31. Male lead of "I Want A Divorce"
33. Dapper Russian actor
35. Depend upon
36. Actor in "Courageous Dr. Christian"
38. Spanish ladies in waiting
40. "Lillian Russell"
41. Star comic in "The Ghost Breakers"
43. "D - - - - For Living"
44. Hawaiian dish
45. Actress in "The Captain Is A Lady"
48. Heroine in "The Sea Hawk"
51. Equip beforehand
52. Femme in "No Time For Comedy"
54. Organ of sight
55. Swedish comic in "If I Had My Way": init.
56. Fox Movietone News' sports announcer
57. Lady Literate in Art: abbr.
58. French coin
61. Resembling fog
64. What Larry Simms studies
65. Rock boring tool
66. " - - - Miserables"
67. Producer of "Turnabout"
72. " - - - , My Darling Daughter"
73. Festive
75. Male lead of "Lone Wolf Meets A Lady"
77. Film stages
80. Warner Brothers' costume designer
81. Hindu queen: var.
82. Russian emperor
84. Soapstone
86. Roy - - - Ruth
87. Ventilate
88. By way of
90. Mr. Hunter's first name
92. Affirmative answer
93. "Mr. - - - - Goes To Town"
95. Popular juvenile actor
97. Anita Louise's husband
99. Kind of preview studios often hold
100. Seesaws
101. Plunder
102. Concludes
103. Lovely girl in "Turnabout"
104. Weight of India: pl.

DOWN

1. One of the "Dead End" Kids
2. Portly actor in "It's A Date"
3. Charlie Ch - - -
4. Bird's home
5. Elizabeth P - - - - - son
6. Scenes shot over again
7. What Billy is to Bobby Mauch
8. What actress is Mrs. Werner Jansen?
9. "I Was An Advent - - - ss"
10. Male star in "Waterloo Bridge": init.
11. College yells
12. "Ariz - - -"
13. - - - - - Blackmer
14. Featured actor in "Of Mice And Men"
15. Beauty in "And One Was Beautiful"
16. Palatable
18. Frog-voiced comic in "Buck Benny Rides Again"
24. Paid notice
26. Dance step
27. "Hidd - - Gold"
30. One of the stars of "Boom Town"
32. Hint
34. Director - - - Dyke
35. Anne's father in "Saturday's Children"
37. One of the Lane sisters
39. Chemical symbol for nickel
40. Enemies
42. Boats having two banks of oars
44. Primness
45. Male lead in "His-tory Is Made At Night"
46. Star of "My Favorite Wife"
47. Glowing coal
48. Male star of "Til We Meet Again"
49. - - - - - Lind
50. Hero of "Boys from Syracuse"
51. He made it: Latin abbr.
53. C - - - a Bow
59. To match
60. Mental image
62. Busy insects
63. Overturn
67. Famed dog: - - - Tin
68. Star of "Pride And Prejudice"
69. A Ritz brother
70. "The - - - - -"
71. Possesses
73. Our star's real name
74. Heart interest in "The Young People"
75. "Women In - - -" stars Elsie Janis
76. Principal conduits
78. His first name is Kent
79. Storms
80. Unequal things
81. New England state: abbr.
83. Sun god
85. With 1 across in "Only Angels Have Wings"
87. Inquires
89. To the inside of
91. Grabs
94. Father
95. Meadow
96. Before
98. Female rabbit
100. Baron in "Safari": init.

(Continued from page 13)
holes driven thru. The plot is one of those double trouble affairs, in which a pair of identical twin brothers and their identical twin slaves get mixed up with each other and their wives and sweethearts (whoops!)—resulting in a lot of errors and some so-called comedy. Or should I say it's an error to call Bill Shakespeare's original libretto comedy?

In any case, the picture never takes itself or Shakespeare very seriously. Only two lines remain from Bill's original. Penner declaims them, then turns to the audience, and solemnly says: "That's Shakespeare!" With a golden opportunity to kid the Great Bard (and about time, too) the picture avoids sophistication and goes in for slapstick and anachronisms. For a time it's fun to see and hear Old Greek Good Humor Men, the Toonerville Trolley, Checkered Cab Chariots, Labor Pickets and revolving doors in Ancient Greek Hottie Spotties—but the novelty seems to wear off with overuse.

But why kick a creampuff around? Allan Jones is perfectly darling in an appliqued lamé headband and a pastel crepe negligee, is almost as glamorous as Rosie Lane and his wife Irene Hervey. His voice has never been better. Charlie Butterworth is thankfully back on film and as deadpan a horseface as ever. Martha Raye makes beautiful singing sounds come from her delicately huge rosebud mouth; the Rodgers-Hart combination has added three new tunes to several that remain from the stage; everything looks clean in Old Greece and everyone looks so quaint in those togas—somehow it all manages to add up to some fun. Directed by Edward Sutherland.—Universal.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Double exposure and camera tricks enabled Allan Jones and Joe Penner to play four parts—which on New York stage required four actors. In final scene Jones sings a duet with himself, and in one scene he actually tried to steal a scene from himself by putting his hand over the face of his other character. . . . Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, married on July 26, 1936, appear together for first time on the screen. . . . During filming Jones was almost placed under arrest for having driven off in a car identical with his own but really belonging to Producer Joe Mankiewicz. A parking lot attendant had given Allan the wrong car. . . . Every member of the cast had his or her hair curled into Greek goddess curls every day—except Eric Blore. Blore has no hair. . . . Allan Jones did all his own driving in the exciting chariot chase scenes. Most of the horses were rented from his and Bob Young's Hollywood riding stable. . . . Jones' legs are so bow-legged he was forced to wear an unfashionably long toga and false knee muffs to straighten out his horse-curved stems. . . . But Martha Raye's toga was specially built to show off her extremely shapely zorinas. . . . Borrowed from Warners, the queenly Rosemary Lane immediately forced Joe Penner to give up smoking those dollar ropes he loves so; she's allergic to cigar smoke, no matter how expensive. . . . 250 feet of Ancient Greek Street built for this—at \$100,000 cost.

WHAT MAKES THE MOVIES BEHAVE?

Read all about it
in November MODERN SCREEN

S.O.S. — S.O.S. Swell Music—but Wrong Girl



Stay popular! Every day..and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a hint of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice . . . certain to disapprove!

To stay popular . . . from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home . . . smart girls make a habit of Mum. It's never wise to expect your bath to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be near!

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant . . . and Mum makes new, de-

lighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—**SPEED!** Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the odor. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY



BUT.. WHY TAKE SUCH CHANCES, PEG? MUM AFTER YOUR BATH PREVENTS UNDERARM ODOR!



TO HERSELF: I'VE GOT JEAN - AND MUM - TO THANK THAT BILL'S IN LOVE!



For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM

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NEW MAKE-UP**

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Get into Fall . . . into new clothes . . . into exciting new make-up, harmonized for you by IRRESISTIBLE. Exquisitely blended in brilliant new fashion colors. IRRESISTIBLE WHIP-TEXT Lipstick . . . keeps lips lovelier longer. AIR-WHIPT Face Powder and Rouge . . . exclusive secret process assures an amazing new softness. Ask for the new fall shades at all 5 and 10c stores.

USE **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

IT'S *Whip-Text*
TO STAY ON
LONGER...
SMOOTHER



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AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

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Lovely TO LOOK AT



BM 3703, 3704:—Betty's twin sweaters are corn yellow. Heavenly for blondes. Make yours red if you're dark; and chartreuse is sheer drama for a red-head. Use saxony yarn and they'll wash like dreams.

BM 4060:—Right, the diamond pattern and tucked shoulders give Betty Grable's Bermuda blueslip-on that elegant imported look. It sacrifices sportiness to sophistication, with most devastating results!



AFTER KNITTING like mad for the Allies all summer, you're no doubt feeling a bit charity-begins-at-home-ish about now, with fall days in the offing.

It's high time to pamper yourself with a Brooks set. You know you've always wanted one—and they're so easy to make! Or why not downright spoil yourself with a soft-as-pussywillow gilgora slip-on that almost knits itself?

They're not only the warmest, softest and most tubbable trio in the world, but they also have come-hither plus!

Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The instructions are yours absolutely free.

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It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!



MARJORIE RAMBEAU
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ALAN HALE
as Bullwinkle

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Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people
seeking a land where a man—wives and
children—brave young lovers and a fighting
leader—could find the freedom they were
willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHTHAM YOUNG

by **LOUIS BROMFIELD**

starring

TYRONE

with

LINDA

POWER • DARNELL

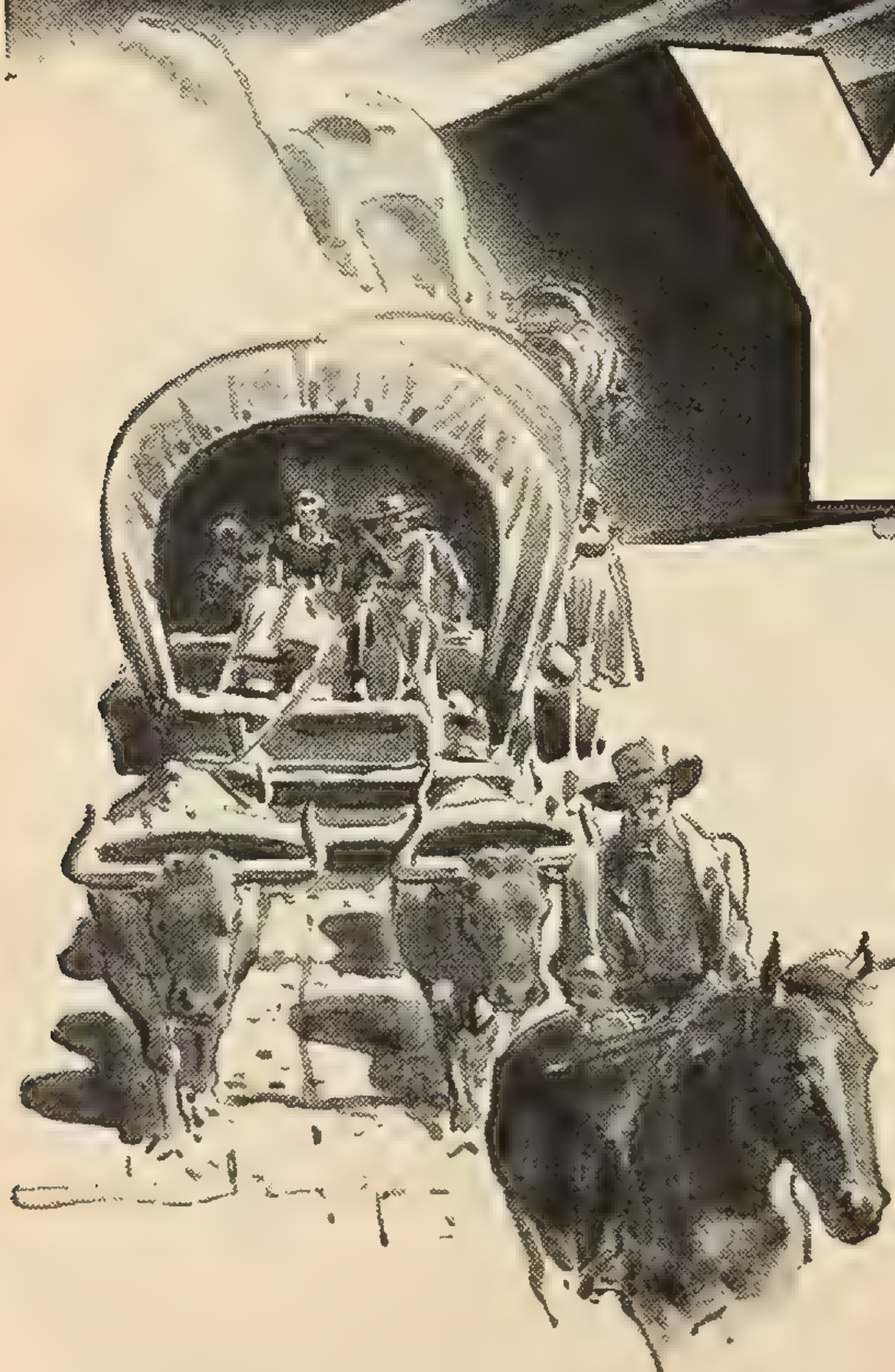
Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd

and **DEAN JAGGER** as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture





DEANNA DURBIN

Cocacola-addicted Deanna switches to waltzes in her first costume film. Universal's "Spring Parade"

CLARENCE S. BULL

MICKEY ROONEY

He's a song and dance man with his usual harem of women in M-G-M's "Strike Up the Band"

MODERN SCREEN

*NOW...SHE'S A DANCING
ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN*

HER 8TH GREAT HIT

*in a parade of perfect pictures... bringing
you more happiness than you've ever had!*

Music by
the king of
lilting melody

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES
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Deanna
DURBIN
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**SPRING
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with **ROBERT CUMMINGS**
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JOE PASTERNAK
and **HENRY KOSTER**

Butch & Buddy, Ann Gwynne,
Walter Catlett, S. Z. Sakall,
Samuel S. Hinds, Allyn Joslyn,
Reginald Denny

Screenplay by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson

Original story—Ernst Marischka

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!

If another person mentions another word about Carole Lombard, the Perfect Wife, we shall caress him on the head with an unsheathed meat-chopper. If another soul drools another drool about Carole Lombard, the Practical Joker, we shall let nature take its course and then give ourselves up to the law without a struggle.

Feeling thus, we hereby nominate ourselves for the Pulitzer Prize and confine our platform to this campaign pledge: That we are going to let every patriot and peon know, once and forever, that Miss Lombard is what she is today—not because of her antics off-screen, but solely because she is a corking good actress.

In dissecting the anatomy of a successful actress, we intend to avoid any lofty references to protoplasm and nerve centers and giddy glands, and confine ourselves to those tangible ingredients that make Carole Lombard tick—and click.

To find out about Carole Lombard, we saw everyone except Miss Lombard. And finally, when we saw her, on an RKO set, though she was very fetching in come-hither sheer pajamas, we ran in the opposite direction. It is our theory that the person who knows least about what makes her a fine actress is Carole Lombard. She can't ever explain why she snorted and gestured so tellingly in that fifth take. She hasn't the least idea why, in a particular scene, she lowered her shadow-laden lids and spoke in husky tones. Miss Lombard, we have been told, has never pored over any tomes by Popofsky or Ramowich or Zukowski on "The Art of Acting."

Carole Lombard acts by instinct. That's why *she* can't explain how she does it; and that's why her co-workers can explain it.

"She acts entirely with her heart," explained her current Svengali, Director Garson Kanin. "She has a faultless instinct, a mystical feel, for right and wrong. She doesn't know how or why she does things, but she does them unerringly. I have worked with many people and seen many greats in action. Irene Dunne and Bette Davis both act with their heads. Charles Laughton, one big exposed nerve, acts with his stomach. That is, when he does a scene wrong, he gets a pang in his stomach. But with

Carole Lombard, it's intuition. She *feels* a scene and plays it. She's remarkably good."

Garson Kanin, we felt, could afford to speak with authority. A slender, slight, hawk-faced youngster from Broadway, an overnight directorial sensation at RKO with "Bachelor Mother" and "My Favorite Wife," Kanin is now Simon Legreeing the late Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" into shape.

The feminine lead in this romantic opus of a dowdy dame from Frisco and a fat Italian grape-grower is our Miss Carole Lombard. For weeks now, Kanin has, from the Olympian confines of his canvas-backed directorial chair, been lashing Lombard into what whisperers claim will be her greatest effort. And during these weeks, Kanin has seen Carole under every circumstance, every emotion, every possible dramatic situation.

"The most important thing I've learned about her," quote the Kanin, "is that she can completely get out of herself. Before I worked with her I wondered if she had that ability. You see, Hollywood has more personalities than actors. Most men and women who walk on the screen are themselves and nothing more. Even great thespians like Bette Davis and Ronald Colman, with their limitless ability, get into a certain type of role and play it over and over. In the same way, Lombard developed a special kind of appeal, and whenever she appeared, screw-ball or serious, she was Lombard.

"But take my word for it, in this picture she's different, altogether different. She does not just repeat her real or reel personality. She's the character in the story, the waitress who falls in love by correspondence. The

(Continued on page 77)

THE SECRET OF LOMBARD'S



On the "They Knew What They Wanted" set, Carole and Charles Laughton (whom she's nicknamed "Chuck") work out the next scene with Director Garson Kanin, while a script girl takes notes.



It's that uncanny sixth sense that's put this merry madcap on top

BY JAMES CARSON

SUCCESS



This star-maker can pick winners by voice recordings



Jimmy Roosevelt profited by Sam's association

Mr. G. and his lovely second wife live simply



Conservatively elegant, he rises early so he'll have time to dress with care



HE'S

NO LOSS aL!

AND THEN SOME!—THAT INCREDIBLE, LOVABLE DICTATOR OF HOLLYWOOD, SAMUEL GOLDWYN

They say that Samuel Goldwyn was once at a house-party where he noticed a ponderous and stout volume. "What's that?" he asked his host.

"That, Mr. Goldwyn, is a dictionary!"

"Who wrote it?"

"Webster. It took about a century to write it!"

"Say, that's a long time," mused Mr. Goldwyn. "Fifty years!"

Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that Mr. Goldwyn has not needed a dictionary to turn out great pictures. Despite his long reputation for murdering the King's English and creating howlers that have rung round the world, no one can accuse him of murdering his standards. His long list of successes proves that the much-publicized "Goldwyn touch" can make the most literate and excellent Hollywood pictures—year after year.

Innumerable stories float around about the boners made by this man. People ask, "Did he really say them? Is he really dumb? Has he just been lucky in making good pictures? How can a man who thinks that "im-possible" is two words and that a caddy rides a racehorse make such finished productions?"

The answer is that Mr. Goldwyn really did say a lot of the things, but that many have been hung on him by Hollywood and Broadway wags. He is far from dumb. He has not been lucky in making hit pictures; he has been hardworking and skillful. His mind, focused twenty-four hours of the day on the worries of getting a picture right, cannot be bothered with the trivialities of getting an adopted language straight. Goldwyn works and spends to get the perfection his innate, though not always well-expressed, aristocratic taste dictates.

When asked what is the most important thing in a picture, Mr. Goldwyn invariably replies: "The story! You can hire the world's greatest director and cast—but you'll get a pickle if you don't have a good story!" The slip-tongued, bald-headed, egotistical man who gave us "Wuthering Heights," "Arrowsmith," "These Three" and "Dead End" knows that people come to the movies to be told a good story, and a good story is what he always tries to give them. In his passion for hiring the world's greatest writers he even once hired Maurice Maeterlinck, who had given the world "The Bluebird" and "The Life of the Bee." Maeterlinck obliged by writing him a movie script at \$3000 a week which sent Goldwyn screaming into the night, "My God—the hero's a bee!"

Goldwyn was born in Warsaw in 1882. He started to work at the age of eleven, at twelve ran away to England and finally to America where he became a glove maker, then salesman, at Gloversville, New York.

In 1913, having married Blanche Lasky, the sister of Jesse Lasky (she later divorced him), he accidentally found himself assisting at the birth of the infant movie industry. He helped found Famous Players Lasky, then left them to found Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Later he left

that organization and set out to make pictures of his own as a member of the United Artists group.

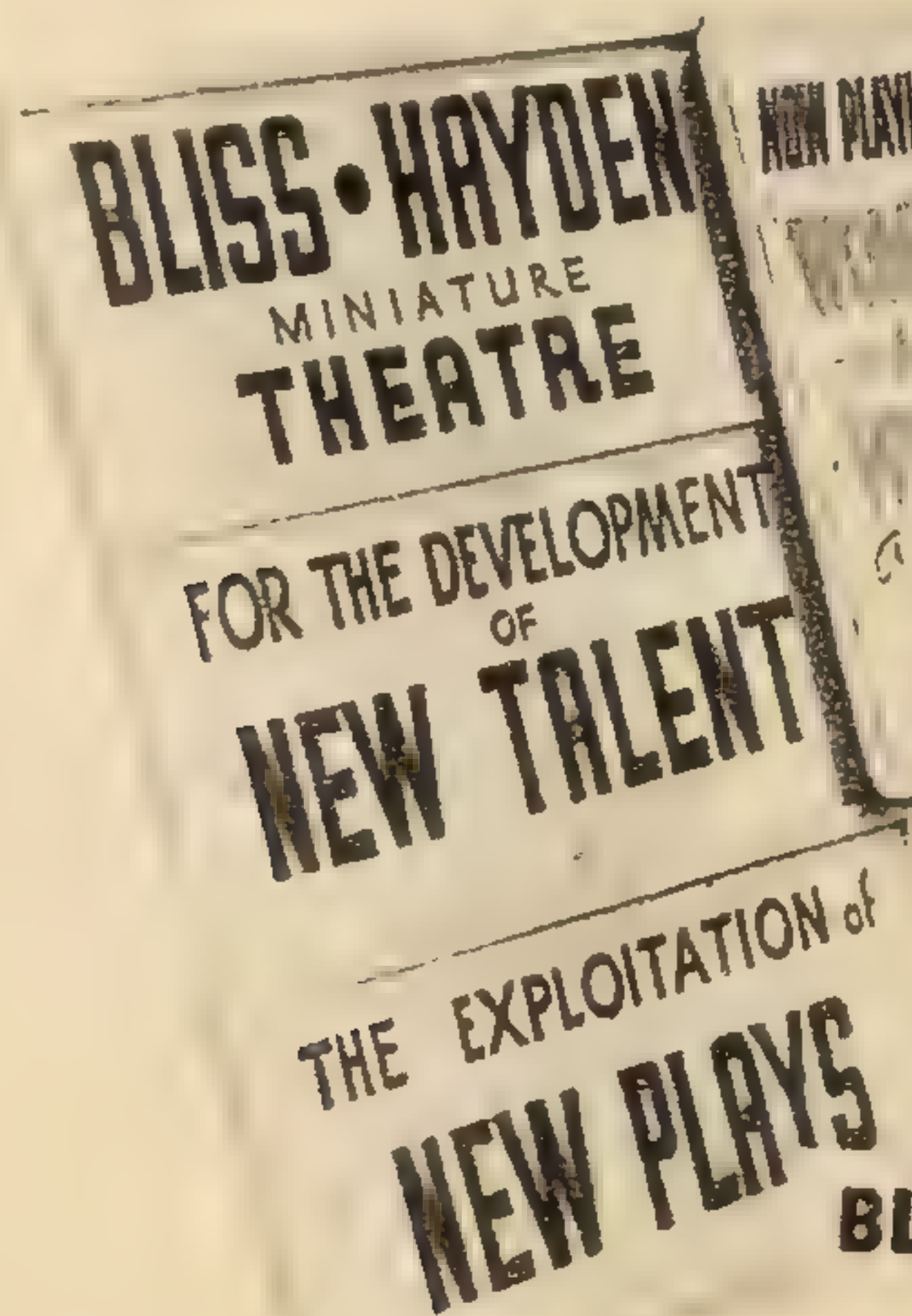
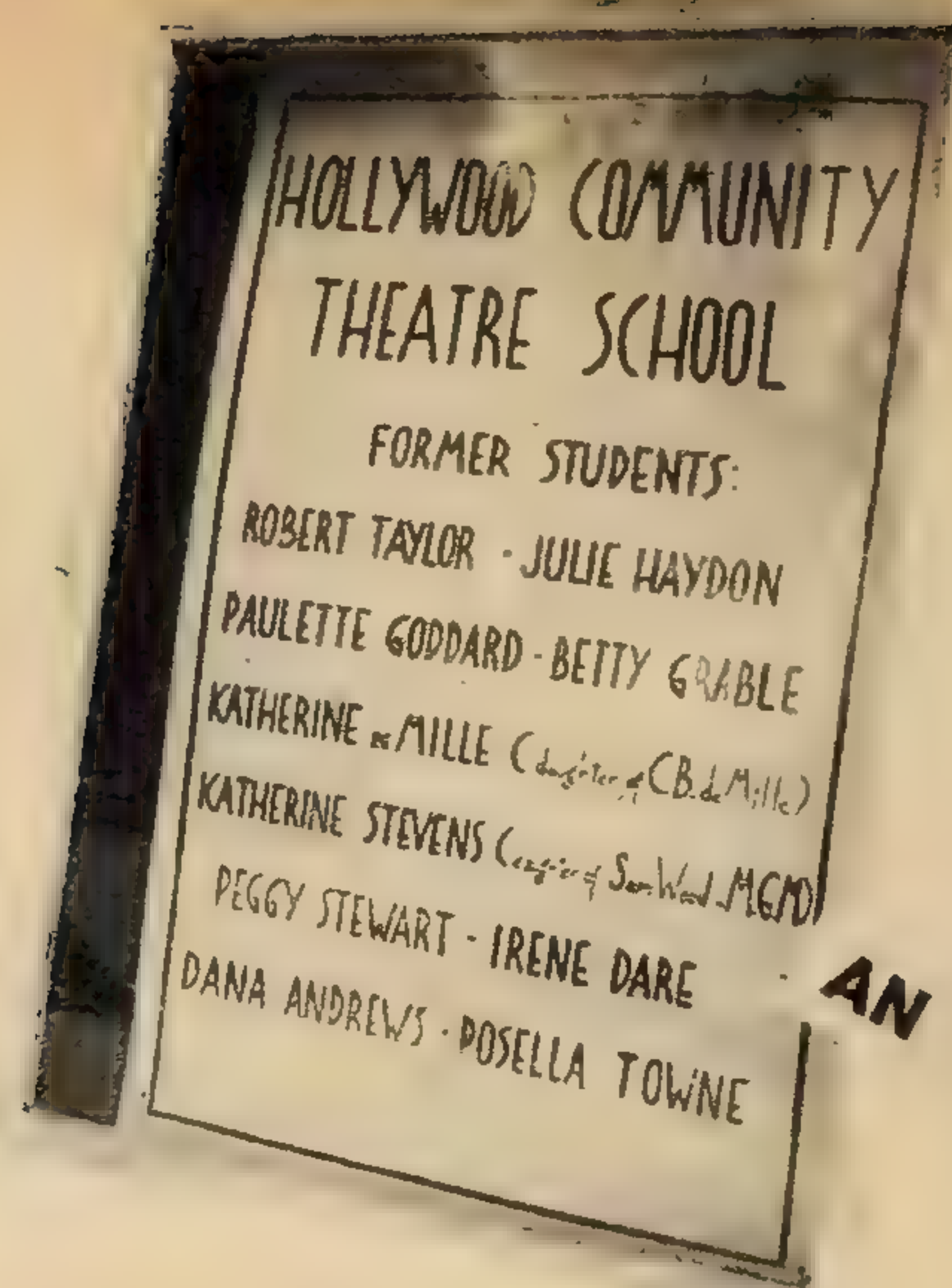
Sam can get anything he likes from anyone—especially if he makes his request over the phone. Studio heads suddenly realize, after an innocent phone call from Goldwyn during which he asked many questions about their health, their wives and kiddies, that they have signed away their most precious stars and indispensable directors. Then despite their quoting Mr. Goldwyn's famous crack: "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on!" they find him hard to defeat should they try to break their word. If Mr. Goldwyn is ever disappointed in a request, it will possibly be because he didn't do the business over the telephone!

Twenty-six years ago, Sam Goldwyn envisioned a type of picture that would supplant the 2-reel Bronco Billies and make an audience sit in a theatre for a whole hour. His associates put up tremendous arguments—but lost. The result was the "Squaw Man," made with hard-borrowed money and directed by a disappointed playwright named Cecil B. De Mille, who was on the verge of joining the U. S. Army to fight in Mexico when Goldwyn summoned and convinced him he would bring *de millennium* to movies. The picture, made with different brands of rented cameras, was a terrible mess when pasted together. Actors were cut off at the face, walked on tipsy floors, or sometimes even upside down. The sprockets on the different films, it seems, jammed in the projection machines. Finally it was all straightened out and was a terrific success.

Ever since, Goldwyn has put forth tremendous effort to jack up Hollywood standards. He was the first to bring big names to pictures. He spent and lost fortunes trying to put over Mary Garden, Caruso, Farrar, Anna Sten and others. Incidentally, though they made flops, he never tore up their contracts. He was also the first to put glamour and lavishness in films. And he was, despite his inability to handle the King's English, the first to declare war on the type of tasteless, ignorant producer of whom it has been said, "He knows what he wants—but can't spell it!"

Today Mr. Goldwyn is very bitter about these producers. He thinks they are responsible for the great flood of B, or second-grade, pictures that are flooding the theatres to make up double feature programs. They are ruining Hollywood taste—not to mention profits. On his recent trip to New York he was especially unhappy about B pictures and their makers. It seems that Hollywood's world market—\$600,000,000 per year gross—has been seriously hit by the war. Every \$1 Hollywood formerly pulled into its tills, has shrunk to 56 cents. "Something must be done to cut costs," Mr. Goldwyn wails, "or Hollywood will go under!"

Not that Mr. Goldwyn is one to cut costs. He called back "Marco Polo" after the New (Continued on page 68)



SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND JANE WITHERS ARE PRODUCTS OF EX-MOVIE-STAR

But of course, you can't act. Oh, I know that the boys at the corner drugstore whistle when you stroll past, and that those three portraits for a dollar prove you photograph as well as Joan Crawford, and that you carried a flag and whimpered "In Flanders Fields" for your high school pageant. But still you can't act.

Not according to Hollywood standards, anyway. Take our word for it—or the word of talent scouts, producers and agents—that to win a screen test, a contract and stardom, you have to acquire stage poise and dramatic technique that only the footlights can give you.

Startling proof that face and figure aren't enough is reflected in the fact that last year five big time studios—Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, Warners, M-G-M and RKO—took people they had under contract, players like Rosemary Lane, Dorothy Lovett, Virginia Vale and spent \$10,000 sending them to the Max Reinhardt Workshop, in an effort to teach them to act!

Bravely aware of the requirements, you decide to come to Hollywood. But being wise, you also decide that instead of haunting film factories, you will hunt out a Little Theatre and properly prepare yourself.

You will learn there are one hundred and thirty Little

Theatres around the celluloid village—some of these have sprouted in redecorated garages, some in miniature Spanish palaces, some in patched tents.

You will learn, soon, that these showcases will give you no salary for making an exhibit of yourself. Rather, you will pay them a monthly fee for the privilege of working in them. And, if you are in earnest, remembering that Robert Taylor, Jane Withers, Bob Stack, Wayne Morris, Betty Grable, Anne Shirley all came from the same boards, you will be satisfied.

But none of the reputable Little Theatres will make you any rash promises or fantastic guarantees. Because the odds are you won't become another Bernhardt. The odds are you won't even be discovered or showered with options. But one thing is certain: if you have the talent and the courage, several months on the stage will make your chances that much greater.

You'll gain experience. You'll know that a "right cross" has nothing to do with Joe Louis, a "straw hat" isn't something your boy friend wears, and that "up stage" is not a synonym for "stuck-up."

You'll get rid of your mid-Western twang or Southern accent and learn how to build and sustain a characteriza-

PASADENA
Playhouse

SPECIAL
MATINEE
TODAY
at
2:30

Nurseries for Newcomers

Here's a typical group of aspirants in one of California's Little Theatres. There are 130 of these playhouses around Hollywood, and each one of them opens its stage to you—there to be trained, to become experienced and perhaps to be discovered.



THE SCOUTS'LL BE THERE!

CONSTANTLY GROWING ROSTER

THEATRE RECORD IS STILL ON FILE

AND CAN PAY THEM \$35 A MONTH

BEN BARD'S TALENT INCUBATOR

By Irving Wallace

tion. You'll learn not to swallow your syllables, not to walk like an uninhibited penguin and not to open doors with the grace of a tug-of-war addict.

All of this and more, you will absorb at such training schools as the Hollywood Community Theatre, the Max Reinhardt Workshop, the Pasadena Playhouse, the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre and the Ben Bard Playhouse.

The Hollywood Community Theatre is the oldest. It was established twenty-four years ago, the first theatre of its kind in the movie colony. Today, it is housed in a sprawling gray wooden building, an overgrown barn once used by Mae West's manager for trying out new plays. Inside stretch a large stage and 190 seats. Inside, also, stretches Miss Neely Dickson, elderly and bespectacled, and tired after a long day of work.

The office walls surrounding Miss Dickson are thick with old photos of men like Conrad Nagel, Lawrence Tibbett, Edward Everett Horton, who received their initial career impetus from her.

Near Miss Dickson's brown desk, pasted on orange paper, are clippings of her more famous students, Robert Taylor, Betty Grable, Paulette Goddard, Julie Haydon. An underlined sentence stands out on one: "Neely Dickson's school

has more people accepted by the movie scouts than any other of the workshops."

Miss Dickson, who has been dialogue director on many major pictures, who first tried out plays by George Bernard Shaw, John Drinkwater, Zoe Akins, teaches groups of ten to twelve students at a time. She charges each of them \$450 a year for the training. Only the most advanced and most talented may appear in her stage productions, which run from three to eight weeks and are seen by all the scouts. "Some scouts come back two or three times to see the same play," sighed Miss Dickson with obvious joy.

From these plays have come some of the brightest Hollywood and Broadway stars. Miss Dickson yanked open a drawer, thumbed through some papers with a practiced thumb and came up with a yellowing program. She pointed to a name on the program. "Look," she said.

The name on the program was Alan Stanhope. This left me unimpressed. But Miss Dickson explained, "Alan Stanhope was the stage name of Robert Taylor. See the top of this program? The date is February 27, 1934. That was the last time Taylor appeared under my direction. Two weeks later he was signed by M-G-M. Some time ago I saw him with Vivien Leigh (Continued on page 83)



FOR

BY HEDY LAMARR
AS TOLD TO GLADYS HALL

**That Viennese charmer, Hedy Lamarr, bravely steps forth
and gives the male of the species a startling little earful!**

MEN ONLY!

So often I am interviewed about men—what I think about them, what I like about them and what I don't like about them. But now that you have given me the opportunity to talk about what I wish, I am going to choose my own sex.

I like women and there are so many silly misconceptions about them that it makes me very angry. They say women love to gossip. I do not think they love to gossip as much as men do. They say women keep men waiting while they dress. I have never in my lifetime gone out with a man that I did not have to wait for him. They say women are fickle. I say it is more often a husband that deserts a wife than a wife that deserts a husband.

They say women are poor conversationalists because they cannot be impersonal. I do not believe this, either. I prefer to talk with women. I have a friend, a woman lawyer, and we have the most wonderful talks which no man in the world could find personal. It is men, I think, who are likely to limit their conversation to strictly business or personal matters.

What I am saying, please understand me, is nothing against men. It is only in defense of women.

Men still underestimate women as they did a hundred years ago. I think it is wrong for them to neglect a woman in an intelligent discussion, or not to ask her opinion in the solution of financial, domestic or personal problems. Even the so-called "simple" girls have contributions to make. They have a special sense which is called "a woman's intuition" and which is to be compared to the logic of men. It is just as trustworthy.

The other day I sat at lunch in the M-G-M commissary. At the table next to me four young girls were having their lunch. They were extras on the set of "Boom Town." To look at them, you wouldn't suppose they had one good brain among the four of them. They were so very young, so very made-up and giddy to the eye. You would suppose they would be talking the "he sez to me" and "I sez to him" kind of comic paper lingo. But I eavesdropped and they were talking about the war. Straight through the lunch hour they argued about it and showed they were amazingly well-informed.

I do think some girls cause men to think them frivolous because of the way they dress and the way they look with their funny hair-dos, hats and too much make-up. And older women who try so pitifully to be younger than they are seem silly, too. It's really stupid of them, for a woman only starts to be interesting between the ages of thirty and forty. Before that, she is only a promise. After that, she is a promise kept.

It is an especially big handicap for a woman if she is good looking, for men always think she is "dumb." When a girl is beautiful, a man does not try to find out what is inside; he does not try to scratch the surface. If he did, he might find something much more beautiful than the shape of a nose, the curve of a mouth or the color of an eye.

Actually, looks don't matter. Women are learning this, but some of them have still to realize it. It is true that looks may cause a man to fall in love. But people misuse the word "love" so easily. They throw it around until its meaning is all blurred like a bright ball that loses its true colors in too much handling. Often when they say "love," they mean sexual attraction. Love comes from the heart, and the heart has no eyes to see the color of the hair or the lines of the figure; the heart is within and it sees within. The other thing is physical and doesn't ever last.

So I believe that while good looks may cause a man to be attracted, looks have nothing to do with love that is real. A man gets used to good looks as he does to bad looks. They're like a dress you wear too often, after a time he could not tell you of what it is made or what its color is.

I was never attracted to any man who said "I love you" after the second day. Then I knew it was the looks, and I don't like that. To my mind, friendship is the foundation of love—the only foundation that will stand firm and long.

Women are honest, that is another reason I like them. I believe they are more honest than most men. They know that there must be honesty between a man and a woman. I could never live with a man who didn't tell me the truth. I can understand stealing, I can understand murdering, but I cannot understand lying. It is such a phony thing. I can't understand a man's trying to make a woman jealous of him or a woman's trying to make a man jealous of her. That is a phony thing, too.

If there is anything a woman doesn't like about a man, if there is some quality in him that sickens her, she should tell him. I do. Otherwise she is ill-tempered with her feeling bottled up inside her. She should say, "Look, that habit you have is making me ill. Do you love me well enough to stop this?" Then it is all above-board where women want it to be. They say women can't keep secrets. If they can't, it is because they don't like them—they know they are sticky, sickly things.

I like women because they are brave. Everyone knows that women can stand pain better than men. I once had two friends, a man and a woman, who were both badly injured in a train accident. I went to the hospital to see them. The man was groaning and thrashing about; the woman was lying still and quiet, not speaking. She was more painfully hurt than the man. She died; he didn't.

A woman does not go to pieces the way a man does. If a woman breaks at all, it is always over a man. When you read in the papers of love tragedies, it is young men who kill their sweethearts and themselves, more often than young girls.

A woman is better than a man in almost any kind of an emergency. In an accident, for instance, a woman knows what to do much better (Continued on page 60)



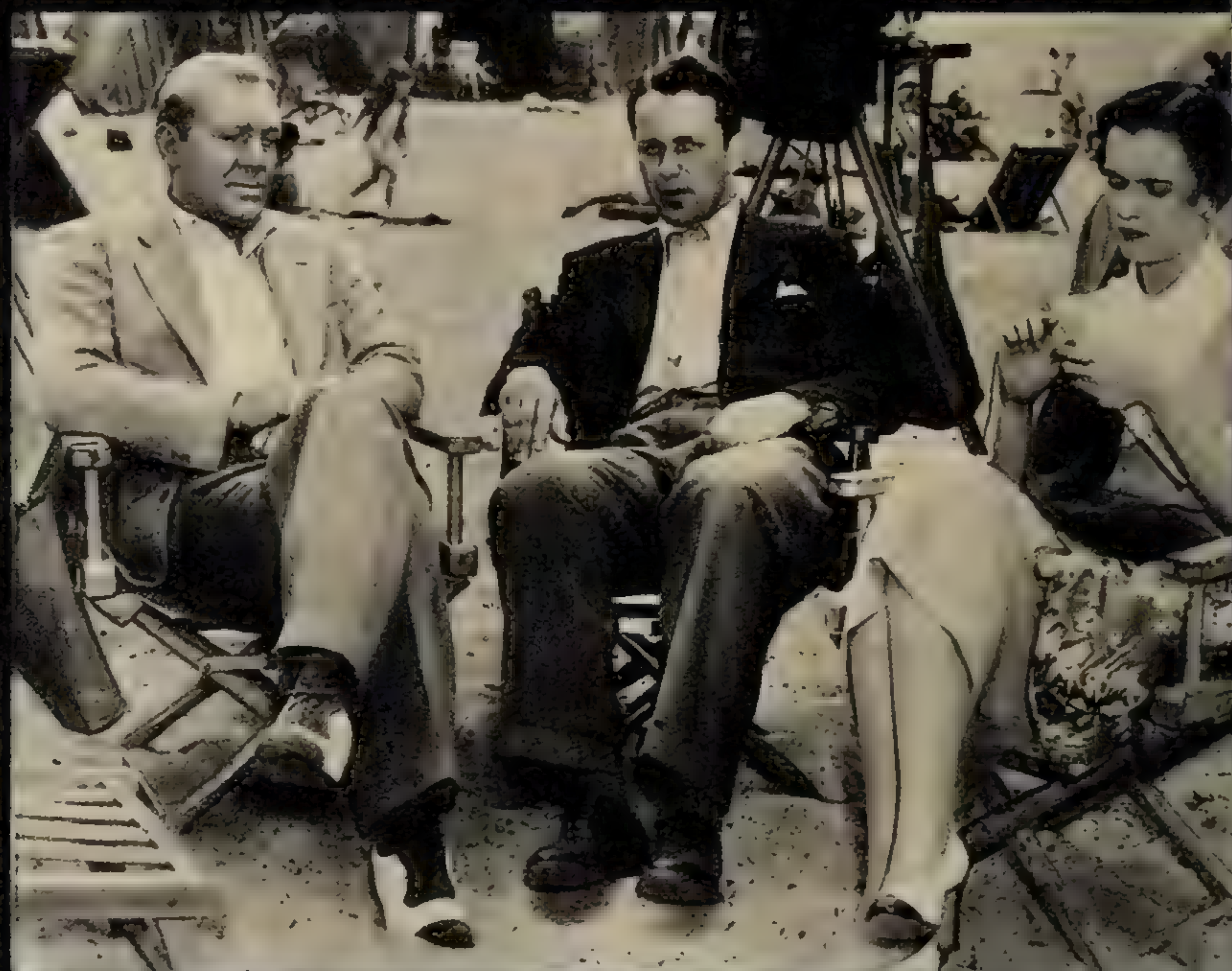
While on location at South Bend, the Pat O'Briens registered 4-year-old son, Sean, with Father John Cavanaugh for Notre Dame's class of '58.



Pat and the team—composed of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. boys—lend an ear to Technical Adviser Nick Lukats, ex-Notre Dame football star.



Ronald Reagan, one of the 17 men with important parts and one of 13 who played college football, indulges in some sissy stuff off the set.



Gale Page, who lost 30 pounds for the Mrs. Rockne role, knits and talks diet with Pat, who'd lost 20, while Nick just sits and basks.

ON THE SET WITH



THERE HAS never been another Knute Rockne. Proof that his niche is unique in the American scene is the fact that now, nearly a decade after his passage through the Grim Goalposts, Warner Bros. has shelled out over \$1,000,000 to film his life story.

Portraying the famous "Rock" who was born in Norway in 1892 is a famous Irishman who was born in Wisconsin in 1899. The Irishman is Pat O'Brien and, according to his press agents, no man in Hollywood is better qualified for the role, for "Didn't Pat once run 67 yards for a touchdown against Notre Dame's 'Fighting Irish?'" The answer is: He did *not*! Pat, in his Marquette University days, was just a third-string back and played exactly 30 seconds



One day Pat put so much blood and thunder into his pep talk that the boys ripped the dressing-room door right off its hinges rushing to get out there and fight!



Blayney Fleishman, one of 16 children who portray the four Rockne kids at various ages, poses with Gale Page and Mrs. Rockne, who was on hand to check details.



Rockne Stories

Once Rockne tried to introduce soccer to his squad for conditioning purposes. The game was new to the boys, so he explained it and wound up with: "The idea of the game is to kick the ball or kick the other guy's shins." After sides were chosen, they found no ball had been provided. There was a brief delay and then a big, tough linesman stepped forth: "To hell with the ball, coach!" he exclaimed. "Let's start the game!"

A husky brute had just finished his college career in a blaze of glory. His final game over, he sat in the locker room, weeping bitterly. A friend approached: "What's the matter, Frank? You've just scored four touchdowns and are in line for all-American for the third straight year. What's so wrong about that?" A bitter sob was the answer. "Brace up," the friend continued. "You've had your picture in all the papers, you've been interviewed by the best reporters and there isn't a kid in the country who doesn't know about you. What's the matter?" Another sob racked the frame of the famous star. "Boo hoo," he wept. "If I had only learned to read and write!"

Rockne loved to tell stories on himself, too. Once he was teaching Jim Crowley, now coach at Fordham, a difficult play and Crowley couldn't seem to get it. Finally, Rockne became exasperated. "Tell me one thing," he said. "Is there anything dumber than a dumb Irishman?" Crowley smiled. "Sure," he said, "a smart Norwegian."

"KNUTE ROCKNE — ALL AMERICAN"

against Rockne's team. After that he had to be helped from the field.

Nonetheless, his role fits him like the pigskin fits a football bladder. It should. Pat's preparations for the part were more elaborate than a dizzy co-ed's for her first prom. Weeks before the picture got going, Pat spent long hours in a darkened studio projection room watching over and over again old-time newsreels of the coach. When he emerged, it was to read books and magazine stories about the man, and when he retired, the only existing recording of Rockne's voice rang in his ears. He even learned to eat grapes constantly and to whistle "My Wild Irish Rose" because "Rock" always did!

Pat's study hours were not the most

painful part of his conversion, however. What really got him down was the almost complete facial and physical overhauling necessary to heighten his resemblance to the coach. First, he had to drop 20 pounds—and for a man who likes his pastry and pork chops, that's a wicked assignment. Then, he had to submit to daily make-ups that even the practiced hands of Perc Westmore couldn't slap on in less than two hours. This consisted of having his natural chin cleft built in, his forehead built out, his nose "broken" (Rockne broke his as a kid), and his face covered with tiny pieces of rubber skin. As the picture progresses, so does Pat's age. Later sequences show his pate encased in a plastic rubber bald

head with a fringe of hair. Imagine! All of that for a puny few thousand a week!

Warner Bros. gave him a solid supporting cast which even includes non-Hollywoodites Alonzo Stagg, one-time famous football coach at the University of Chicago, and "Pop" Warner, the equally famous retired coach of Stanford. They embellished his acting with absolutely authentic reproductions of Rockne's home, classrooms and laboratories and went so far as to throw in a free trip to South Bend, Indiana, the home of Notre Dame University, where the campus, the playing field and, for the first time, the interior of the beautiful cathedral posed pretty for the motion picture camera.



IT TOOK A MOUSTACHE

Prince Charming =

Not so long ago Ronald Colman was a man whom nobody knew. That was because he permitted no one to know him. To even those chosen few with whom he spent much of his time he remained largely an enigma; he went his way virtually alone, a romantic modern knight sheathed in an armor of reserve which none could completely penetrate. Adored by millions of fans, he was almost a recluse.

Hollywood didn't understand, for with Colman it was anything but an act. He withdrew within himself because that is the way he is made, because it is inherent in his British make-up to remain aloof. Often a swashbuckling adventurer on the screen, he actually is sensitive and retiring in his private life, so modest and unobtrusive that at one time he nearly deprived himself of his screen career.

It happened when Colman had just come over from England and was appearing as leading man in a New York play. At that time Lillian Gish was a big cinema star, and Henry King, the director, was looking for someone to appear opposite her in "The White Sister." He had tested in vain all the then available leading men of stage and screen. The company was waiting to sail on location to Italy, and he was at his wits' end, when he chanced to drop into the theatre where Colman was playing. After the performance he sent his card backstage and offered Ronnie a test.

"Oh, it's just wasting your time," Colman told him. "I don't photograph well, and I'm sure I could never be a screen actor."

King insisted and when the test had been made and run off in a projection room it seemed at first that Colman, and not King, was right. At that time Ronnie was clean shaven and something about the way his lower lip photographed made him appear decidedly less than romantic. He shook hands with King, went back to the theatre and forgot all about motion pictures.

But King could not convince himself that he had been so mistaken. He persuaded Ronnie to come for another test the following day, and this time, while Colman was making up, King had an idea.

"I know what you need," he said suddenly and reached for an eyebrow pencil. With it he drew a moustache on Colman's lip, and this time, when the test was run off, King knew instantly that he had found a new star. Colman was signed to a contract and the next day left for Italy to make the picture. He grew a real moustache on the voyage and has never been without it since.

That moustache changed his photogenic personality completely, but did nothing to change his innate modesty. Left to his own estimate of himself, Ronald Colman would

still be playing six evenings a week with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays, instead of having producers standing in line for the one or two pictures he now makes each year.

As he was in his professional life so he remained in his private life, even after such roles as "Beau Geste" had made him the reigning romantic idol of the screen. Most actors are instinctively exhibitionists who love to strut their stuff upon any opportunity, but Colman's psychology is the antithesis of theirs. That is why he so seldom appears at benefits and so forth, although no one could be more sympathetic for their cause.

"Look," he recently told the chairman of an entertainment committee which was staging a show, "this is to raise money, isn't it? Well, it embarrasses me to sing or recite in public, so if you don't mind I'd rather just give you a check. And I'm sure the audience would prefer it."

When he first came to Hollywood, Colman became a charter member of the famous Hollywood Musketeers. That was the name given the four inseparables. Richard Barthelmess, William Powell and Warner Baxter were the other three. Barthelmess, Powell and Baxter were kindred spirits who were the only recreation Colman had. Ronnie was the brake on their sometimes too exuberant activities. They more than any one else understood him, but he frequently withdrew himself even from them.

This four formed a private poker club, during the weekly sessions of which Baxter invariably tried to make up rules to suit his hand, whereupon Colman would quote Hoyle as fluently as Shakespeare. They went fishing, yachting or camping together, each of the four taking his turn to cook and clean up. Only at these times, and with these boon companions, did Ronnie really relax.

Compare these innocuous diversions with the frequently all too hectic activities of other stars! Virtually Colman went nowhere and did nothing. His tennis kept him physically fit but, except when he was working on a picture, he was acutely lonely. Even on the set, between shots, he usually sat in a corner reading a book while he awaited his cue.

During all those years there were no women in Colman's life. An unhappy marriage had made him skeptical of them. Occasionally he might be seen escorting a girl somewhere, but the Hollywood way of romance was not for him. The report got around that Ronnie, Hollywood's most eligible catch, was not "to be had."

Colman was looking for something real, and he realized that in Hollywood what frequently passed for love was just another way of making whoopee. Young Lochinvar rode out of the West in an airplane elopement to Yuma, the sky was the limit and soon two more matrimonial

AND A MISSUS TO GLAMOURIZE RONNIE

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

By Reginald Tavinor

redskins bit the divorce court dust. And as soon as one romance wilted another took its place. Ronnie's idea of marriage was definitely not like that. One of his favorite stories is "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which he has read many times, and in a vague sort of a way he visualized true romance as something like that.

So, despite his pre-eminence as the cinema Prince Charming, Ronnie lived very quietly by and within himself. His income enabled him to indulge in those fine but unostentatious things which afforded perhaps his greatest pleasure. If he gave a party it was the small, intimate kind. Invitations, naturally, came by the dozen but he accepted few of them. His life, in short, was an almost austere bachelor existence at what he always referred to as his "diggings." Except when he was working, Hollywood rarely saw him because he preferred the sea and the open country. One of his favorite diversions was to take long automobile rides alone, driving in any direction until he found himself in some interesting place, then putting up at some little inn and staying there incognito as long as he could.

It was during this period that Ronnie bought his yacht, which he himself always calls (Continued on page 64)



An unhappy marriage to Thelma Raye made Mr. C. woman-wary—until he met the lovely Benita Hume.





CLARENCE S. BULL

**JEANETTE
MacDONALD**

*You'll be seeing her in Technicolor again in
M-G-M's lilting operetta, "Bittersweet"*

Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?



ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.


3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

THE ANSWER TO YOUR EVERY DESIRE
IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT...

Paramount Pictures!



Bing's been singing practically all of his 36 years, but he never took a lesson and can't read a note of music. Doesn't take anything seriously, least of all his voice, and calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat."

Why

Perhaps you haven't thought about it, but one male screen idol makes it easier for the girls to palpitate about him by banning publicity about his private life—and his private wife. Two other idols, both with romantic reputations to preserve, won't talk about their wedded bliss and have pacts with their wives that keep their wives mum, also. And when another certain romantic actor recently dashed down South America way, where he has a large following, he left the little woman home. Why remind the smitten señoritas that there was a senora?

But Bing Crosby doesn't care who knows that he's a family man, a happy husband and the parent of four sons, including twins. Last Father's Day, in every newspaper in the country, there was a picture of Bing, completely surrounded by Crosby offspring. He puts up a battle every time Paramount wants to get him into the portrait gallery for some glamour art, but let Paramount suggest some home shots with the family, and he says, "Name the day." When he takes a long trip, he also takes Mrs. Bing and sees to it that she's in all the news photos with him. And she has been interviewed often about what he's like around the house.

According to accepted Hollywood theories of what is good publicity and what isn't, all this should have ruined his appeal to women long ago. Yet last year he was Star

**HE'S NOT A GREAT LOVER OR A GREAT
PROFILE. BING'S JUST AN AVERAGE
GUY, BUT HOW THE LADIES LOVE HIM!**

That's 2½-year-old Lin (named for Lin Howard) with his proud papa. Next is Gary, 7, who can't stand Bing's singing. Then, 5-year-old twins, Phil and Dennis—two imps born on Friday the 13th.



By James Reid

girls can't resist him!

No. 11 in box-office popularity—not far behind two of the above-mentioned gallery gods, and ahead of the other two.

He doesn't give the women of America a chance to hope that he isn't happily married or that he isn't likely to stay that way. And still they go for him by the millions. He wouldn't be Star No. 11 if they didn't.

What do *you* make of it, Watson?

He's a presentable specimen of the genus *Americano*, clean-cut and clean-shaven, but that doesn't make him an Adonis. Hollywood has handsomer heroes, with wavier hair and more of it.

Of course, not all of them sing. But, of those who do, there isn't one who hasn't had more voice training than Bing. He hasn't had any. He belittles his voice, calls himself "Old Gravel-Throat." Still, there's something about his voice, husky and untrained, that gets them. It's a large part of his appeal. Other women feel like the girl who said, "When Bing sings your favorite love song, it's like getting cream with your strawberries."

But women don't go to the movies just to hear him sing. They can hear him sing at home, on the radio or on phonograph records. No, they go to look, as well as listen.

And since he isn't a Great Profile, a Great Physique, a Great Lover, a Great Operatic Singer or a Great Actor, they must go to see him simply because he isn't those

things. They like him because he doesn't awe anybody, because he doesn't even try. They like him because he has a personality that says, "Folks, I want to entertain you, but I can't put on a glamour act in front of friends. At least, I hope we're friends."

Most people don't know how to take many of the actors. They live in a world apart. But here is an actor anybody can understand. He's like one of the folks. They have the feeling, watching Bing, that they're watching someone they know—or, at least, someone they *could* know more easily than they could know any other man on the screen.

How about it? Are they justified in that feeling?

We went to John Gallaudet, who talks frankly, has a sense of humor, and ought to know what it takes to be a friend of Bing's. They have worked in five pictures together and are still friends. They even play golf together.

"Is it easy to get acquainted with Bing?" John echoed the question with a faint lift of one eyebrow. "I've never yet encountered anyone who thought it was hard. It can't be hard; he knows too many unexpected people. I'm one of the unexpected ones, myself. Let me tell you how we became friends.

"My wife was the feminine half of a dance team at the Palais Royal in New York, when Bing was singing there with Whiteman's band. (Continued on page 86)

Let's get Personal!

REVEALING INTIMATE AND INTRIGUING TIDBITS ABOUT JUDY GARLAND

Judy has what she calls "insane" food habits. She likes to eat corn on the cob with grape jelly. (She once dropped an ear of corn in some grape jelly by accident and it tasted swell.) She never eats any two things together. If she has meat and potato on her plate, she eats all the meat first, then all the potato. She never eats on time. If dinner is at seven, she stalls around until eight. She loves to eat hamburgers (but not with onions!), little thin hot cakes and wienies just before she goes to bed. She says they make her sleep like a log.

When she drives herself in her little red coupé, she has only one window open and all the doors locked. She sings with the radio as she drives. She likes to listen to the radio only when it is on as loud as possible. She has a portable radio in her room at home and two others in other parts

of the house. She usually has all three of them going at once, at the top of their etheric lungs. She likes to feel that the orchestra is right in the room with her. She and Mickey have this bond in common: they both like noise and plenty of it. Her mother and sister are contemplating the addition of a sound-proof room to the house for the sake of their ear-drums.

She's always going to the movies, goes at least three or four times a week. She likes double features; she wishes they would have "treble" features. She likes to sit in the fifth or sixth row from the front, eat candy, chew gum and put her feet up on the back of the seat in front of her. And she sees her favorite pictures over and over again. She saw Bette Davis in "Dangerous" fourteen times. She saw Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hideout" six times. She has already

seen "Rebecca" three times. She cries horribly in pictures when they are sad. She says, "I cry right out loud." The only time she ever really laughs is when she sees a comedy film. Otherwise, surprisingly enough, she doesn't laugh often. When she is pleased or amused her whole face brightens, but she doesn't laugh aloud.

She bites her fingernails and stuffs money in her pocketbooks and sweater pockets and forgets she has it. Once a week she goes through



Mickey and Judy always sing when they dance together

A girl's best friend is her mom, says Judy



Unbelievable but true, she laughs very seldom

Dave Rose dates popular Judy as often as he can



She adores the Pirates Den because it's so noisy.



All dressed up for one of her very "special dates."



all her pocketbooks and pockets and finds "a little fortune I didn't know I had." She steals combs. She doesn't mean to, she just absent-mindedly picks them up at hairdressers and from her friends' dressing-tables and makes off with them. She has a good memory for telephone numbers and addresses but a bad memory for names. She starts to introduce her best friend to someone and can't remember her friend's name.

Judy has lived in Hollywood, in Beverly Hills rather, for five years. She has had only one contract, a seven-year one with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and still has more than two years to go on it.

Judy loves to go "basement" shopping. She always feels so good, she says, when she finds a bargain. Her favorite dress last summer was a little cotton dress she found for \$5.95. She wore it steadily for weeks. She always buys too many things, she says, things

she doesn't really need. Especially sweaters and skirts and shoes. More especially, shoes. She has a ridiculous number of shoes, seventy-three pairs at the last count. She has to buy her own shoes for pictures, "which accounts for the jillions I own." She is always planning to give some of them away and then, at the last minute, changes her mind. She has a terrible time parting with anything old even if she can't use it. Her dream is to have a house with a roomy, old-fashioned attic where she can store away the accumulation of her lifetime so that her great-grandchildren can find the things in the years to come. She is, she says, "a natural-born 'saver.'"

She loves to go shopping at the Five & Ten. Her bureau drawers are cluttered with little bottles of hand lotions, little boxes of powder and little packets of soap. She loves to shop in drugstores. In the "ritzy" drugstores she just "nose-shops,"

she says. That is, she goes around sniffing and sampling all the expensive perfumes. She gets hay fever from some kinds of perfume. From Arpege, for instance, which is her favorite. Paul Whiteman gave her four bottles of imported perfume when he worked with her in "Strike Up The Band" and she went around sneezing for six weeks. "Better to sneeze than not to smell like *that*," she explained.

Judy loves the "corner" drugstores, too, like the one in Hollywood where Cliff Edwards takes over the cash-register when the girl is off and Bob Taylor comes in and whips himself up a malted milk and everyone drops in and "dishes the dirt." She'd like to live in a small town and hash things over the back fence.

She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and eight pounds and grew just exactly an inch in this past year.

(Continued on page 71)



THE OTHER DAY BILL HOLDEN WROTE A LETTER TO HIS FAMILY AND HIS WHOLE DESTINY HUNG ON THEIR REPLY!

Bill Holden flipped over a page of his calendar and found a date with a big, red ring around it. He ripped it off and sat right down to write a letter to his folks. It went like this:

"Well—I've been at it a year today. What's the verdict? Do I come back and finish college, or shall I go on from here?"

As he wrote, Bill chuckled to himself through his curly new beard. He knew the answer, of course.

Bill Holden had penciled that red ring a year before, after he'd sidetracked a sane and sensible ambition to be a chemist for what looked then like a very wild Hollywood goose chase. At that point, his folks had said, "All right, Bill. Go ahead. Quit college and try the movies if you want to. But please promise us one thing: After

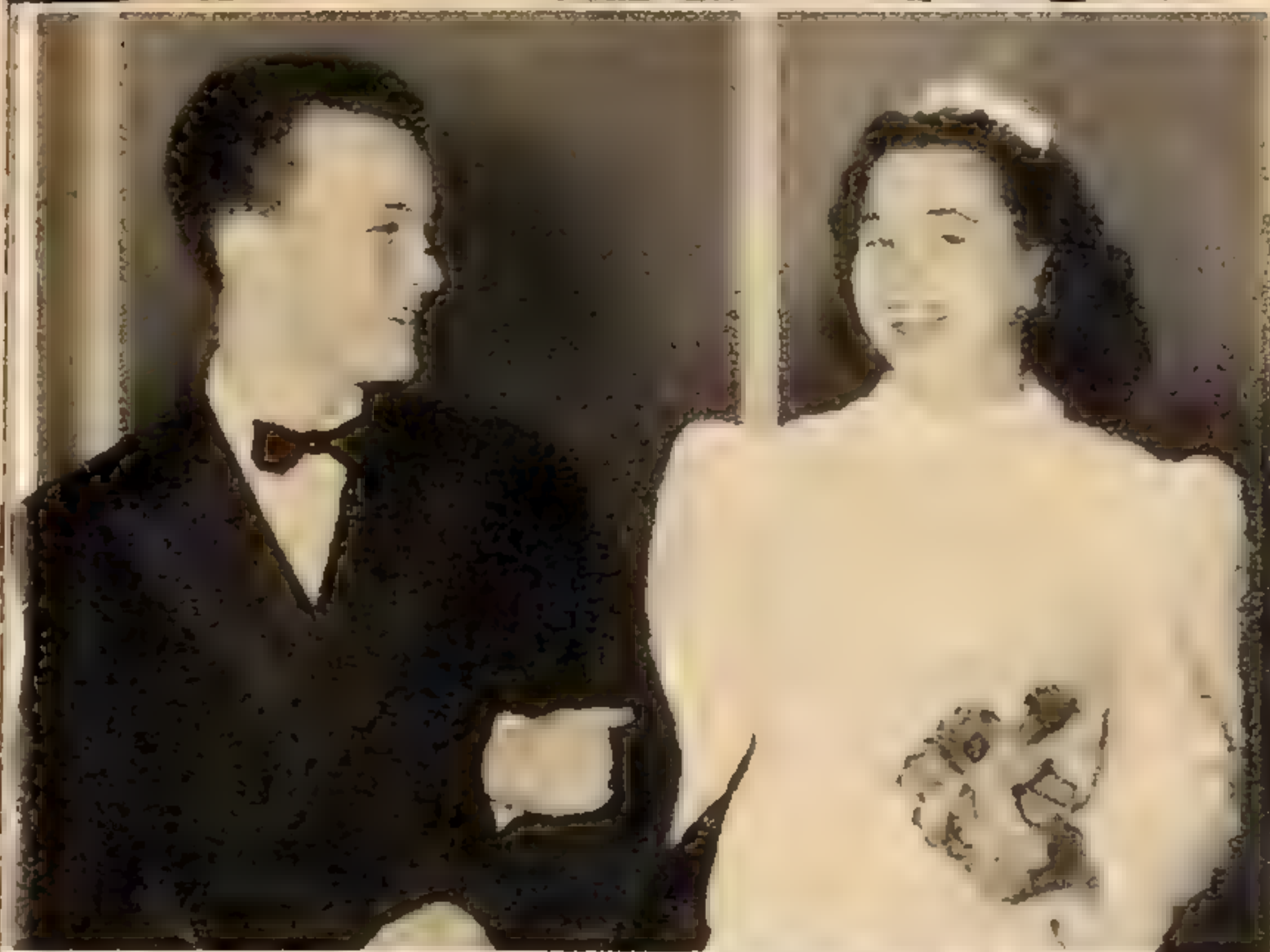
you've been acting for a year, if you find you aren't getting anywhere, come back and finish school, will you?"

"I will," agreed Bill Holden. He meant it, too.

For over a year now, William Holden has been on trial—not only with his folks, but with himself and Hollywood. He was "Golden Boy" to start with. But gold has to be assayed, and so do green Hollywood actors. When they don't test out they dribble down the drain—and out. When they soar into the movie heavens like shooting stars they are quite likely to fade as fast. But while Bill Holden still believes he doesn't know acting from sour apples and is frank and humble about it, even he can't deny that he's the young man in Hollywood today with the rosiest future of all—a virile young Gable with every studio in town chasing him, wanting him to star in its next film.



Next to her hubby and her gorgeous pearls, Mrs. Jack Oakie loves that solid silver cigarette case studded with diamonds, rubies and huge emeralds.



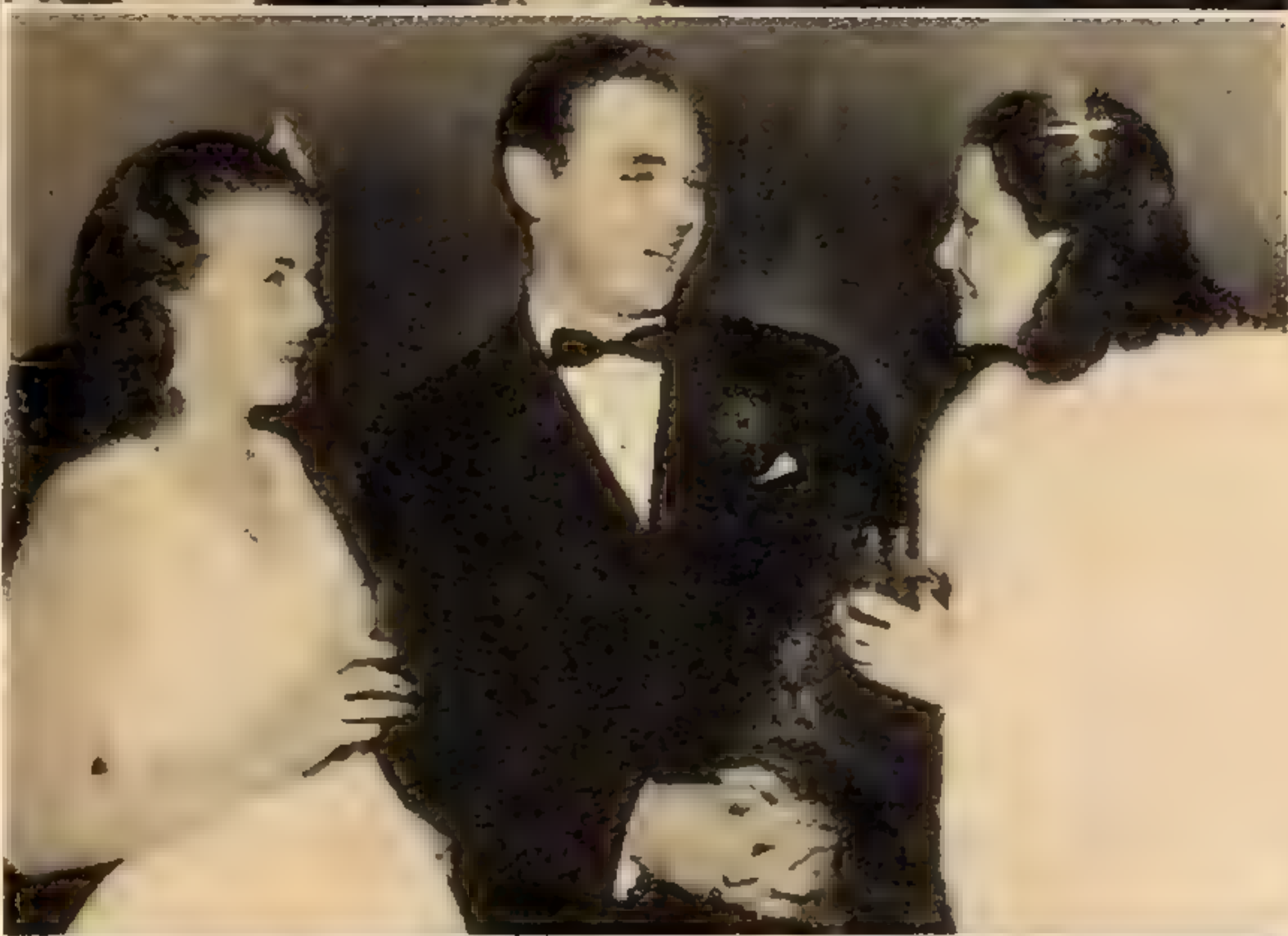
A torrid twosome of long standing is Jane Withers and George Ernest, but this is their first big date. An orchid, a table for two at Ciro's—the works!



Marlene Dietrich, Josef von Sternberg and Erich Remarque threes-a-crowd-it several times a week. They never dance, just sit and talk about the war for hours.



Dan Topping, who owns the Brooklyn Dodgers and can support a wife with no trouble at all, is trying to persuade Sonja Henie (the new Mrs. T.) to retire.



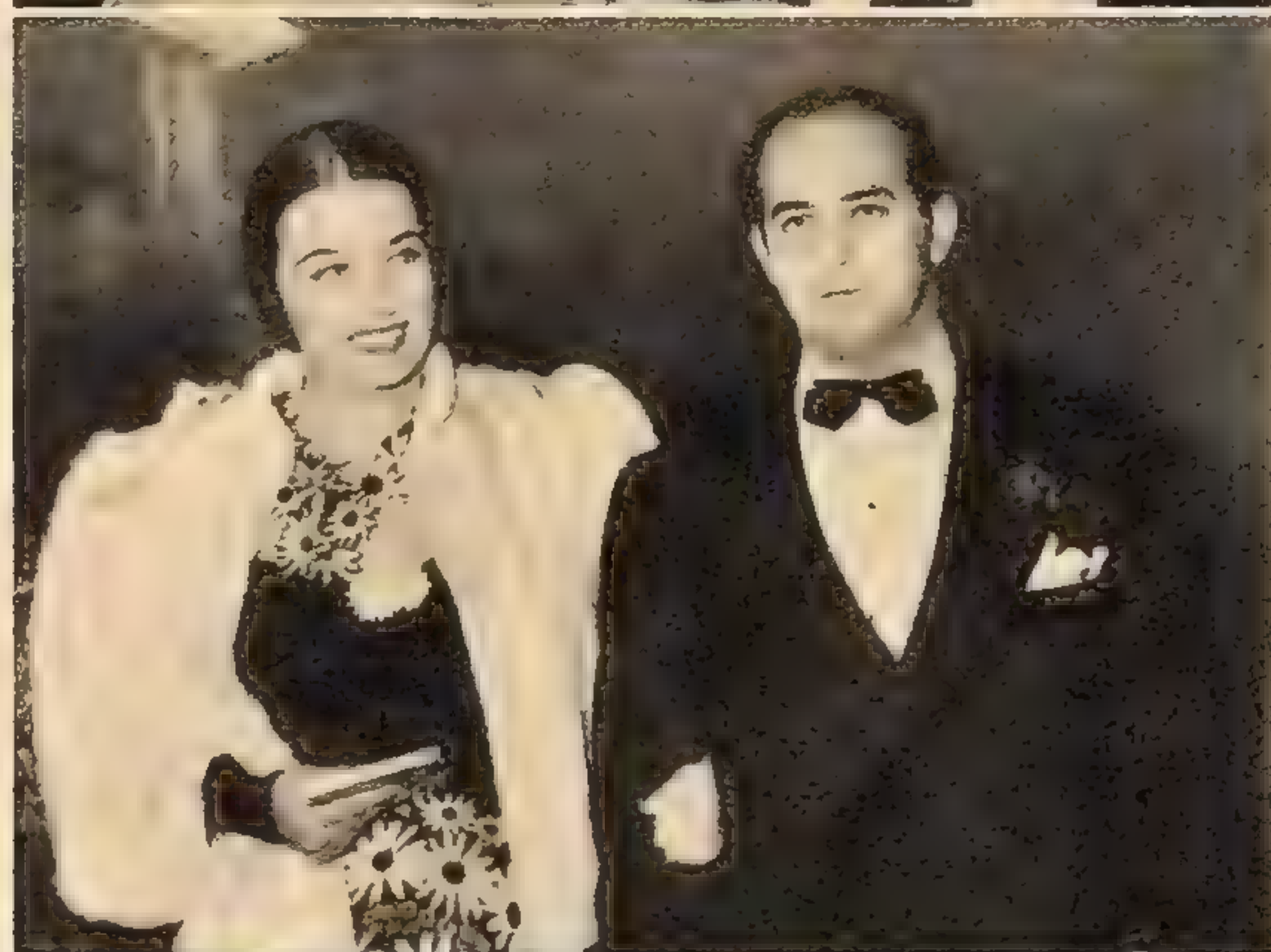
Deanna Durbin, Vaughn Paul and Helen Parrish—who's no longer a Forrest Tucker monopoly—chat over cokes at Bob Stack's Red Cross party.



This 7-nights-a-week romance started out on a misery loves company basis, but Dot Lamour and Greg Bautzer admit it's blossoming into the real thing.



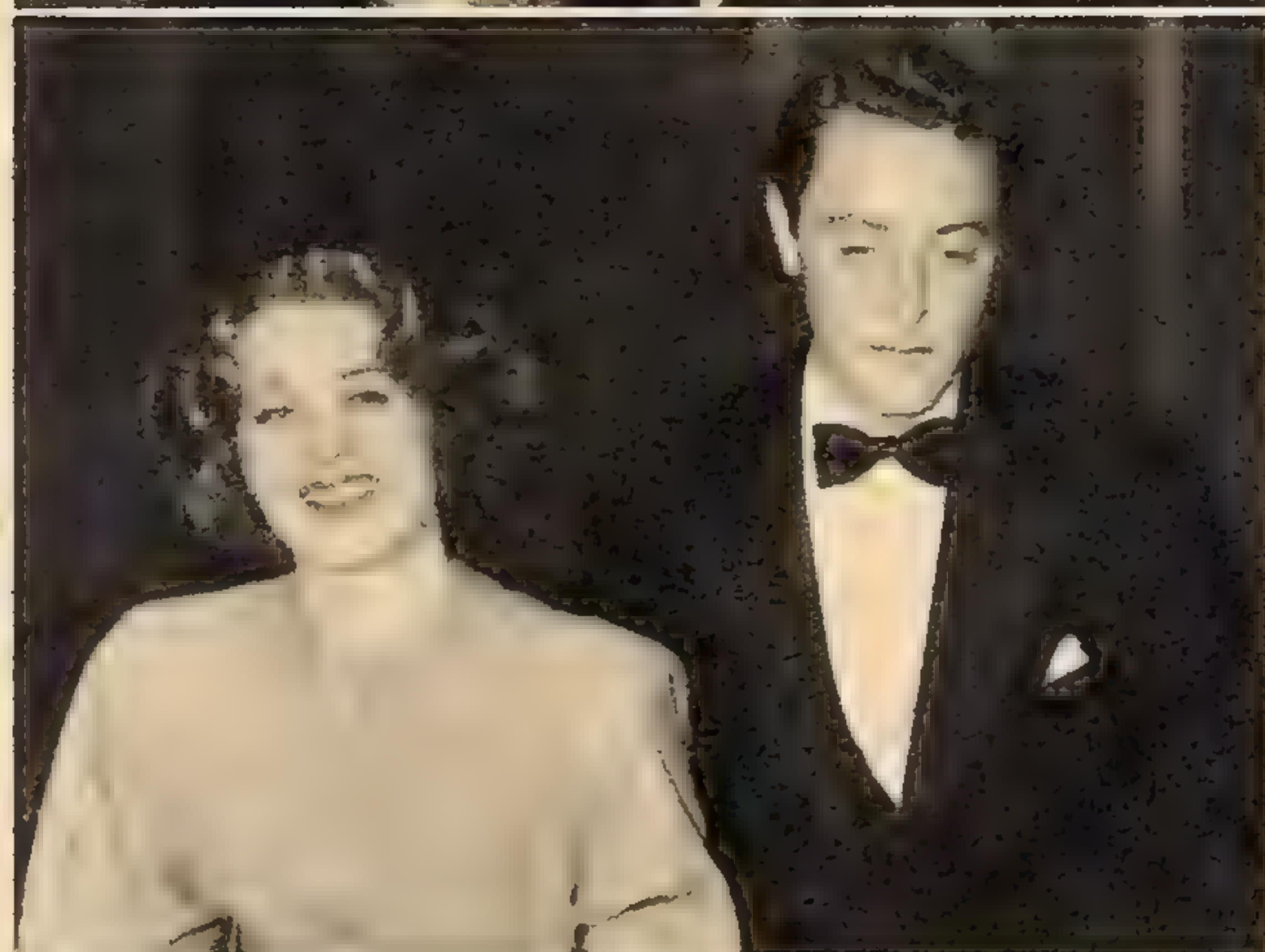
Jimmie Cagney's wee wife Billie tries to heckle hubby into staying at the Clover Club just a few more minutes. That Cagney man's a real early - to - bedder!



Before Matty Fox left for N. Y., he and Pat Morison were at Ciro's practically nightly. Now Pat sits home and chats with him for hours and hours on the phone.



The other evening Margaret Lindsay helped Bill Lundigan celebrate his twenty-sixth birthday with ice cream, cake 'n' everything at Ciro's, their favorite haunt.



Since the Norma Shearer - George Raft *grande passion* is a dead issue, Producer David Lewis has been dating the much blonder Norma occasionally.



J. Walter Ruben just has to grin and bear it when that arch-flirt Jack Warner chucks lovely Mrs. R. (Virginia Bruce) under the chin. He's her new boss.



Roz Russell helps Freddie Brisson celebrate the glad word that his Danish dad, Carl Brisson, will soon be out of war-torn Europe and back in Hollywood.

Betty Grable



Elizabeth Earl

Frances Langford



BRIGHTEN *your smile*

Beautiful teeth are a matter of planning, building and proper upkeep, say

"Clothes may 'make' the man, but a beautiful smile will hold him." The modern sage who got that off his chest said a veritable mouthful. There are few accessories to beauty that cannot be bought or artificially acquired in these miraculous days, but a smile still remains one of the purely personal and individual assets that belong to you alone. It cannot be borrowed, bought or successfully imitated by any one else in the world.

That's really wonderful, and we wonder how many girls take full advantage of this good fortune. Most of the lovelies who live by the Hollywood lens have been taught to cultivate the individuality of their smiles. Did you ever see a more charming, natural looking smile on any girl than the one that radiates from the face of Universal's winsome new starlet, pretty Peggy Moran? M-G-M's Ann Rutherford is another girl whose smile would melt a heart of stone.

Betty Grable, who does such a smart job in the new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "Down Argentine Way," has the gay, flashing smile that goes with her dancing talent. Warner Brothers' recent discovery, lovely Elizabeth Earl, is another newcomer whose smile will carry her far. And Frances Langford, veteran half-pint star of

radio and screen, whose RKO picture, "Dreaming Out Loud," has been so popular, has the shy, come-hither smile that no one who knows her can resist. We could go on and name pretty little Mary Healy, Jean Arthur, Ilona Massey, Virginia Bruce and hundreds of others, but you get the idea, don't you?

What do these girls do to cultivate and protect their precious four-star smiles? A number of things! You can approach a smile from a lot of angles, you know. There's the business of holding the "right thought," a trick every photographer's model and actress knows well. Because you can't *look* sweet and lovable and glamorous—for long—unless your heart's behind your smile. There's also the little matter of facial exercises to keep your mouth soft, lush and mobile. Then—and here's where we come in today—there's the very important matter of teeth that sparkle (or fail to sparkle) when you open that mouth of yours to flash one of your most devastating and scintillating smiles.

Oh, lack-a-day, those pearly teeth of yesteryear—where are they now? Well, for one thing, soft foods and easy living haven't done them any good. Our ancient forebears had lovely, sturdy cuspids and incisors because they lived

BY CAROL CARTER



Ann Rutherford



Peggy Moran

Hollywood's leading authorities, and the stars are here to prove it is so

on raw, hard foods that exercised their teeth and gums. They say that toothache and tooth decay is almost unknown among present day Eskimos for the same reason. But we love sauces, candy, cake and puddings, too. We're sissies in that respect—and we pay for our craving with soft, unsound teeth and gums.

What to do? Brush, brush, brush, morning, noon and night. Brush with a firm, well-tufted, medium-sized and medium hard-bristled brush. Brush 'round and 'round in rotary motions, holding said brush at a 45-degree angle—not straight against your teeth. That latter method is too hard on the enamel. Brush two or three teeth at a time, each group thoroughly, and take two or three minutes to do the entire job. With brush and dentifrice, massage your gums, too, and all the other oral surfaces including your tongue. Germs hop from one spot to another in our mouths, you know. So keep them out of there altogether, as much as possible.

Use plenty of dentifrice—paste, powder or liquid. Why not keep a container of each kind handy and alternate with a different type each time? Variety is fun even in dentifrices. There are so many tasty, refreshing preparations on the market now, your choice is almost limitless.

And did anyone ever tell you you needed a mouth wash? Unfortunately, people seldom can speak so freely without hurting our feelings, so it's up to us to remember to do something about it without being told. At least once a day, and again before every "date," be sure to rinse and gargle well with a good, effective mouth wash. Swish it vigorously into every crack and cranny and hold it in your mouth as long as possible. There is nothing quite so disillusioning as to be intrigued by a pretty face only to discover, when you come near, that its owner is careless about the little points of cleanliness and grooming so unforgivably offensive.

Of course all halitosis does not originate in the mouth, but a good percentage of it does. Teeth that have not been thoroughly brushed and cleansed are the most common sources. After you've brushed around every possible crevice, take a spool of dental floss and finish the job completely before you use your mouth rinse. Decayed, neglected teeth are very frequent offenders in this respect. We surely don't need to tell you how important seeing your dentist regularly is to mouth beauty as well as to mouth health.

Many mouth conditions can not (Continued on page 74)



The shot brought the natives running to the house, where they found Leslie, standing dazed and silent.

the Letter

Night held the plantation in quiet. Moonlight filtered through the rubber trees and their tall, straight trunks striped the ground with shadows like evenly spaced black bars. All the tools of daytime work lay stacked. In the drying shed, sheets of thin crêpe rubber hanging down from teak poles rustled in the night breeze. Malay boys slept in hammocks in the bunkhouse near-by, undisturbed by the singing whine of native instruments that sent a weird tune winding through the early night. On the bunkhouse porch, the three boys who played and hummed the strange music were, themselves, half asleep. Only one window in the main house of the Crosbie plantation sent a square of bright light stabbing into the soft glow of the moon-drenched evening.

Suddenly a shot rang out. A man shouted and his cry was split to silence by another shot. Another and still another cracked the air. The three boys stopped their playing, stunned for a moment, then got to their feet as a final shot sounded and died away. The Head Boy began running. Others followed him. His master was away at the Number Four plantation and, earlier in the evening, he and the other servants had left Mrs. Crosbie alone in the house.

As he turned the corner, he saw her standing there in the moonlight and her shadow lay across a huddled figure on the ground. Her delicate face was tense and her voice had the flatness that comes from too much emotion too tightly held.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

The short, fat Chinese Head Boy stooped down. "That Mr. Hammond," he said. And then, to her question, "Yes, I think him dead." He averted his eyes from Leslie.

A small, stifled sound came from her lips, then she turned and walked into the house. The Head Boy followed her. The other natives stared curiously at the body and some of them looked through the screen door at Leslie Crosbie as she stood, first collecting her thoughts and then giving orders to the Head Boy, who regarded her with bland, speculative eyes. She told him exactly what to do.

Later when Robert Crosbie came, bringing with him Howard Joyce, who was both his friend and his lawyer, they found John Withers there. Withers was the new District Officer. He was looking at a bit of exquisite lace-work which had been dropped hastily. If he had not been new in the region, he would have known that Leslie occupied all her spare time with it. He indicated the locked door of her room. "She sent for me," he said, "but she wouldn't see me till you came."

Crosbie's voice trembled with anxiety and tenderness. "Darling, it's Robert," he called. "Let me in. Tell me what's happened." When she came out and stood against the door, he tried to take her in his arms, but she held him off.

She looked toward the veranda. "Is he still there?"

"I had your boy remove the body to a shed," Withers answered and his eyes were sympathetic. Clearly this was a woman to whom violence was impossible except upon extreme provocation. There was about her a loveliness and a gentleness—you might say a kind of purity.

"He tried to—to make love to me and I shot him." Her voice was low and even. Then suddenly she flung herself into her husband's arms. But she controlled her emotion quickly. Her manner became that of a well-bred woman

A haunting drama fraught with jealousy and intrigue

Leslie Crosbie.....BETTE DAVIS
Robert Crosbie.....HERBERT MARSHALL
Howard Joyce.....JAMES STEPHENSON
Eurasian Woman...GALE SONDERGAARD
Ong Chi Seng.....SEN YUNG
Crosbie Head Boy.....TELSU KOMAI
John Withers.....BRUCE LESTER
Dorothy Joyce.....FRIEDA INESCORT
Chung Hi.....WILLIE FUNG

fictionized by

KATHARINE ROBERTS



Bob took her tenderly in his arms and held her close. "Keep loving me," she said. "That's all I need."

—Adapted from the WARNER BROTHERS Film—
JACK L. WARNER in charge of production—HAL B. WALLIS, executive producer—ROBERT LORD, associate producer—WILLIAM WYLER, director—Screen play by HOWARD KOCH—
Based on the play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"This letter," said Ong, "was written by Mrs. Crosbie to the victim of the tragedy on the day of his death."

Joyce confronted her with the letter. "That's not my handwriting," Leslie cried. "I didn't write it. I swear I didn't!"



Chung Hi stood aside, and the Eurasian came noiselessly toward them, her eyes shooting daggers of hate at Leslie.



"We can't go on, can we?" she said. "If you love a person," Bob told her, "you can forgive her anything. But can you go on?"



The Letter

receiving callers in her home. She even asked Joyce about his wife, Dorothy, who was her friend. It was disconcerting to the three men, but it seemed to help her. She was trying very hard, they knew. And then, with her husband encouraging her, she told them the whole story of what had happened.

After dinner she had been working at her lace. Then she heard a step on the veranda. It was Hammond. He said he had left his car down the road. She told him her husband was away, but asked him in and gave him a drink. And then—Mrs. Crossie hesitated. She seemed embarrassed to tell them how he had persistently made love to her, this man whom she and her husband had known for seven years and who had never behaved like that before. He must have been drinking before he came. She told him to go home. He refused and he grew more and more amorous. She stood up and threatened to call the servants and have him thrown out. Then he put his hand over her mouth and held her to him. His eyes were those of a madman; his speech was wild, unrepeatable. He kissed her until she was choking. Somehow, she broke loose. Terrified, she ran around the table. He made a dash for her. Her husband's revolver was on the table—put there for her because he was to be away for the night.

"I didn't even know I'd fired," she told them. "I heard a report and saw him stagger. He lurched out onto the veranda. I must have followed. I don't remember anything—until there was a funny little click and the gun was empty. It was only then I knew what I'd done." She sank into a chair, exhausted by the effort of telling the horrible thing. Her sensitive face was drawn and pale.

Her husband hovered over her. "My poor, poor darling!" Withers felt apologetic for having to put her through this. "It's quite obvious," he said, "the man got only what he deserved."

She looked small and frightened sitting there. "Oh, Robert," she said, "what have I done?"

"You've done what any woman in your place should have done—only nine-tenths of them wouldn't have had the courage," he told her and took her into the bedroom to rest. It was agreed that before morning they'd have to go to the Attorney General in Singapore and, as a formality, she would give herself up. But no one would condemn her. He knew that.

"Keep loving me. That's all I need," she said, and he held her close.

When Howard Joyce and Mr. Withers came back from the shed where they had gone to examine the body, they found her in her husband's arms and she was calm. She suggested something to eat before the drive to Singapore. But when they called the Head Boy, he had disappeared. She herself made a light supper for the men, and they felt relieved to see her playing hostess in quite the natural way.

While they waited for her to change into traveling clothes, Joyce asked Withers if he had known Hammond. The district officer told him what little he knew—just that the dead man had been a very happy-go-lucky, generous fellow whom people couldn't help liking. Withers was sure he must have been drunk. Once more he picked up the delicate lace-work. "It's beautiful," he murmured, "just what you'd expect her to do."

As they got into the car, the (Continued on page 88)

GOOD NEWS

TRY THIS ON YOUR ANATOMY!

Bob Hope's record-smashing p.a. tour was good for his purse but bad for his nerves. "I ran into Dotty Lamour one day," he reports, "and we got into a little argument. I guess I wasn't a gentleman. 'Go!' I told her. 'I never want to see your face again—but the rest of you can stay!'"

SANDY SPEAKS HIS PIECE

Alice Faye is still twining fingers with Sandy Cummings and, if rumors are to be believed, has him pining for her love. Maybe so, say we. But why the look of longing in Sandy's eyes as he discusses Errol Flynn's recent South American junket? Why the tone of envy when he speaks of Errol's success with the señoritas? And does a man in love say, "I wish I could have gone along just to pick up Flynn's leftovers?" That bears looking into, Alice!

JUST CALL ME CHESTY

Jeffrey Lynn may have been booted into stardom by his performance in "My Love Came Back," but he's still the Casper Milque-toast of the Warner Bros. lot. His timidity is the result of a grievous oversight on the part of—of all people—Mother Nature, who made him a broad, tall man, but forgot to give him a chest! As a tragic consequence, Jeffrey shrinks like a mouse when huge, strapping extras surround him on the set. "I'm always giving myself pep talks," moans he. "I say 'Jeff, old boy, with all that padding under your vest, you look just as husky as they do.' But I'm still unhappy.

WHAT'S AS NEW AS DON AMECHE'S BABY—BREATH-

TAKING AS A DURBIN CLOSE-UP? WHY, GOSSIP FROM

OUR KEEN-EYED HOLLYWOOD REPORTER, SYLVIA KAHN!

It's not *real*, and, unfortunately, I know it!"

LAMOUR TOUJOURS?

What's next for Dorothy Lamour? Her romance with Greg Bautzer has been leaping and bounding along the paradise trail, with Dotty confessing that "I have never before known such joy." Now, it seems, her joy may be due for a jolt. Lana Turner, her deadliest opponent for Greg's affections, is on the loose again. Lana, as the wife of Artie Shaw, could be disregarded, but Lana escaped from the cage of matrimony is another matter. The fur hasn't begun to fly yet, but Hollywood anticipates a beautiful scrap while Barrister Bautzer squirms.

COOPER, THE SUPERMAN

If the puzzled Mr. B. (referred to above) would like some advice, there's one man-about-town who can give it to him. That man is Jackie Cooper. Single-handed, this eighteen-year-old has knocked off a feat that men through the ages have died without ac-

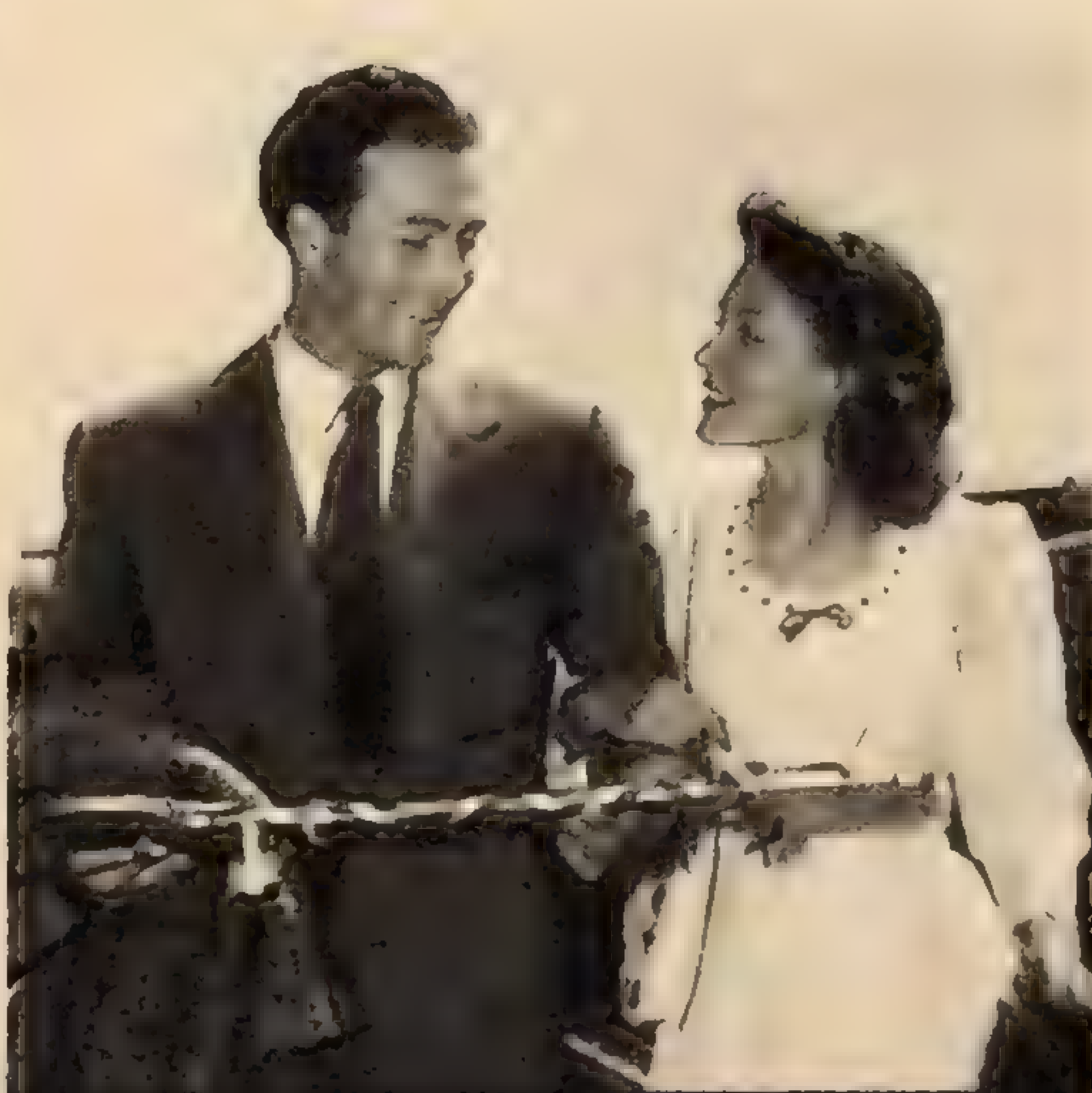
complishing. He's kept two women happy at the same time! While his best girl, "Jimmie" Rogers, spent three entire months at the Cooper home, the master of the manse dated Bonita Granville almost nightly! The great show of tolerance on the part of both young ladies deserves some mention too—but can Jackie's new five-year contract at \$5,000 weekly have facilitated their understanding?

LITERARY HEAT WAVE

Charlie Chaplin's worries never cease. Fast on the heels of his "Dictator" woes comes the news that his most passionately guarded possession, the inside story of his private life, is soon to be handed to the world in the form of a book entitled "Charles Chaplin, King of Tragedy." Authored by one, Gerith Von Ulm, who received her facts from a former Chaplin secretary, the book is expected to be a malodorous bombshell in the peaceful Hollywood scene. It names names and tells plenty about the top personalities in the industry for the past



Dotty Lamour's secretary, Patty McCarty, cut up with Bob Preston while "the boss" was vacationing.



Starlet Dana Dale, who's mother of a 4-year-old child, greets Jeff Lynn on his return from New York.



Alice Faye's night-clubbing again after a prolonged illness, and Sandy Cummings is the handsome escort.

GOOD NEWS

JAM AND JIVE ARE ON THE SHELF, FOR ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME FOR SYMPHONIES UNDER TH



The Eddie Robinsons are a self-appointed entertainment committee for all visiting musicians.



Joan Fontaine and her mother go to all the concerts with Brian Aherne, owner of a \$150 box.



The Gene Raymonds are music worshipers and have contributed a fortune to the Bowl.

eighteen years! Fearful of the effect it will have on countless hitherto unsullied reputations, Chaplin's lawyers have begged, beseeched and implored Miss Von Ulm to be a nice girl and forget the whole thing. This she flatly refuses to do—and the frantic attorneys can't even prevent her from circulating an additional one thousand volumes, under the same title, which are *completely unexpurgated* and soooo hot!

JUDY JUMPS AHEAD

Judy Garland's recent graduation from high school also marked her graduation from the ranks of kid stuff. Gone are her dates with youngsters like Mickey Rooney and Bob Stack. In their place a new romance has burgeoned—a romance with an "older" man. He's Dave Rose, Martha Raye's blondish, attractive ex-husband. Dave, by the way, like Greg Bautzer and Jackie Cooper, has too many women on his hands. Martha phones him every evening from New York to tell him she still cares, but after a brief and polite conversation, he always bids her good-night, hops into his car and whizzes straight to Judy.

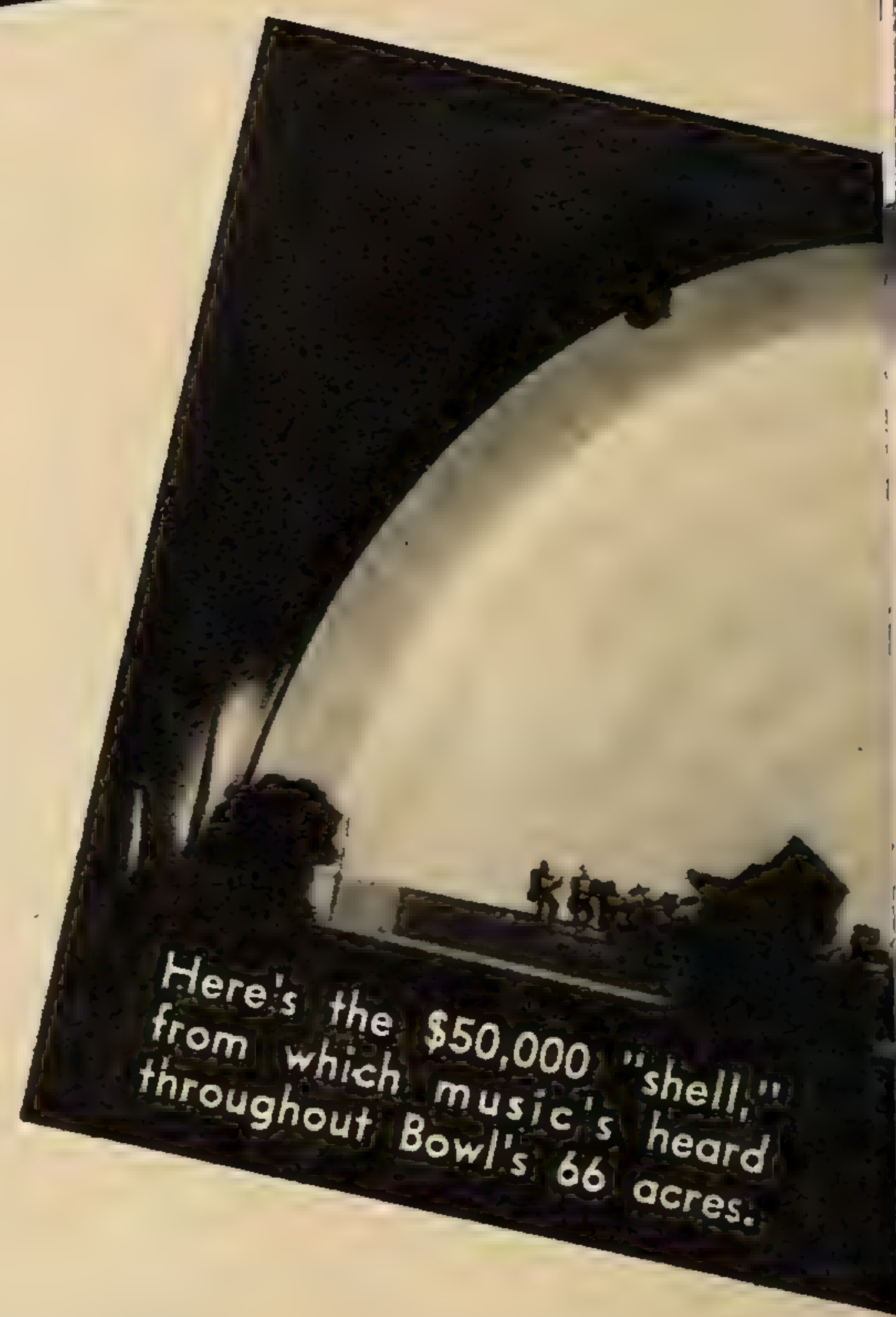
DROLL STORY

A popular young star and his socialite wife busted up recently. There was nothing violent about their parting, so before hubby packed his panties and moved out the pair sat down to wind up their household accounts. Busily they added, subtracted, multiplied and divided. Finally, wifie decided the whole silly business was too complicated to be figured at the moment. Would hubby please sign a blank check, she asked,

and let her handle the tiresome details? Hubby was touched by this last show of thoughtfulness. Of course he would. Three days later his bank informed him his young spouse had been in to check his balance—and had wiped him out completely!

A NEW TWIST

Joan Davis, the celluloid sweetheart of the screen's most dashing and dangerous heroes, has joined the ranks of those who kiss and never stop telling. In a recent burst of confidence, Joan dove into her memories and came up with one of those "Outstanding Lovers I Have Known" lists which all actresses think is a necessary contribution to their art. Joan's list is different, however. Unlike those of her cinema sisters, it contains the names of the ten *worst* lovers in pictures today. We are privileged to reveal them herewith, together with Joan's pungent comments on each. "Heading my roll call," says she, "is Ned Sparks, the man with the lemon-drop face. He makes love like a pessimist with ulcers. Following him are Jimmy Durante, whose nose is so big you can't get close enough to kiss him; Wally Vernon, a romantic flop; Bert Lahr, probably the reason girls started kissing with their eyes closed; Gregory Ratoff, a screen lover who should always be a director; Nat Pendleton, who thinks Don Juan used a half-Nelson; El Brendel, a Scandinavian wallflower; Jack Haley, who can't even spell the word 'love;' and Buddy Ebsen, who takes you in his arms and then steps all over your feet. Last on my list," Joan concluded, "is Chick Chandler. I saved him for the end because he's the best of the lot—but he's still rotten!" That's telling 'em!



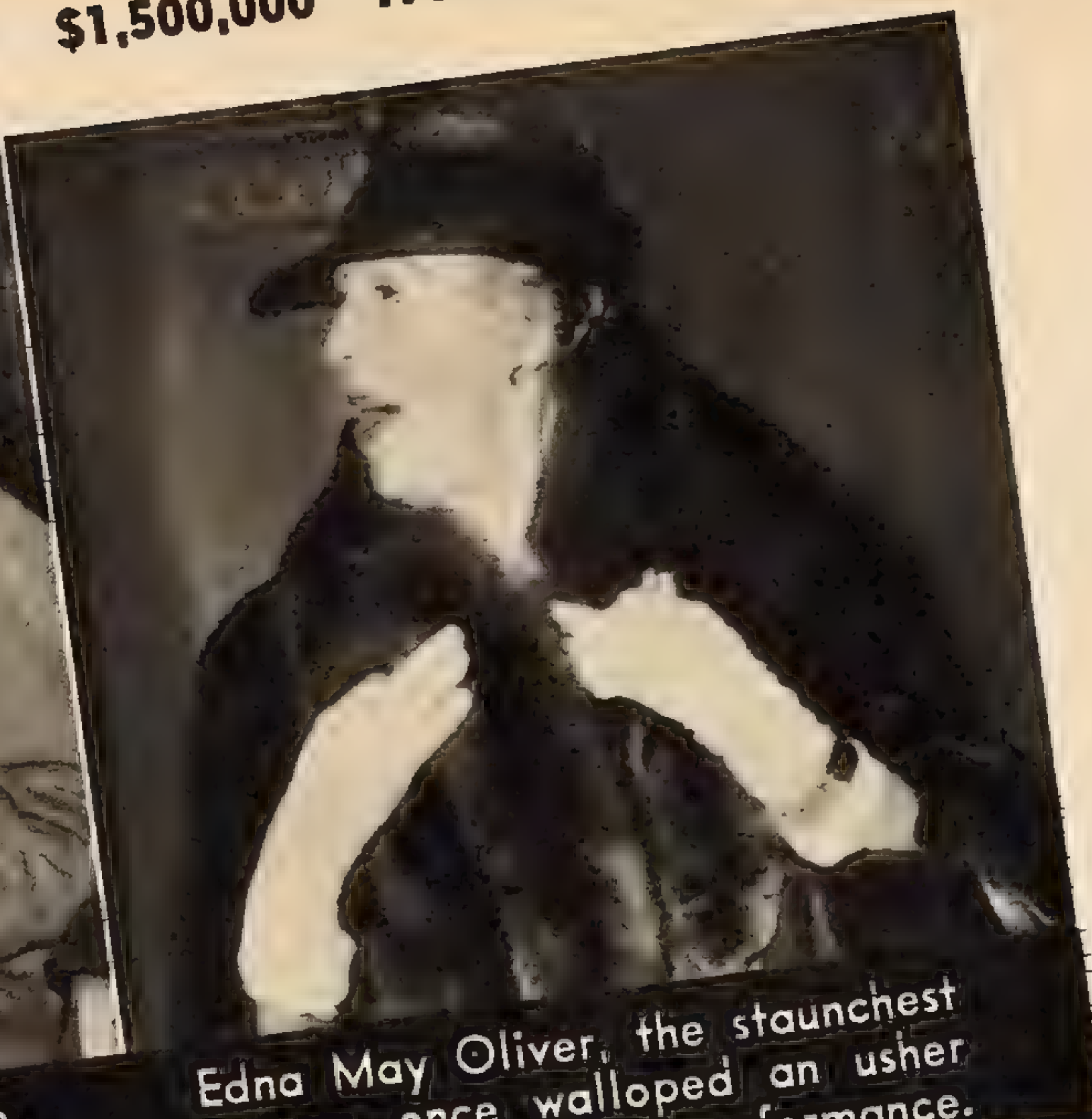
Here's the \$50,000 "shell," from which music's heard throughout Bowl's 66 acres.

RELIGION IS GINGER-VATING

Pull up the nearest ashcan, folks. You'll need it for all those items that claim Ginger Rogers' life belongs exclusively to Howard Hughes. He may cut in on her time a bit, but Ginger's greatest love is something far removed from the realm of romance. It is—the Christian Science Church! Ginger is an ardent disciple and dutifully visits the Hollywood Branch (of which George Brent is also a member) every Sunday morning and Wednesday night. When she isn't at the studio or attending the twice-weekly meetings, she's at home reading volume on



Charlie Chaplin, who's had the Bowl's best box for twelve years, often takes his son, Charlie, Jr.



Edna May Oliver, the staunchest patron, once walloped an usher for talking during a performance.



volume of Mary Baker Eddy's preachings. And if Mr. Hughes is clever enough to sandwich in a date or two a week, he's a better man than Gunga Din!

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Out Pacific Palisades way, the hero of the hour is the freckled-faced son of a noted director. He knows Clark Gable! The other night he had a birthday celebration and in his pre-party blowoffs boasted that, in addition to three kinds of ice cream, chocolate cake and a donkey game, each of his guests would receive an autographed photo of Clark,

presented by the star himself. Word got around and on the evening of the party in poured scores of youngsters, each accompanied, incidentally, by a twittering, Gable-struck ma. The festivities got going and, as the hours rolled on, the ice cream, the candy and the donkey game all appeared on schedule. Mr. Gable, however, did not. Finally, around ten o'clock, the mothers decided that movie star or no movie star, it was time Junior was getting to bed. Midst much wailing and the apologies of their miserable host, the kids were dragged home. An hour later there was a rap on the director's door. In rushed Clark. He'd been lost in the fog, he explained, but the pictures were under his arm. Where could he find the small fry? Within a few moments he was back in his station wagon, armed with the addresses of every last guest, and prepared to make a complete tour of the Palisades. We know it was past midnight when he returned to his ranch, but just how late it was when all the kids (and their maws) had settled down to sleep after welcoming Clark Gable to their own homes, will probably never be revealed.

MARLENE REVIEWS THE MEN

John Wayne, we pity you. You're going to be Marlene Dietrich's leading man in "Seven Sinners." Of course, life holds greater tragedies. We know that. But you'll have so much to live up to! According to Marlene, Jimmy Stewart is the only leading man she's ever had who had any life in him. And that from the woman who's appeared opposite Gary Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Charles Boyer and Melvyn Douglas!

ICE SHOW

The Bette Davis-Bob Taplinger romance which began sizzling in the Torrid Zone is defrosting in the Arctic Zone. The pair discovered each other about the time Publicity Director Bob was working on the Cagney-Sheridan opus some while back, and for months had the town wondering where they were headed. Now Bob's daily gift to Bette of a single significant gardenia has stopped,

and she has been overheard long-distance 'phoning her ex-husband. Meanwhile, Mr. Taplinger, who previously denied that anything existed, is busily denying that anything has happened!

PLANNED ECONOMY

Stars who have plenty of dough aren't boasting about it these days. They've decided that the state of the world being what it is, maybe the less said about their wealth the better. Though they haven't yet formed a "Society to Make Believe We're Not Rich," almost as one man they've taken steps to prove just that. Press agents are being instructed to steer clear of the money angle and stars themselves are putting on a "From Riches to Rags" campaign—in moderation, of course. Constance Bennett, who used to sniff the ozone from the back seat of a sumptuous Rolls Royce while a liveried chauffeur and footman sat in the prow, now rolls herself around town in a small Packard. Marlene Dietrich's foreign-built limousine is a prisoner in her garage and is paroled only on special occasions, and Claudette Colbert ducks criticism by driving a car just like your grocer's. Claudette's discretion, however, seems a waste of effort. She still can't avoid getting prominent billing in Uncle Sam's annual announcement of tax returns. The latest report uncovered the fact that in 1938 she endorsed salary checks totalling \$426,944, thereby becoming the highest-paid woman in the United States for that year!

MOTHERHOOD COMES TO BENCHLEY

Robert Benchley has taken "short" leave and is now over on the Universal lot lending his cuteness and corpulence to the Roz Russell starrer, "Hired Wife." The day he debuted on the set, Roz whooped a greeting and then stopped short. "Bob," she chortled, "I've never seen you so fat! Where'd you get the pot-belly?" Mr. Benchley smiled modestly. "I just had a grandchild," he simpered, "and I haven't recovered my shape yet."

MATRIMONIAL MARTYR

Anita Louise's wedding to Buddy Adler a few months ago was fancy, fluffy and fairylandish, but her married life has smacked her into a world of horror and brutality. No, we're not hinting that Buddy beats his wife. He really treats her very well. However, the two most important newsreel theatres in Hollywood are his property, and interest in the war has shot business sky high. So every evening, while Buddy checks up on his box office receipts, his beautiful bride views the latest European picture dispatches—and also gathers material for her next night's nightmare.

BENNY THE BOUNTIFUL

A star-stricken visitor to the Paramount lot got Oscar, the studio bootblack, to give him a polish job the other afternoon. While Oscar rubbed and scrubbed, the visitor shot question after question at him. "Does Bob Hope get his shoes shined here?" he queried. "Yassuh," replied Oscar. "Does Bing Crosby get his shoes shined here?" "Yassuh," from Oscar. "Does Jack Benny?" "No, suh," and with contempt, "Benny shines his own."

GOOD NEWS



Jimmy sulked 'cause he couldn't sit with the pilot, but Livvie was delighted.

Dick Greene, up and about again at last, has his baggage okayed before the take-off.

THEY FLY BY NIGHT

Houston met Hollywood the other morning when a million dollar load of Movietown famous, headed by Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland, Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda and Richard Greene, flew to the Texas city to appear on a program for Allied War Relief. As the stars stepped from the plane, home-folksy Houstonites were struck by their calm and poise. Wasn't it nice, they remarked, that the young people could make such an exciting trip without any apparent nervous strain or fuss. Poor, innocent Houstonites! They never suspected what woe that trip involved—and, unless they read this, they'll never know that Power and Fonda got there so late they nearly missed the plane; that Jimmy Stewart pouted all the way because he couldn't wheedle permission to sit with the pilot, and that Nancy Kelly refused to tell the airline hostess her real weight and also caused confusion by taking along enough baggage to sink the ship. But don't think Houston didn't get a big thrill out of its distinguished visitors. One little waitress, called upon to serve the mob, actually fell in a dead faint at Ty Power's embarrassed feet!

CLOUDS OVER HOLLYWOOD

One grim, gray dawn Anita woke up screaming. She'd had a dream, she told Buddy. Hollywood had been attacked by land, sea and air! "This is too much, my pretty," shouted Mr. Adler. "Tonight, while I make my appointed rounds, you stay home and bake a cake!" That same evening, Anita was seated in one of Buddy's theatres. "Those pictures have made me grateful to to be near my husband," she said. "A thousand nightmares couldn't keep me away from him for an evening!" Which is sound common sense for, as this is written, Virginia Field is helping Dick Greene pack for his return to England and the army; Barbara Read has already said goodbye to her fiancée, Robert Coote; Ida Lupino expects

Louis Hayward to leave her shortly, and older British stars, such as Brian Aherne, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn, who fall beyond the age limit summoned to service, are certain they will be called before long. Tragic note to a sufficiently tragic situation is the fact that French and British stars, who just a few months back worked together so beautifully for Allied relief, have been split by the turn of events and their harmonious relationship has been replaced by disappointment, bitterness and strain.

TURNABOUT

Hollywood marriages always have a screwy twist. The July 4th nuptials of Carole Landis and Willis Hunt, Jr., looked different, however. Here, at long last, thought everyone, is a simple story of boy meets girl, and that's that. But simple stories just aren't meant to be in this town. That's why we weren't too surprised to learn that last May the ex-Mrs. Hunt upped and married Hal Roach, Jr., who was formerly rumored engaged to Carole! Carole, by the way, has visited the altar before. Her first husband was Irving Wheeler, a writer whom she wed at the ripe old age of fifteen!

MODESTY, THY NAME IS BARRYMORE

John Barrymore pulled the brakes on his hijinks the other day in order to sit on a worm. The worm, this time, was a newspaper man who approached him with the tiresome "Tell-us-why-you-are-the-screen's-greatest-actor-Jawn" routine. "Jawn," however, doesn't fall for anyone's soft soap. Glowering down his nose, he withered his interviewer by biting out the names of ten performers who, in his opinion, make the great J. Barrymore look hammy. "First," he said, "is my brother, Lionel, followed by Spencer Tracy, George Sanders, Paul Muni, Henry Fonda, Roland Young, C. Aubrey Smith, George Raft, John Carradine and Maria Ouspenskaya. They're

all great. But," he added, shaking his head sadly, "I'll admit they come worse than I, too. In fact, sometimes I think maybe I belong up there in the middle of my own list!"

REEL FAMILY NOTES

Marion Hardy (Cecilia Parker) will become a mother in December. Hubby is Actor Dick Baldwin . . . "Mother" Hardy (Fay Holden) celebrated the 25th anniversary of her marriage to Actor Dave Clyde the other day . . . Blondie Bumpstead (Penny Singleton) is sporting a huge star sapphire ring, an engagement gift from Bob Sparks, the producer she'll marry when her divorce becomes final the end of the year . . . "Baby Dumpling" Bumpstead (Larry Simms) has three brand new false teeth. They replace three baby teeth lost since the filming of his last picture. He takes them out every night.

REAL FAMILY NOTES

Following the old system of "kiss-and-bust-up," Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey made a loving couple at Ciro's one night, and the next day, July 6th, announced their separation . . . Preluding her divorce action with a stubborn "we-are-very-happy," Bubbles Schinasi left Wayne Morris on July 7th . . . "Deny-and-belie" was the Sonja Henie-Dan Topping gag. They branded marriage rumors "silly talk" and on July 4th marched to a Chicago altar . . . A son, Robin Gaynor Adrian, was born to Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian—via Caesarian operation . . . Anne Shirley gave the world a new citizen, a daughter called Julie Anne because, according to Father John Payne, "it'll look good on a marquise."

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

Mary Astor's maid has a new duty. She must catch a live fly every day that Mary wears a recently-acquired ornament—a creation consisting of a hollowed-out nut into which bits of match stick have been inserted to represent legs, ears and a tail. Once caught, the fly is imprisoned within the nut. In its struggle for freedom it moves the ears, tail and legs violently while Mary's friends look on in wonder. A fly is never good for two performances.

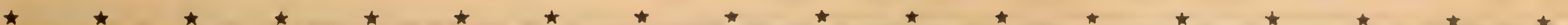
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

When Jimmy Stewart steps into the role of Florenz Ziegfeld in the coming production of "The Ziegfeld Girl" it will be to portray the one man who, more than any other, helped build the fabulous legend of the theatre. "I'm straining at the bit to get started," Jimmy told us. "Imagine impersonating a man who once spent a quarter of a million dollars on a production and then closed it after a single performance because he wasn't satisfied with it, himself! Why, he was as extravagant as an Oriental potentate! Did you know he held up the opening of 'Show Boat' for three months because he couldn't get the proper hats for a cowboy number he had in mind? And he had a telegram phobia, too. Used to sit in the front row during rehearsals and send wires to the actors on the stage who were within range of his voice! But the day he married Billie Burke he really outdid himself," Jimmy went on. "He bought out a complete flower shop gardenias, orchids, (Continued on page 80)

FASHIONS FOR YOUNG BUDGETEERS WHO ARE *GOING PLACES*



U REET the day gaily in a spanking new Printzess edition of the perennially smart reefer, softened by Persian lamb. Monotone wool, warmly interlined. \$29.95. Sizes 10-20. Saks at 34, New York.



The American fashion scene...

★ **S**INCE the earliest days of our country there have been occasional periods when American fashions reflected American history. Today we are right in the middle of those times! With presidential election just around the corner, with national defense very much before us and with our hearts filled with pride that we are a part of the land of the free and the home of the brave, Fashion steps right up and takes a bow. Everywhere we see light-hearted novelties inspiring us to express our patriotism. These are tiny things, simple things—and inexpensive! Star-splashed hair bows . . . enamel and stone studded flags and emblems . . . red, white and blue kerchiefs . . . tricolor clips, pins and compacts . . . double-breasted military sailor-collar coats. Star-spangled fashions for everyone, true—but somehow they seem especially yours. At least, we have hunted them up with you in mind because we believe they belong to young hearts and young purses whose “buy word” is “buy America.”



★ **STAR-STUDED BELT**

★ **TRICOLOR BOW**

★ **U. S. A. BUTTONS**

54 Woolly texture, sure-success dress of spun and acetate rayon. \$7.95. Sizes 14-40. Lord & Taylor, New York.

Kitty Fisher's new idea—Arrow collar and collar button! \$4.95. 9-15. Oppenheim Collins, New York.

Tiny U. S. A. map print on grand fall colors. \$6.50. Sizes 12-20. B. Altman & Co., New York.



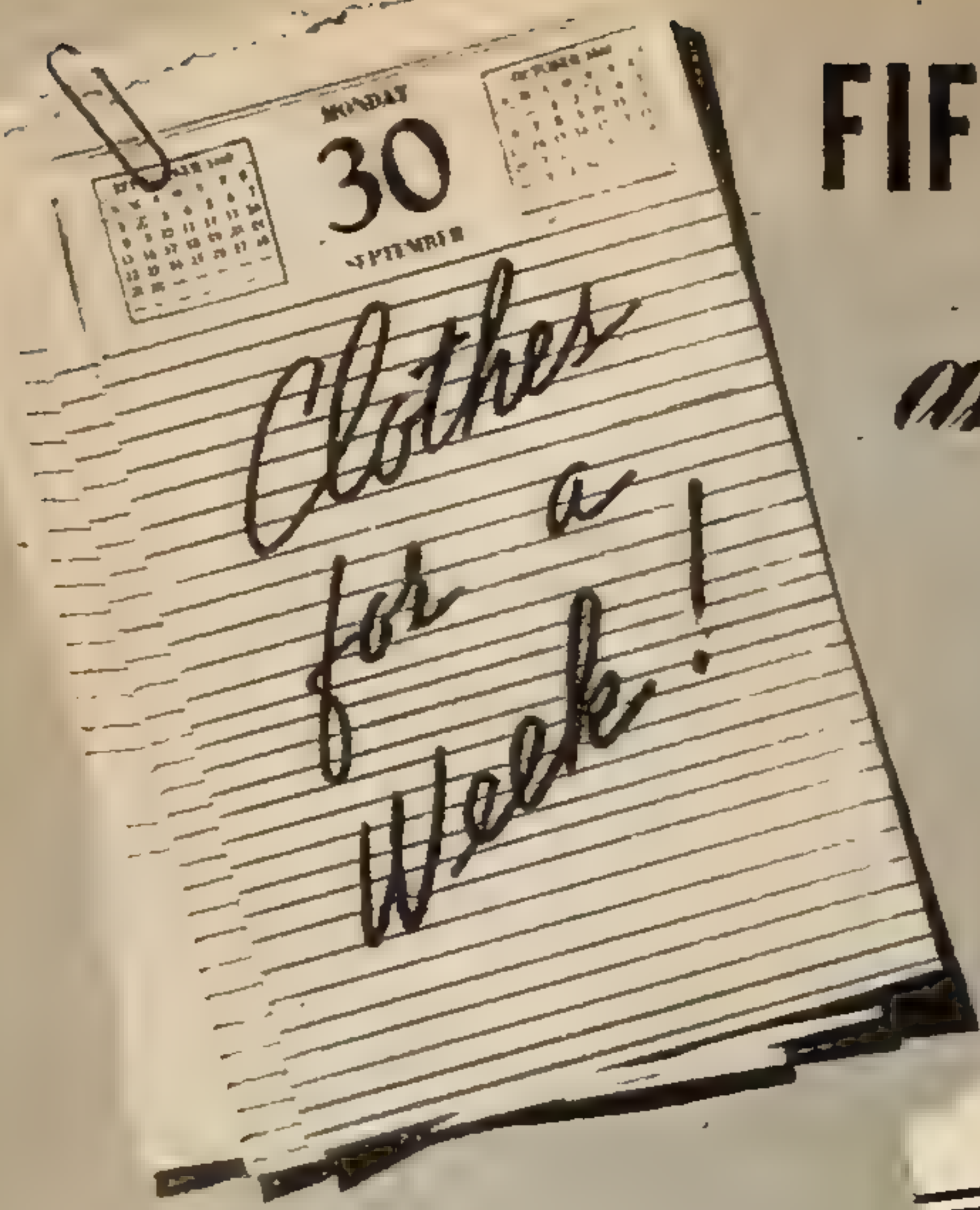
GRAND ENTRANCE, an informal all-black or all-white two-piece triumph. The clever blouse, \$6.50, boasts attached bangle necklace . . . The rhythmic swing skirt, \$7.98, is full and, of course, matches. Franklin Simon, New York. COQUETTE, is a double-duty investment. Complete dress of Celanese rayon yarn taffeta and a gold-thread embroidered velveteen jacket. Junior and Misses sizes, in old rose, raisin and peacock. \$10.29, complete ensemble. R. H. Macy, New York.



And here you have GRAND ENTRANCE in its afternoon version! The blouse is the same . . . so is the skirt except it is daytime length and is \$6.50. We are recommending all three because we think one blouse and two skirts make an unbeatable combination to carry you through all sorts of dress-up affairs. Sizes 12-20. Franklin Simon & Co., New York.

★ BANNER FASHIONS

For the stores nearest you carrying your favorite MODERN SCREEN fashions write Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149



FIFTH AVENUE *fashions* at THRIFT AVENUE *prices!*

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WEDNESDAY
2
OCTOBER



3
GEORGIANNA JUNIOR

TUESDAY

1

OCTOBER 1940						
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2
MAYFLOWER

MONDAY

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1 ANN FOSTER

1. Unbutton collar and pocket piqué. Quick and easy as pie to wash. Four fall colors in Imara rayon. \$6.50. Sizes 12-20. Bloomingdale's, New York. 2. Lock 'n' Key, the only decoration, and all it needs! Grand colors. \$6.50. Sizes 12-20. Arnold Constable, New York. 3. Spunflan in new shades with Persian-toned embroidery pockets. \$7.95. Sizes 9-17. Bloomingdale's, New York. 4. All-wool jersey in two shades of gray, rose, blue or green, with a twist to its contrasting belt. Ready for school or business or anything! \$7.95. Sizes 9-17. Lord & Taylor, New York. 5. A plaid feather-

THURSDAY

3

OCTOBER

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4 JEANNE D'ARC



5 ROXBURY JR.

FRIDAY

4

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SATURDAY

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6 KAY DUNHILL

SUNDAY

6

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7 MISS HA-DAY

flannel of spun and acetate rayon that looks very woolly and very practical. The pencil ornament really works. \$6.50. Sizes 9-17. B. Altman, New York. 6. A jumper dress in jersey, that answers a thousand what-to-wear-when questions. \$7.98. Sizes 9-15. Franklin Simon, New York. 7. Sunday wear velvet, Magicvel crush-resistant velvet with soft blouse, smooth hips, locked seams and grosgrain-placketed zipper closing . . . the best velvet buy we've seen at \$8.95. Sizes 12-20. Bloomingdale's, New York.

PROP SHOP



Introducing PRETTY PENNY, Prop Shop's scout with a nose for sense and nonsense and a mission in life to discover a lot for a little. Penny says the right props certainly dress you up and s-t-r-e-t-c-h your budget!

Beret Gadabout

Once in a blue moon you find the hat of hats, that has everything in chic and flattery. Here it is! Fine felt, fine workmanship, fine fit. A Brewster in 20 colors. Contrasting or self yarn trim. \$5. Franklin Simon Co., New York.



Heraldic Charm

Practically a coat of arms all your own. As handsome as Lancelot, as delicate as Guinevere, as romantic as knighthood itself. . . . Antique finished silver or gold heraldry jewelry. \$1 each piece. In New York at Stern Bros.



Slick and Slim

We want you to know Slendikins, the girdle-type pantie or pantie brief, for tiny and not too tiny girls. It's made of rayon and a fine elasticized yarn called Laton and is sold in the underwear departments, white or tea rose. 59c. In New York at Gimbel's.



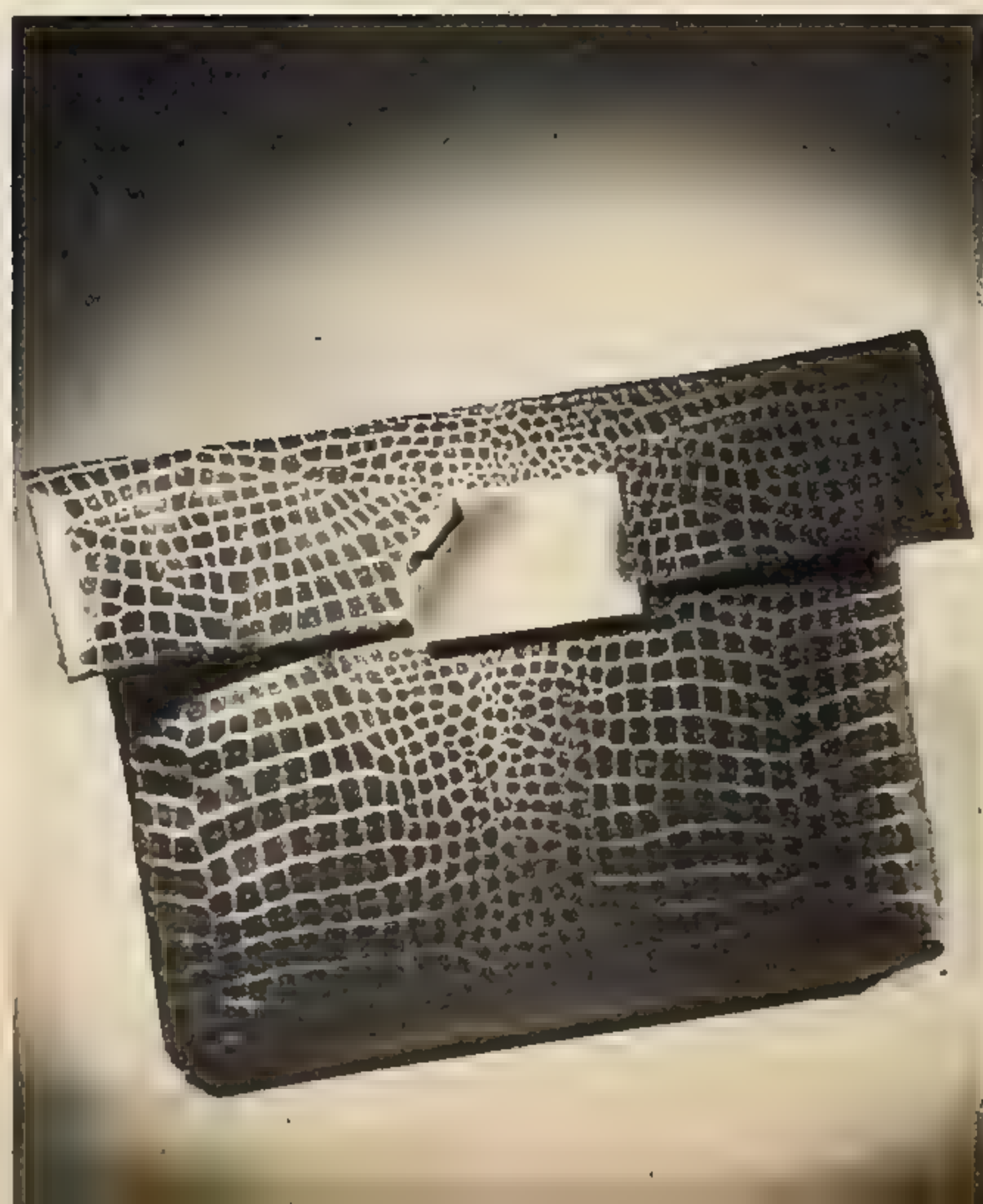
Hear the Cheer

Going to campaign for your candidate? Do you want a grand buy in a cute dress? The "God Bless America" dress in navy mercerized poplin fills the bill. Red and white belt. Star buttons. 12-20. \$1. In New York at Bloomingdale's.



Gilt-edged Value

If you're looking for more than just a bag, our vote is cast for this one, of alligator-grain calf. It holds a lot—has plenty of style—is smartly ornamented, and comes in five colors. \$2.95. B. Altman, New York.



Cold Insurance

Here's news! Coat gloves in coat material. Impressive enough for Sunday-go-to-meeting and Eskimo warm for winter days. Leather bow-knot trim. Black, brown, wine. \$1.25. Kayser's, New York.



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE
FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)



BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's.

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mixes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

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by **KERKOFF**
PERFUMER

FOR MEN ONLY

(Continued from page 29)

than a man. Not all men are doctors, but all women are Florence Nightingales when they have to be. In a financial catastrophe it is the woman who knows how to save; how to keep together the wreckage of the man's pride and the home.

Women, I believe, can stand the truth better than men. Women have to stand the truth of birth. So they also stand the truths of love and death. Men like to be fooled; women do not like to be fooled. A man will always run away from an argument; but a woman will stay right with it.

If a husband says to his wife, "I want to be frank with you, I was out with another woman," the woman is not too badly hurt. She knows that her husband still loves her because he has brought her the greatest gift he can bring her, his honesty. She knows that by giving her the truth he is giving her a finer thing than he is giving to another woman. But if a third person tells a wife her husband is unfaithful to her, she loathes and detests him. It is easier for a woman to forgive Casanova than it is for her to forgive a cheat. Honesty is so very important to me. It is so very important to all women.

WOMEN are braver about divorce today than they used to be. It's partly, of course, because many of them are now economically independent. But it is also because they are now spiritually and mentally independent, too. They know that if you divorce four times, or five times, it is a lesser sin than a whole lifetime of unhappiness. I don't think there is anything shocking about divorce if it is done, like honest surgery, after complete examination and analysis. I do not think divorce should come with a first quarrel, a quick flame of saying, "I'll divorce you!" But if it comes after long suffering, then it is a good thing, not a bad thing, for unhappiness is unhealthy.

I like women because they are so efficient about themselves and their lives. Whoever heard of a man's running a home, looking after children, conducting a business and keeping himself well-groomed and smart at one and the same time? I have never heard of one. But women, especially American women, do all of these things as deftly as a juggler balancing a dozen balls. I say especially American women because, in Europe, when women work, they look it. Here, they do not. I have not the words to say how I admire the girls here who hold jobs, support their families, keep neat, orderly houses and, at the same time, keep themselves smart, attractive, well-informed and mentally alert.

I like women because they appreciate the things done for them. I don't believe it is in the nature of a man to appreciate the things a woman does for him. That is not saying anything against the man; he is still living, in his mind, in a society which ordained that women should serve men. I am afraid that the less a woman does for a man, the more he appreciates her. The men may scream out at me for saying this, but I dare to say that I think women should, if necessary, neglect other things, rather than neglect themselves. It is not only that they get no thanks for self-sacrifice, but it does not make happiness in the home and so nothing is gained. It is a cruel truth but it is the truth that men

like women who continue to keep themselves attractive and gay.

I think one thing the women of today overlook is that men still like best what they pay for most. In Vienna we have a saying which, translated, means, "If you want to mean something, make yourself rare."

I do not think women are what you call here "gold-diggers." I do think they should expect, more than they do, little courtesies and attentions from men. I once made the statement that I do not like any man to come to me empty-handed. I still say this, but I must explain. When men send flowers, it doesn't have to cost anything. To me, one rose from a man who doesn't have anything, is more wonderful than ten dozen roses from a man who is rich. Or, if you are married, something sweet that doesn't cost anything is a little note left for you in the morning if your husband leaves the house before you are awake.

I admire women because I do not think they relax after marriage as often as some men do. I have seen a married man who has not shaved more often than I have seen a married woman with her hair in curlers! If a man relaxes after marriage, that is the bride's first disappointment. He is not the same man who first attracted her, during the courting, by his consideration and little thoughtfulnesses and good grooming.

I admire women because I think they are often cleverer than men. I have friends, married couples, where the wife is beyond any question the more intelligent and more witty of the two. Yet I go to their houses for dinner and their husbands hold the floor. One thing a man loathes is for a woman to show she is smarter than he is. And women today are so slick about hiding their own greater cleverness.

I LIKE women because they have a sense of humor. You can kid women where you cannot kid men. I have heard someone poke fun at a man and he gets in a huff about it, doesn't like it and shows that he doesn't like it. I have heard someone make fun of a woman and she takes it well, comes right back at it, and laughs it off. I know that even on the screen, women are willing, even eager to play comedy parts, to make themselves look comic or even hideous. I did not find that men are so eager to conceal good looks behind a false nose.

I like to work with women. I liked working with Verree Teasdale in "I Take This Woman." I liked working with Claudette Colbert in "Boom Town." It is said that women are "catty." I do not agree. I know they are not catty with me and couldn't be because I wouldn't encourage them, and they would soon get tired. If they are grudging of another woman's looks, clothes, husband or success, they are too clever to show it.

I like women because they are not fundamentally vulgar. Vulgarity is very unbecoming to a woman and she should not try to be something she isn't at heart. If ever a woman is vulgar, it is when she is very young, I think, and is trying to be sophisticated to please some man.

These, then, are the things I like about women. In front of any Court I would repeat them over and over. I have wanted to say them for a long while and now that I have had my say I feel better.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General Rating

Picture

General Rating

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO).....	C 4★
Adventure in Diamonds (Paramount).....	2★
Alias the Deacon (Universal).....	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M).....	2½★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners).....	2★
Babies For Sale (Columbia).....	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal).....	2★
Balalaika (M-G-M).....	3★
Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO).....	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount).....	3★
Black Friday (Universal).....	2½★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia).....	2★
Blue Bird, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
*Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal).....	2½★
Broadway Melody of 1940 (M-G-M).....	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners).....	3★
Brother Rat and a Baby (Warners).....	2★
Buck Benny Rides Again (Paramount).....	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★
Castle on the Hudson (Warners).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Panama (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Chump at Oxford, A (United Artists).....	2½★
Congo Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO).....	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO).....	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO).....	2½★
Dark Command (Republic).....	3★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★
Double Alibi (Universal).....	2½★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount).....	C 3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia).....	3★
Earl of Chicago, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M).....	3½★
Emergency Squad (Paramount).....	2½★
Farmer's Daughter, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Fighting 69th, The (Warners).....	3★
Five Little Peppers at Home (Columbia).....	C 2½★
Flight Angels (Warners).....	2½★
Florin (M-G-M).....	2½★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M).....	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
Girl in 313 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Girls of the Road (Columbia).....	2★
Gone With the Wind (M-G-M).....	4★
Grapes of Wrath, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
*Great Mc Ginty, The (Paramount).....	3★
Half a Sinner (Universal).....	2★
He Married His Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Hidden Gold (Paramount).....	2½★
High School (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3★
His Girl Friday (Columbia).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
House Across the Bay, The (United Artists).....	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....	C 3★
*I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★
Invisible Man Returns, The (Universal).....	2★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia).....	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It All Came True (Warners).....	2½★
It's a Date (Universal).....	3½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal).....	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia).....	2★
Lone Wolf Strikes, The (Columbia).....	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★
Man From Dakota, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Man From Montreal (Universal).....	2½★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners).....	2½★
Man Who Wouldn't Talk, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Man With Nine Lives, The (Columbia).....	2★
Marines Fly High, The (RKO).....	2★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Men Without Souls (Columbia).....	2★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★

Millionaire Playboy (RKO).....	2★
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Columbia).....	4★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
Music in My Heart (Columbia).....	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO).....	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists).....	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
Ninotchka (M-G-M).....	4★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
Of Mice and Men (United Artists).....	4★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
On Dress Parade (Warners).....	C 2★
One Hour to Live (Universal).....	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists).....	C 3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Our Neighbors—The Carters (Paramount).....	2½★
Our Town (United Artists).....	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia).....	2½★
Pack Up Your Troubles (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Parole Fixer (Paramount).....	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia).....	2★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Pinocchio (RKO).....	C 4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
*Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Primrose Path, The (RKO).....	3½★
Private Affairs (Universal).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Rebecca (United Artists).....	4★
Remember the Night (Paramount).....	3★
Rio (Universal).....	2½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Roaring Twenties, The (Warners).....	3★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal).....	C 2½★
Saturday's Children (Warners).....	2½★
*Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Secret of Dr. Kildare, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Seventeen (Paramount).....	C 3★
Shooting High (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2½★
Shop Around the Corner, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	3★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
Smashing the Money Ring (Warners).....	2½★
Son of the Navy (Monogram).....	2½★
*South of Pago-Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2½★
Sporting Blood (M-G-M).....	2½★
Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Star Dust (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Star Maker, The (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Strange Cargo (M-G-M).....	3★
Stranger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....	C 3★
Tear Gas Squad (Warners).....	2★
That's Right, You're Wrong (RKO).....	C 3★
They Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....	C 2½★
Three Cheers for the Irish (Warners).....	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners).....	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....	3★
Too Many Husbands (Columbia).....	3★
Torrid Zone (Warners).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Turnabout (United Artists).....	3★
Twenty-Mule Team (M-G-M).....	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia).....	3★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M).....	2½★
Typhoon (Paramount).....	3★
Underpup, The (Universal).....	C 3★
Untamed (Paramount).....	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Virginia City (Warners).....	3★
Viva Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M).....	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount).....	3★
We Are Not Alone (Warners).....	3½★
Women in War (Republic).....	2½★
Women Without Names (Paramount).....	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO).....	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Young People (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....	C 4★

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MONKEY BUSINESS!



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"You see, Clapp's don't make anything but baby foods. And my land! They've been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!"

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies

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14 Junior Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dishes**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • Vegetables with Chicken • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • Creamed Vegetables • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

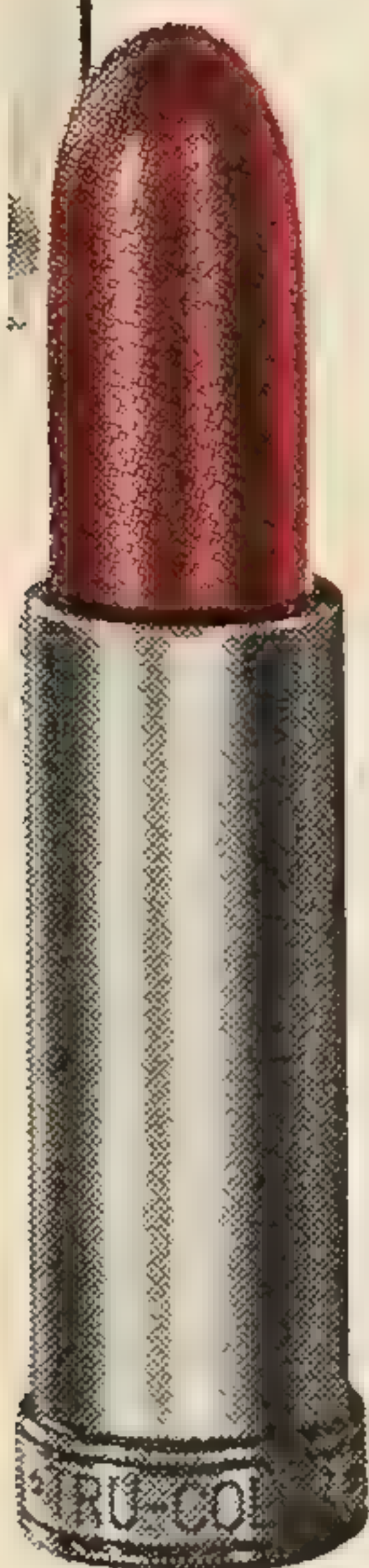


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Very Light	Blue	BLONDE
Fair	Gray	Light □ Dark □
Creamy	Green	BROWNETTE
Medium	Hazel	Light □ Dark □
Ruddy	Brown	BRUNETTE
Sallow	Black	Light □ Dark □
Freckled	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive	Light	Light □ Dark □
SKIN Dry □	Dark	If Hair Gray check 1. probe and 1.00
Oily □ Normal □	AGE	

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STATE _____

.....(NOT GOOD IN CANADA).....

PRINCE CHARMING—IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

(Continued from page 33)

"the boat," and which is modest indeed compared with such craft as John Barrymore formerly owned. A ketch-rigged double ender, it would make a fair-sized lifeboat for Joseph Schenck's or Cecil B. De Mille's big schooners, and Colman bought it second-hand at that. Still it is big enough to take him down into the Gulf of California when he wants to go there fishing and, whenever he could get Powell or Baxter or Barthelmess to go with him, Ronnie delighted in taking it either there or to Catalina waters after swordfish.

Thus Ronald Colman appeared to live the ideal existence—he was rich, famous, sought after, surrounded by every material thing any man apparently could wish for. But, the philosophers have said that no man really owns anything unless he has someone with whom to share it, and in his heart Ronnie knew that the philosophers spoke truly. He had everything money could buy, yet nothing he really wanted.

Then Benita Hume came into his life. Their romance is still too recent to need repetition here, but it was almost directly after his marriage to her that Hollywood began to see a Ronald Colman it had never seemed to notice before. He appeared more boyish and lighter-hearted, less given to retiring into some far corner of his thoughts and letting the world pass by.

"It's the missus," he grinned when friends remarked about it.

THAT'S what he almost invariably calls Benita—the missus. As everybody knows, she too came over from England to appear in pictures, but after her marriage she decided to retire. Benita understands, as perhaps no American girl could, the essentially British recesses of Ronnie's mind, and has been able to subtly bring him out of his introspections.

For instance, Ronnie, after dinner say, out of habit will wander idly over to the bookcase for a book. If he gets it Benita knows that he'll spend the evening in the big chair, as remote from current things as Shangri-la.

"Didn't you say we're dropping around on the so-and-so's this evening?" Benita asks.

Ronnie hadn't said anything of the kind—but he goes. And there, instead of contemplating the mysteries of life in the abstract by himself, he shines as the social light of the party. Still in his own unobtrusive way, to be sure. Whenever he can be persuaded to converse, Ronnie's conversation is highlighted by a most delightful dry wit. Benita can be depended upon to do the persuading in such a way that Ronnie comes out of his mental corner practically before he has been able to enter it.

That's how, one evening, he found himself in the last place on earth anybody would expect to find Ronald Colman. He and Benita were at a dinner party when, after the meal was finished and the guests—Ronnie included—were gathered around the piano, somebody looked out of the window and saw a house being moved along the street outside. That is nothing unusual for Hollywood, but someone had an inspiration.

"Let's go and finish the party there," he suggested.

So off went the whole group to the living room of the house that was being moved, where they remained until the party ended, then took taxis and went

home. Even now that is hardly the sort of thing of which Colman wholeheartedly approves, nevertheless he went along rather than spoil the evening for the others. A few months before, however, he probably would have taken his taxi from the first house instead of the second.

Benita loves the bustle and noise of big cities, but for Ronnie crowded streets and traffic lights are things to get away from. However, Benita has found a way to make him enjoy even the busy metropolitan centers which she believes are occasionally necessary as a sort of tonic to the most secluded minds—it helps to keep them up, she feels, with what is going on. So she hit upon the simple scheme of sometimes taking him shopping with her upon the plea that she wants her clothes to please him.

"It's so much better than ordering something and then having to send it back," she explains.

SOMETIMES Ronnie's new zest for things gets even with her, however. He has always been something of a camera fan, but since his marriage he has been more so than ever—principally with pictures of Benita. Thus, one morning not long ago, he awakened her at about five A.M., and when she sleepily opened her eyes she saw him with a camera perched on a tripod at her bedside. He had been waiting for days for just the right light, he said.

Benita obliged, the shutter clicked, and Benita went back to sleep, only to be awakened half an hour or so later when Ronnie came out of his darkroom with a wet film in his hand.

"Not just the correct exposure," he told her. "We'll have to try again."

"Why not call a photographer from the studio and be sure?" Benita asked.

"We might—and we might have your clothes designed at the studio, too," Ronnie grinned.


Ronnie is master of the quiet retort and the Missus knows when to give in.

And thus, at least twice in his life, Ronald Colman has virtually acquired a new personality—the first time from the moustache that Henry King penciled upon his lip and the second from the missus. That he has benefited immeasurably from both, professionally from the former and personally from the latter, is obvious. Ronald Colman, like all creative artists, is a human complexity who responds to just the proper touch.

Solution To Puzzle on Page 14

J	E	A	N		A	R	T	H	U	R		R	O	S	S					
M	O	U	R	G	E	S		S	T	E	W	A	R	T	A	N	I	T	A	
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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

SILVER STARS

HOLLYWOOD-INSPIRED HINTS TO HELP SOLVE YOUR

SILVERWARE PROBLEMS IN THE MODERN MANNER

By Marjorie Deen

Every meal at lovely Maureen O'Hara's house is exciting and party-ish, for she always sets her table with gleaming 1881 Rogers silverware in the popular, delicate Del Mar pattern.



OUT HERE in Hollywood," Maureen O'Hara pointed out to me recently, "we are frequently asked to describe our favorite foods. But," she went on with considerable surprise, "it is rare indeed to have someone ask how we set our tables! Yet an attractive looking table setting is as important to the success of a meal as the dishes that are served!"

In this respect, Maureen feels, your silver service should be the very first consideration—since it is certain to be the first thing noticed. The charm of its pattern, its gleaming appearance and the way it is placed, all should do credit to your good taste. Fortunately, owning an attractive set of silverware is no longer a question of waiting for that promised inheritance or that mythical ship to come in. Instead, you can purchase your matched set of quality silver plate *now* when you really want it and would most enjoy using it—at small cost and on easy terms at that!

Countless Hollywoodites, like Maureen, are the proud possessors of complete services in silver plate. And they, like ourselves, would give four stars to any silver success story. These stars would be awarded for the charm of the pattern and the appropriateness of the selection; the daily care; the occasional thorough polishing which assures its finest appear-

ance; and the actual placing of the silver on the table according to the few but important rules that govern this procedure. Each of these silver stars calls for your careful consideration if you, too, wish your silverware to be the bright spot of your table settings.

★ PURCHASE

Buy plated ware that bears the name of a well-known manufacturer—one with a reputation to live up to; then, even though you may have purchased the most moderately priced set, you have every assurance that the company will proudly stand back of its guarantee.

Be sure you are getting a quality plated silverware with extra concentration of silver at the points of maximum wear. This assures added years of satisfactory use and continued fine appearance. Hidden values such as these are important in the long run. Ask, before you buy.

Choose a pattern that not only appeals to you *now*, but that you feel sure will continue to appeal throughout the set's long years of usefulness.

Make your initial purchase in the form of a set for six or eight. There is a distinct saving in starting off with a grouped service, and an added inducement is the tarnish-proof chest in which it is sold. Various combinations are offered so that

you can be sure of getting a set that includes the pieces you feel most essential. In time you can buy more of each and also add iced tea spoons, cream soup spoons and special servers—all of which you may have thought you simply could not finance at the time of the original purchase.

★ DAILY CARE

The most important rule for daily care of silverware is daily use! It's a mistake to keep your "best set" only for company dinners, because, though much can be said for tarnish-proof chests and cloths, some air is bound to seep in—carrying with it, alas, tarnish ingredients. Constant use with consequent washings will keep your silverware looking its best at all times.

Be sure to wash off eggs, mustard and mayonnaise immediately, and remove any stain they may have left with a polishing cloth.

Treat your silverware with loving care. Keep in mind that it is one of the precious metals, soft and lustrous, with luxurious finishes that mar easily under careless treatment.

Remove silver pieces from the table, wash them, rinse them and dry them separately, not bunched in the hand! Wash in clean, soapy hot water, using

mild soap powder or flakes. Rinse in very hot, preferably scalding, water. It is contrary to all laws of common sense to leave soapy water on your silver to streak and taste, but all too often this rinsing step is overlooked! Last, but not least, dry each piece thoroughly.

★ SPECIAL (OCCASIONAL) CARE

With constant use, a tarnish proof chest, careful washing and the special attention suggested above, your silverware will need only infrequent polishing. This may be done very successfully with one of the handy silver cleaning cloths that are sold in five and ten cent stores. It is well, also, to go over the silver occasionally with a reliable silver cream. Silver must then be carefully washed in soapy water, rinsed and thoroughly dried. For absolute perfection give it a final rubbing with a soft chamois skin.

A quick, easy and therefore popular silver cleaning method is the galvanic process. But this treatment should *not* be used for flatware that depends for its full beauty and charm on the delicate shading (known as oxidation) which serves to bring out the pattern, since this shading is removed entirely when this method is employed.

Place in a large dishpan an old piece of aluminum ware or one of the special aluminum plates sold for this very purpose. Put in a measured amount of boiling water, add 1 teaspoon of either washing soda or baking soda and 1 teaspoon salt for each quart of water. Arrange silver in pan so that each piece touches the aluminum or another piece

(Continued on page 82)



Write in for your FREE COPY of the new "GONE WITH THE WIND" COOK BOOK. Inspired by the picture and with Scarlett herself on the cover, it contains 48 pages of recipes for those delicious dishes that have made Southern hospitality so justly famous. Just print your name and address clearly on the coupon or on a penny postal and mail it in. If you want extra copies for fellow club or church members, specify the number you would like and they will be sent to you without cost. But don't delay, because we expect to be deluged with requests, and the offer holds good until the present supply has been exhausted.

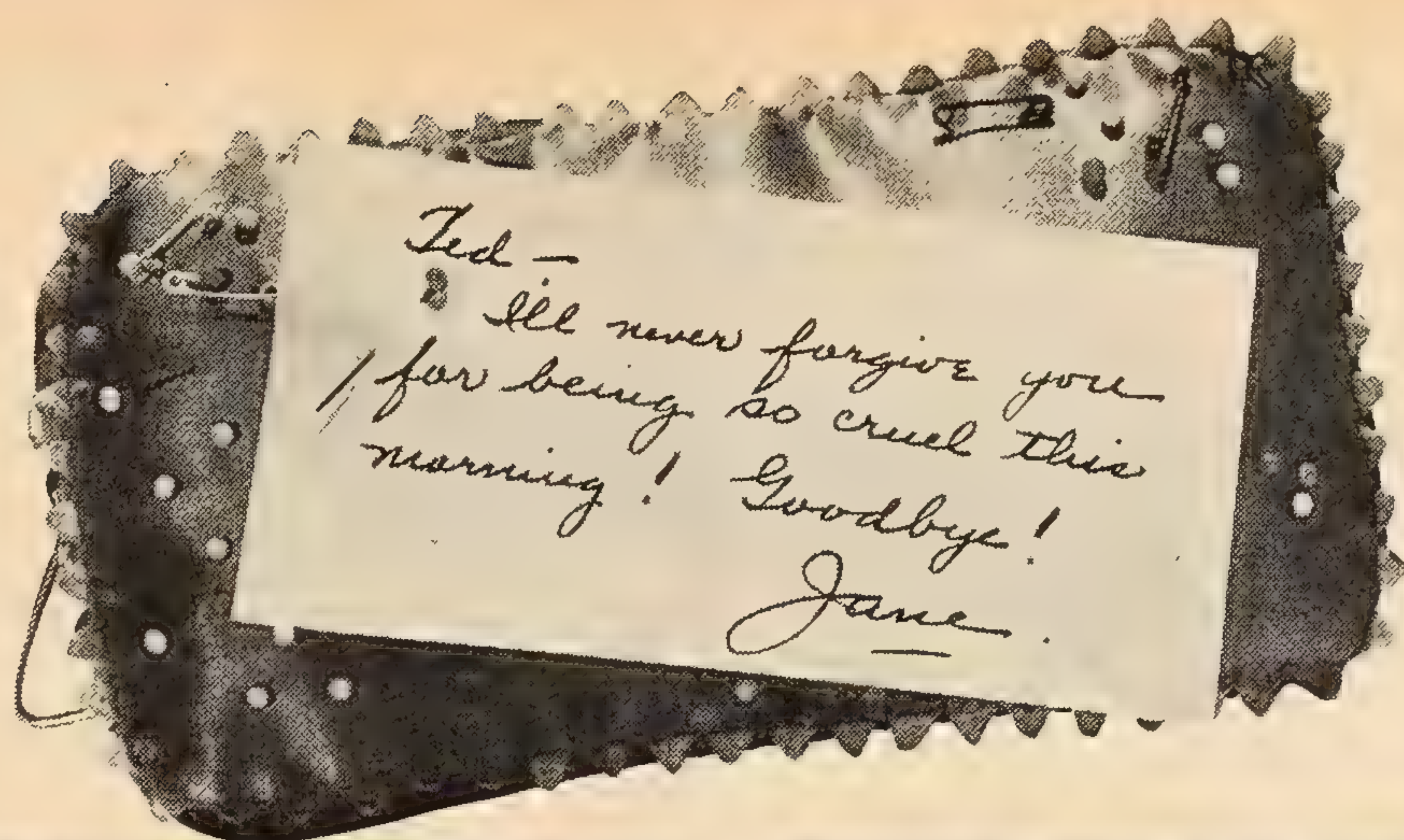
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MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.



SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—golden bar or golden chips. Either way, you get richer, golden soap working with gentle *naptha*! That team sure makes dirt scat!



TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. *Huskier*, *golden* chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders.

Golden bar or golden chips FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Wherever you use bar-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap.
Wherever you use box-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO

CAROLE LANDIS
Glamorous
Film Star



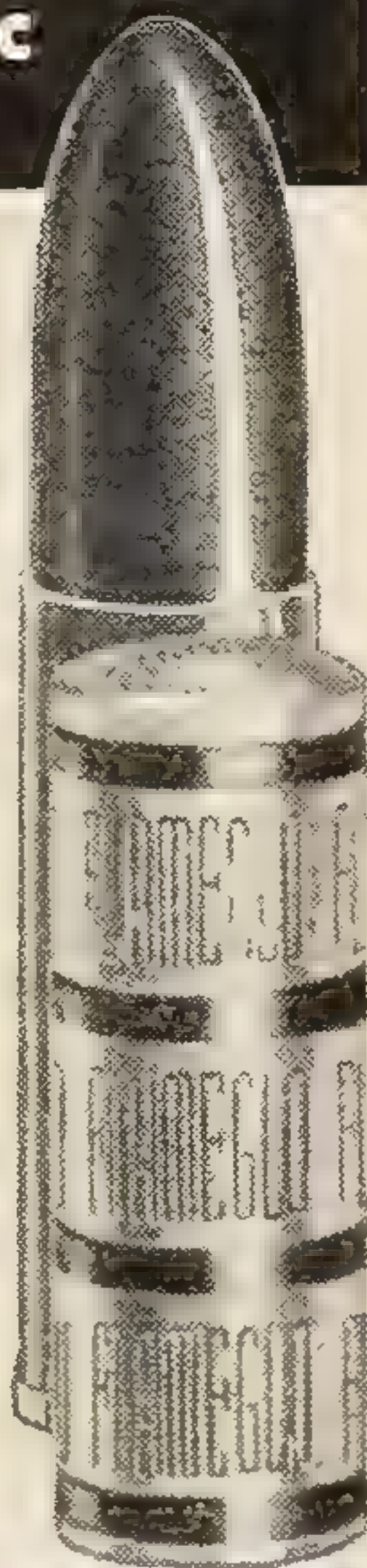
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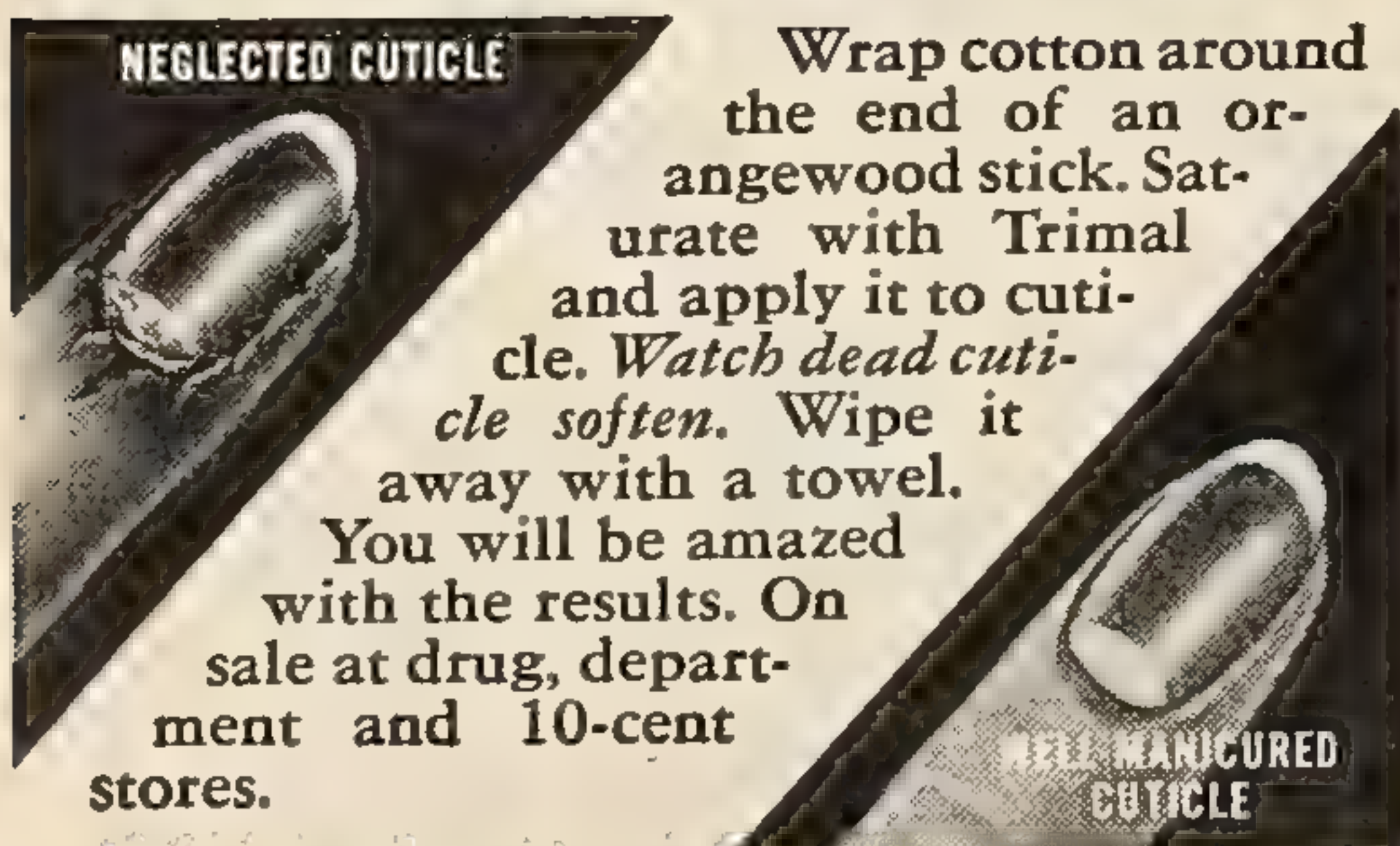
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UGLY, ROUGH CUTICLE

GOES

WITHOUT CUTTING!



TRIMAL

HE'S COLOSSAL

(Continued from page 25)

York critics rapped it at an Eastern preview and remade most of it. He scrapped the entire \$400,000 print of Anna Sten's "Nana" and redid that. It's not that kind of economy, but Mr. Goldwyn is passionately convinced that B pictures drain Hollywood's gold supply and keep a man from doing his best in A pictures. "Unless Hollywood makes only the best," he warns, "audiences will stay home and listen to the Pot O' Gold program! Audiences are getting more insistent on good pictures! And you can't give them double features instead!"

Mr. Goldwyn waxes hot and bothered about the matter of double features. "You decide to go to the theatre some evening. You spend twenty minutes trying to park, then you either walk twelve blocks or pay for parking. The marquee on the theatre says:—

**BANK NITE—\$500 GIVEN AWAY
THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU**

"You buy your ticket anyway. The first forty minutes are taken up with a raffle won by a guy in the cemetery three years. Thank God, that's over at last. You sit back and wait for the picture—say 'Rebecca,' or something else you want to see badly. It doesn't come. Instead you get twenty minutes of what's coming. Everything is 'Magnificent,' 'Colossal,' 'Grand,' 'Terrific'—'You'll Laugh,' 'You'll Scream,' 'You'll Roar'—and you're trying to relax. If a picture was ever announced as 'Fair,' it would be a world revolution. Funny, but something always happens on the way, and when pictures really arrive, they never look as good as they did in the trailer. Like the fellow said:—'The picture was a flop, but the trailer got the Academy Award!'"

With fiery bitterness, Mr. Goldwyn goes on to describe how you manage to survive the trailers, then sit back again and await the feature—"Rebecca." "Instead," he rues with passionate sadness, "you get a B picture, a cheap bad picture Hollywood makes to fill out a double feature program. And to me B stands for Bad!"

If you live through this and are still in the theatre, Mr. Goldwyn goes on to say, you at last get "Rebecca," but "You are so worn out you couldn't enjoy it if you tried! At 1:30 a.m. you are finally home, and the next day a neighbor informs you that he heard your name mentioned on the Pot O'Gold program for \$1900—and you weren't home to answer the phone!" Like all Hollywood, Mr. Goldwyn is unhappy about the Pot O'Gold type of program which keeps droves of honest folk from the movie houses.

Although he is known to show double features in his Beverly Hills home nightly, and though the children of America seem nuts about them, Mr. Goldwyn is having a Gallup Poll made to prove that America really doesn't want them.

When it is suggested that Hollywood reduce costs, say, snip off \$100,000 from the budget of every one of its six hundred yearly pictures, thus saving about \$60,000,000—Mr. Goldwyn snorts in disgust. "Reduce costs? The public won't allow it. They've gotten used to \$500,000 pictures and are beginning to think them cheap and shabby looking. They must have pictures with linoleum walls, patent leather furniture, transparent glass swimming pools, solid onyx showerbaths—or they kick. The stars must wear at least a half million in jewels. Once the jewels could be paste; now the public feels

cheated unless they are the real stuff!"

Undoubtedly the Goldwyn touch would suffer were Mr. Goldwyn to find himself forced to make pictures with a reduced budget. To get his desired effects he literally pours out money like a New Deal Congressman. He paid \$180,000 for the movie rights to "Dodsworth" and \$200,000 for "Dead End." He tore up Vilma Banky's contract when she made a hit in "The Dark Angel" and raised her from a mere \$2,000 to a merer \$5,000 a week. He encourages his star director, William Wyler, to take hundreds and hundreds of takes to get the minutest detail right. To get even minor parts authentically cast, he will test hundreds of unknown players. In this way he has discovered Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan (who now gets \$2,000 a week and refuses to take radio jobs because he would be forced to share his wages with Goldwyn according to their contract), Robert Montgomery and now Doris Davenport, whom he is launching in "The Westerner."

ABOUT Montgomery and Davenport there are stories proving Mr. Goldwyn's genius as a star maker. When he ordered a test for Montgomery, then an unknown Broadway actor, someone advised Mr. Goldwyn that Robert's neck was too long, that his head looked like a knob on a long handle. Goldwyn responded by ordering that Montgomery be encased in one of those old-fashioned high collars—and that is why Montgomery is a star today. Unfortunately, Goldwyn lost Montgomery to M-G-M through an accident.

As for Miss Davenport, Goldwyn has always looked among the extras and bit players for potential star material. Thus he found Doris. Wyler, who directed "The Westerner," opposed Mr. Goldwyn fiercely: "She can't act, she looks terrible, she'll ruin the picture!" After a pitched battle Goldwyn prevailed and today Wyler, who worked under protest throughout "The Westerner," has publicly apologized to him.

People in Hollywood respect Mr. Goldwyn's opinion, if not his English. Though, curiously, he has never won a Producer's Academy Award, Hollywood knows he has a long head and a wise one when making films. Many of his hirelings, who have won awards for work on his pictures, have forwarded their Oscars to Goldwyn with the note: "To the person who really won it!"

This is hardly bootlicking, for Goldwyn stands very high with Eastern, or hard-boiled, critics. Twice he has won the New York Critics Award and is very proud of the fact. He is not bitter about Hollywood's Academy snubbing him. He thinks all awards are stimulating to the creative side of films—even if you put them up yourself and then win them!

Goldwyn isn't infallible in picking people. Take the case of Anna Sten. When the inscrutable Garbo came to Metro years ago and started "tanking she go home," Goldwyn responded with Vilma Banky, whom he discovered in a picture frame in a Budapest photographer's shop. Vilma made millions in silent films for Goldwyn, but lost out when sound came and she couldn't learn the language. Garbo survived, and Goldwyn, irked and anxious, brought Anna Sten over from Russia. A devout believer in publicity (if it favors him) Goldwyn spent about \$250,000 launching Anna, then cast her

as "Nana." Though four Pulitzer prize playwrights worked on the script, it was a flop. Anna just wasn't comfortable speaking English, which she barely knew. Still Goldwyn persisted and made two more flops with the overplump Russian. Though he finally had to give her up, Sam never lost faith in Anna. Today that faith has been justified. Anna, thinner and thoroughly Americanized, has been placed under contract to Paramount, after finishing a lead in a Twentieth Century-Fox film!

Part of the Goldwyn touch consists of his unerring ability to cast people for their jobs. He even casts assistant directors. Among directors, William Wyler is his favorite for realistic drama; Sam Wood, who made "Our Town," he likes for comedy and drama; Garson Kanin, who just made "My Favorite Wife," he'd like for anything. It seems he brought Garson, who used to be George Abbott's office boy and general assistant to Hollywood, then lost him to RKO, where Garson has become the current Wonder Boy of Filmland. Goldwyn, in other words, would no sooner have a comedy director like Leo McCarey direct "Wuthering Heights," than he would have Wyler megaphone the Marx Brothers.

WHEN casting stars, Goldwyn always considers personality. He likes the part to fit the actor, not vice versa. A good director can always make up for the star's lack of acting ability by getting a good performance out of him or her. But he indignantly refutes the stories that a star is only as good as his or her director. He denies that, for instance, if Alfred Hitchcock hadn't bullied, stormed and threatened a good performance out of Joan Fontaine, she would have been a flop in "Rebecca." "Hitchcock likes to dictate to his people," Goldwyn smiles. "Once he handcuffed Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll together in '39 Steps.' They hadn't even been introduced, and he left them together that way all day. He got the effect that he wanted—two people who did not know each other, handcuffed together. But Hitchcock didn't give any of these people the quality that makes them film favorites. God made the actors just as He made the writers." But, of course, not the B producers.

Mr. Goldwyn doesn't approve of bullying tactics by directors. The squatly-black, cigar-smelling Lubitsch, who even shows his lady stars how to kiss heroes like Gary Cooper, is more his style. For Goldwyn doesn't like to wrangle with people. This doesn't mean to say that he doesn't. He abhors yes-men and once hired a prominent and tough Hollywood no-man just to see how it felt to be no-ed. The no-man, like most of Hollywood, immediately started yessing Mr. Goldwyn, who finally fired him in disgust. The no-man immediately bawled out Mr. Goldwyn—and found himself promptly rehired.

It has been said that Goldwyn wrangles continuously with Gary Cooper. Cooper is forever on the verge of breaking his contract and retiring with his two million dollars. Shrewdly, Goldwyn, who gave Cooper his start at \$50 a week years ago and then rehired him at \$7,500, knows how to handle the seemingly shy Cooper. "You don't argue with box office," Goldwyn states. "You impress it!" There were stories last spring that Gary didn't want to do "The Westerner." They said he was sick of chaps and horses and saloon drama and that he openly refused the part. The day the company was to leave for location at Tucson, Arizona, Goldwyn phoned Cooper and said, "I hear you don't intend going to Tucson, Gary. Okay,

"The worst fight I ever had with my wife"



1. My wife came from a rich family. I came from a poor one. And we got along swell . . . that is, until the baby came.



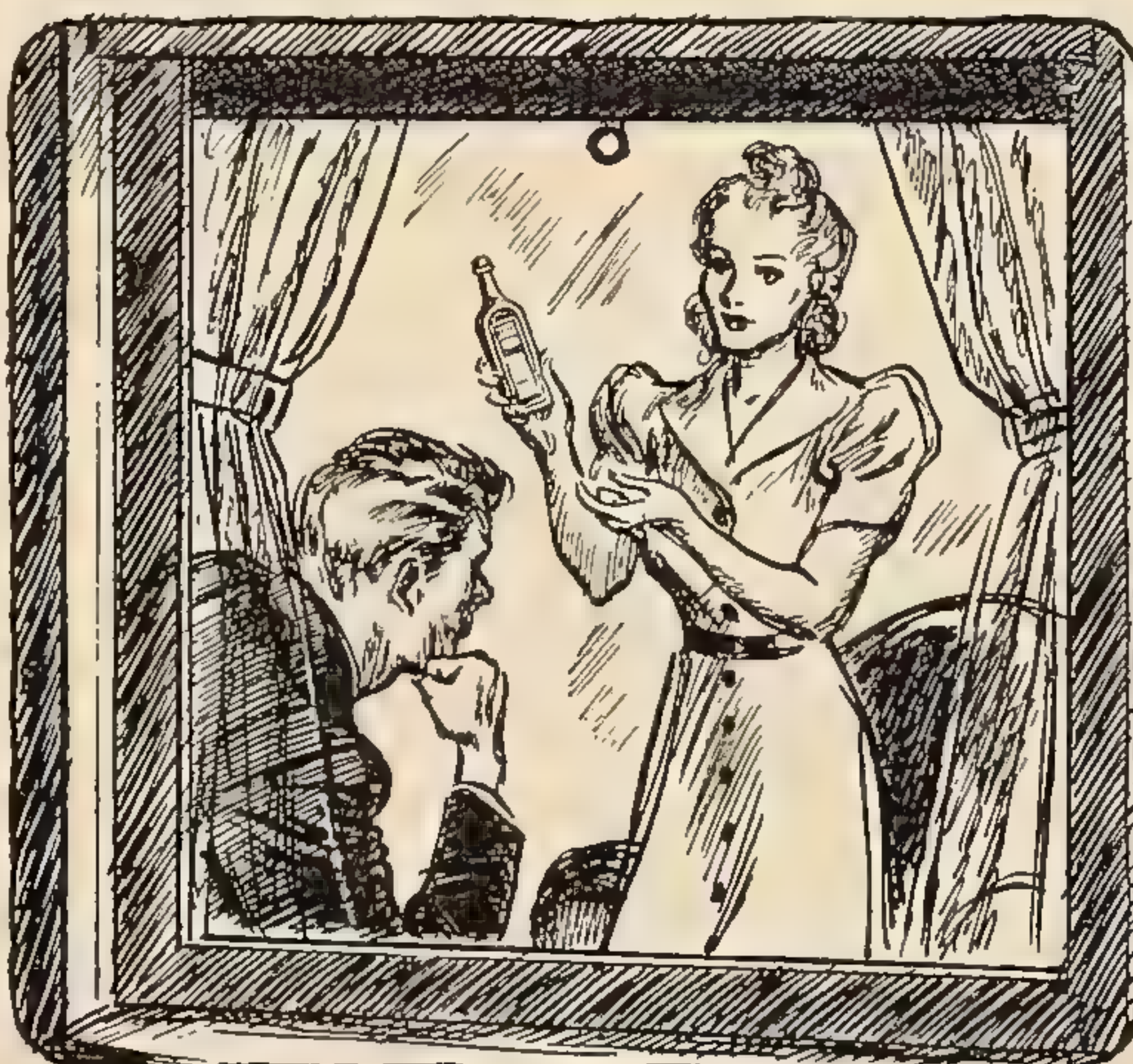
2. Then Peggy's ritzy upbringing started to tell. She spoiled the baby from morning till night. You never saw as many special gadgets as she bought for that child. Finally one day I blew up and we had it out.



3. "Look here," I said to Peggy, "I'm fed up on this namby-pamby stuff! I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sissy. You're going too far with all this special powder, special food, special this, special that, and above all that special laxative."



4. "Wait a minute—you're acting like a fool," Peggy came right back: "that special laxative for the baby is what the doctor ordered. He says a baby's delicate system is different from an adult's, and shouldn't get an adult's laxative."



5. "That's why I'm giving the baby Fletcher's Castoria. It's designed especially for children. It has no harsh, 'adult' drugs and works mainly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to disturb the appetite, or cause nausea. The doctor said he couldn't recommend a better laxative than Fletcher's Castoria."



6. "And listen, Jim, you know our son is cranky about taking *any* medicine. Well, does he go for the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria! He loves it. I don't know what I'd do without Fletcher's Castoria in the house." (That's the end of the story . . . except we haven't had a cat-and-dog fight since!)

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FREE: Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKERS for the wee walker

don't go. Be in court in two weeks and answer why you shouldn't have to pay me \$500,000 for getting the script and company together. Bring your contract!" Then he hung up. Cooper was on the train. Goldwyn knew he'd be. He knows that Gary loves pictures and that "The Westerner" was a great script.

Goldwyn often fires people when he has a burst of temperament, but never fires them when *they* are temperamental. He doesn't think actors or actresses are temperamental without cause. "Usually if an actress starts throwing vases at the prop men and bawling out the assistant director," he says, "there's something wrong with the script. Her lines are not right. Then I change them."

BUT when he gets annoyed with someone, he acts immediately. Never one for getting names right, once he had two writers with approximately the same names working for him. Angered over a script, he called up and fired the wrong man. Later, when he learned his mistake, he rehired him. Speaking of getting names wrong, for years he called a Mr. Cahane, long a member of his firm, Mr. Cocoon, and Arthur Hornblow, who was his assistant for some time, he dubbed Mr. Hornbloom! But his generosity and remorse are notorious. He once fired a writer with much passion, then when he heard the writer's mother wasn't well in Chicago, he immediately rehired him! The mother had a slight cold!

Naturally he plays no favorites among the film folk. Since he makes only two to four pictures a year, he has few actors under contract to him. He'd rather borrow from other studios. Once a press agent tried to get him to name his favorite actor and actress. "What?" he cried shrewdly, "and have Merle Oberon on my neck if I mention Lizzie Zilch and not her?" The press agent therefore got Goldwyn to pick out the thirteen best performers. That is, Goldwyn named twelve and left the thirteenth a mystery. Hollywood fell for the stunt and speculated for months on who it was Goldwyn meant for No. 13.

On the personal side, Mr. Goldwyn is a very happy man—when he doesn't think about pictures. His life with his second wife, the beautiful Frances Howard, by whom he has a son, Sam, Jr., is pretty idyllic. Mrs. Goldwyn has worked hard to clean up Mr. Goldwyn's unOxfordian accent and habit of inserting his mental foot in his mouth when he opens it. Today his accent is uncertain but not thick—his boners are dying away.

Mr. Goldwyn's dress is absolutely impeccable. He often hires people because they are beautifully dressed. Certainly Arthur Hornblow's well-pressed clothes influenced Mr. Goldwyn when he plucked the capable Mr. Hornblow off Broadway. Goldwyn dresses like a king, is never seen in tennis shoes and tuxedo.

He likes to gamble but hates to lose—considers it a personal affront to his position if you trump his ace at bridge with a lowly deuce. He hates to be kept waiting, but keeps others waiting—sometimes for months. His golf is erratic. There is the famous anecdote about the time he smacked one down the fairway, turned to his caddy and asked, "What did I do right?"

He runs his lot like a small dictator, when he presses a button and demands to see you, you jump. He phones people in the middle of the night to ask inconsequential questions about scripts. He takes a nap afternoons behind locked doors on the lot. There is even a private Turkish bath ready for him there.

Since he always has pictures on his mind, he can't be trusted to drive a car—

sends them crashing into pillars—so he walks five of the ten miles to the studio every morning, and has a car follow him to pick him up halfway. He also walks halfway home at night. This has made him a terrific walker. Concentrating on how to improve his films, he lopes along like Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking stalking a bad Injun in the underbrush. Often he barely escapes being run over.

He doesn't drink anything stronger than lithia water, and only recently has taken up cigarettes, which he smokes as if they constituted a fire hazard. Generally he is a conservative in everything, will never brook a bit of bad taste in his pictures or life. "But," someone has said, "he's conservative in an ostentatious way!"

As for the boners that have helped build Mr. Goldwyn's great reputation (some of his publicity men have sat for hours trying to think them up), they sadden him. "I certainly did not say 'Include me out!'" he avers stoutly. "And the gag about my liking my wife's hand so much I'm having a *bust* made of it is an old vaudeville joke!"

He also denies he once said to an ingrate: "That's like biting the hand that laid the golden egg." Nor, as the story goes, when someone said, "You can't use that, Mr. Goldwyn, it's too caustic!" did he ever answer, "Never mind the cost, use it anyway!"

When he was in New York last, Mr. Goldwyn saw the musical comedy, "Keep Off the Grass!" In it there was a comic character loosely resembling Mr. Goldwyn's so-called funnier side. "It made me so sad," Mr. Goldwyn told me, "I called up the Shuberts, who produced it, and offered to get them some new jokes about me—the old ones were so stale!"

And Mr. Goldwyn probably would have kept his word—by hiring Winchell, Skolsky, George Ross, Sobol and his other tormentors to write them. "When I think of it," Mr. Goldwyn sighs, "I try to talk and act the way the boys say I do!" Sometimes, his associates admit, the cracks, even when Mr. Goldwyn makes them, hurt.

THE only ray of light Sam sees in the European situation (over which he agonizes considerably) is that now you can make pictures like "It Can't Happen Here", and the "Forty Days of Musa Dagh," formerly dictated off the screen by Hitler and Mussolini, who threatened the blitzkrieg of boycott. Now that there is no European market, Mr. Goldwyn points out, you can make very anti-Nazi and Fascist pictures. And do the world good with them, too.

Despite his groans, worries and hair-tearings, Mr. Goldwyn loves Hollywood. No place in the world has ever given the honest gold prospector such a golden opportunity to make a fortune and remain an artist. Mr. Goldwyn is convinced he is one of the more advanced and enlightened gold prospectors. And, of course, there is no doubt that he is. He thinks time will eliminate the B producers. "Hollywood isn't a hundred years old yet," he says, "and it's still filled with opportunists. Everyone who can write a letter is a writer and everyone who ran a produce market is a producer. These fake artists are like the prospectors who drop out when the gold rush ceases!"

Behind this strange character—with his disregard for language, his torments of self and others, his great successes and failures, his huge artistic and financial battles, his egotism, his paradoxes, his love of big names and ostentation—is a really simple man. X-ray the confusion that is Goldwyn and you see a person with one idea—to make great pictures and never compromise from that ideal!

LET'S GET PERSONAL

(Continued from page 39)

The singing Garland has never taken but one singing lesson in her life and that was in New York a year or so ago. She sings from her chest. The "toney teacher" to whom she was recommended had her bring her voice up in her throat by inserting a pencil in her mouth. The result was that Judy couldn't talk and the teacher criticized her "poor diction." She also made her practise singing while blowing on pieces of paper! Judy got out of that *atelier* in an hour and a half and never went back.

She hasn't any superstitions but she has quite a bevy of pet phobias. She can't climb a ladder, for instance, she falls right off. If she stands on a chair, she falls, too. She has an "in-back-of-me" phobia. When she is driving she always feels that someone is about to crash into the back of her car. Head-on collisions never trouble her, it's that in-back-of-me bogey. Sometimes, at home, when she's the last to go to bed, she remembers that she forgot to turn off the downstairs lights. She goes down to check. And feels sure that someone is in back of her. She tries to keep herself under control by saying, "There is no one in back of me, there is no one in back of me," but all the time she is walking faster and faster until, like Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz," she looks as though she is being carried along by a hurricane until she is whisked into her room and the door banged shut. She also had a phobia about bumble bees or anything, except snakes, (she *likes* snakes) that crawls or flies. She gets hysterical when a bumble bee buzzes in her hearing. Spiders are her downfall. When she finds a spider in her room she calls her mother, her sister and the help to rout the invader. She doesn't mind mice. She rather likes them. They have such cute ears, she says, and "look so hopeful."

Judy hates to wear hats, except little "college" hats, the kind you wear on the back of your head, or turbans. She has a mean hand with turbans; she can swing them as no-one else can, her girl friends say. They're always asking her to wrap theirs for them. She's a very sympathetic girl, her friends also say. When they have any troubles or problems, they always take them to Judy. She somehow manages to straighten them out.

Her watches never keep time. They're always slow. Perhaps they've given up trying to keep up with Judy, who always goes fast. She never walks anywhere, always runs and usually the hop, skip and jump kind of a run. She has seven watches—gifts from different people—including a lapel watch, a finger-ring watch and a key watch. The key watch is a tiny watch inserted into her house-key and was given her by the sponsors of the Harvest Moon Ball. When it's five-thirty in the afternoon her watches always say it's two-thirty—all seven of them. She never worries about anything. She thinks worrying is "so futile." She says she always does the very best she can and, if that isn't good enough, she forgets it.

Judy dreams almost every night. Always the same kind of a dream. She dreams that she wakes up and talks to somebody or calls someone on the phone.

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And then, when she does wake up, she can't be sure whether she really dreamed it or not and has to call the person to find out. It's very confusing!

When Judy goes on dates she doesn't like to get all dressed up and go to swanky night clubs, except once a month. She likes to go to other kids' houses or have them come to hers and just roll back the rugs, dance, play records and talk. She never was a violent jitterbug. She jittered some, but not much nor for long. She likes to rhumba. The week before she finished in "Strike Up The Band" she had all the kids in the cast, Mickey, June Preisser, Margaret Early, Bill Tracy, Leonard Sues and the others, up to her house. Mickey and about five other kids stayed on after the others left and played badminton and went night-swimming in the pool. Judy likes to swim at night because there are no bumble bees in the moonlight. She just acquired a swimming pool this year and now Sunday afternoons have become very "open house" at the Garlands.

One of her best girl friends is pretty little Betty Jane Graham. Judy's best friends are her old friends, which tells a little tale in one sentence. Judy and Betty Jane first met when they were six years old and both tried out for a part in a Universal picture which starred Slim Summerville. Each youngster thought the other would get the part so they didn't like each other. They were rivals in rompers. Neither of them got it (Cora Sue Collins did), and Judy and Betty Jane have been pals ever since. Betty often comes to the studio with Judy, sits with her while she has her hair done, her make-up put on, and stays with her on the set. Every hour or so, the girls send out for chocolate malted milks or cokes. Leonard Sues is another grade school pal of Judy's and Betty's. The three are inseparable. Leonard plays the trumpet in the band in "Strike Up The Band."

Judy writes poetry. And loves to read it. She has written ten poems of her own—ten, that is, that she hasn't torn up. She is her own severest critic and if she doesn't like the poem, she destroys it. She has done an oil painting, too—a landscape.

She always reads the funny papers and buys comic magazines by the bale. Her favorite movie actors are Clark Gable and Cary Grant. Cary is on the M-G-M lot now, working with Katy Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story." Judy sees him in the commissary every day at lunch-time. He always says "Hulloa, Judy," and she answers, "Hulloa, Mr. Grant." Judy is frank and friendly, but there is none of this "Hi, toots," calling people she doesn't know well by their first names. She wears a pleasing mantle of dignity over her friendliness, and it is very becoming. Her favorite movie actresses are Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan. Her favorite stage actress is Katharine Cornell. She has never met any one of them. She would like to be of "the school" of Davis and Sullavan. She is not, she says, "depending upon her singing." She is delighted because, in her next picture, "Little Nellie Kelly," she plays her own mother. It's the first time she's played a character part. She is taking it very seriously as, some day, she hopes to be taken. She trails around after her mother, copying mannerisms and "making notes."

On the set of "The Wizard of Oz," Director Victor Fleming always called

her "Ange." She doesn't know why. Busby Berkeley, directing "Strike Up The Band," calls her "Butch" and calls Mickey, "Stinky." Mickey always calls her "Jutes" and her mother and sister call her "Judaline."

When Judy and Mickey are working together, the set is a three-ring circus, with one round of crazy acts after another going on. Judy helps Mickey with the songs he writes, making suggestions and recording them for him. She has a record machine in her dressing-room. Louis B. Mayer gave it to her on her last, her eighteenth birthday.

Her favorite radio programs are the New York Symphonic Concerts. She always listens to them on Sundays. If she is up late enough (she goes to bed at nine o'clock when she is not dating), she always listens to the Rhapsody in Wax broadcasts. She also likes Information, Please and the Lux Theatre of the Air. She has two favorite types of books, biographies of musicians and memoirs of doctors. Judy used to want to be a doctor or a designer. Now she's decided to "concentrate on my own career." She loves pets but likes to have only one at a time. She has a little, blonde cocker spaniel. She doesn't care particularly for cats because "they're never friendly." And she doesn't like birds for pets "because you can't pat them." She likes pets you can cuddle. Her favorite song is "Over The Rainbow." She does sing in the shower.

Judy has what she calls "happy unforgettable things" and "unhappy unforgettable things." A "happy unforgettable" occurred when she made her personal appearance tour in New York three and a half years ago. For the first time, she saw her name in electric lights on Broadway, that dearest dream of all true troupers. An "unhappy unforgettable" is when the studio made her give up her new motor bike. It was a Christmas gift. It had a rumble seat among its many attractions. Into the rumble Betty Jane would hop and off they would go. One day they meant to drive into a Drive-In but somehow, they not only drove into it but over it, counters and all!

Judy's biggest athletic thrill of the year was when she and Bill Stoefen played Paulette Goddard and Bill Tilden on the Ambassador courts and each side won one set!

Her room at home is very tailored. The color scheme is beige, chartreuse and dark brown. Jackie Cooper's mother, who has gone into the interior decorating business, did Judy's room. The chairs and divans are upholstered in a soft, dark brown suede. The drapes are chartreuse, unruffled, severe. There is a fireplace in the room and it works—overtime. There are no frills nor cushions nor little "hobby shelves" around and about. Judy doesn't collect anything but books and records. The only visible trinkets on her dressing-table are some graduated saddle-boots holding perfume. One side of the wall is devoted to autographed pictures. Gable's, of course, Jackie Cooper's, Freddie Bartholomew's, Robert Stack's, Mickey's also, of course, and Cary Grant's which has recently been added. The others are pictures of non-professionals. Now Judy is planning to "go feminine." She wants to do over her dressing-room, "like something Marie Antoinette might have whipped up." She's going to have thousands of yards of chiffon drapes and

mirrored walls and do-dads and gew-gaws.

A little girl in a Santa Ana hospital could tell you how warm Judy's heart is. The little girl was dangerously ill and in her delirium she talked constantly about Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz." The child's mother wrote Judy a little note and told her about it and asked Judy if she would be kind enough to send the child an autographed picture of herself as Dorothy. She thought that when, or if, the fever broke, it might help her little girl through the crisis if she could find a picture of Dorothy where she could see it. Judy did better than that. She took the autographed picture to the hospital herself. And when the little girl came out of the fever, there was the living Dorothy standing by her bed. The doctors say there is no doubt but that the child's recovery, certainly the rapidity of her recovery, is due in substantial part to Judy.

Unlike most screen youngsters, unlike most youngsters, perhaps, Judy has a horror of "going glamorous." "In the first place," she says, "I'm not the type. For one reason or another, glamour just doesn't appeal to me. I'd rather bicycle across the country, or go on picnics, or play handball on the beach than any other things I can think of. And glamour girls aren't supposed to do things like that." As a matter of fact, Judy is so afraid that some day, albeit unconsciously, she may "hit the glamour trail" that all of her friends have been warned by her to be on the watch for any sign and, if any should appear, to squelch it before it gets a healthy start.

Judy graduated from the University High School in Sawtelle, last June. She wanted to graduate from a real school, not just from the studio schoolroom, so that she could have a real graduation dress, a real diploma tied with a white satin ribbon and all the fixings. She had them. And there were no photographers present. Judy had no more flowers than the other girls. And she got as many autographs in her Year Book as she gave. She wanted to be "just one of the class" that day, and she was. She had it. Now she is taking a post-graduate course in French.

Judy slipped out of the "sock stage" gracefully and quietly, making the transition so effortlessly that no one has been conscious of it. She looks younger than eighteen and acts younger than the average, sophisticated Eighteen of today. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She almost always wears sweaters and skirts. She uses lipstick for street wear but no rouge, mascara, nor eye shadow. When she's making a picture she reddens her hair a little for the sake of the camera. She photographs better that way. When she's not working, she doesn't do anything about her hair. She never goes to beauty parlors. She can't seem to "set a date." Whenever she does, some of the kids drop by and say, "Let's have a coke" and what is a girl to do? She says she knows she should diet, but doesn't.

Her studio dressing-room is done in navy blue, red and white. It's nautical, with anchors and ship lamps and things. She loves boats and the sea, but as she has never been on a boat for any length of time she says her dressing-room is the next best thing.

There is a swell understanding between Judy and her mother. Her mother never

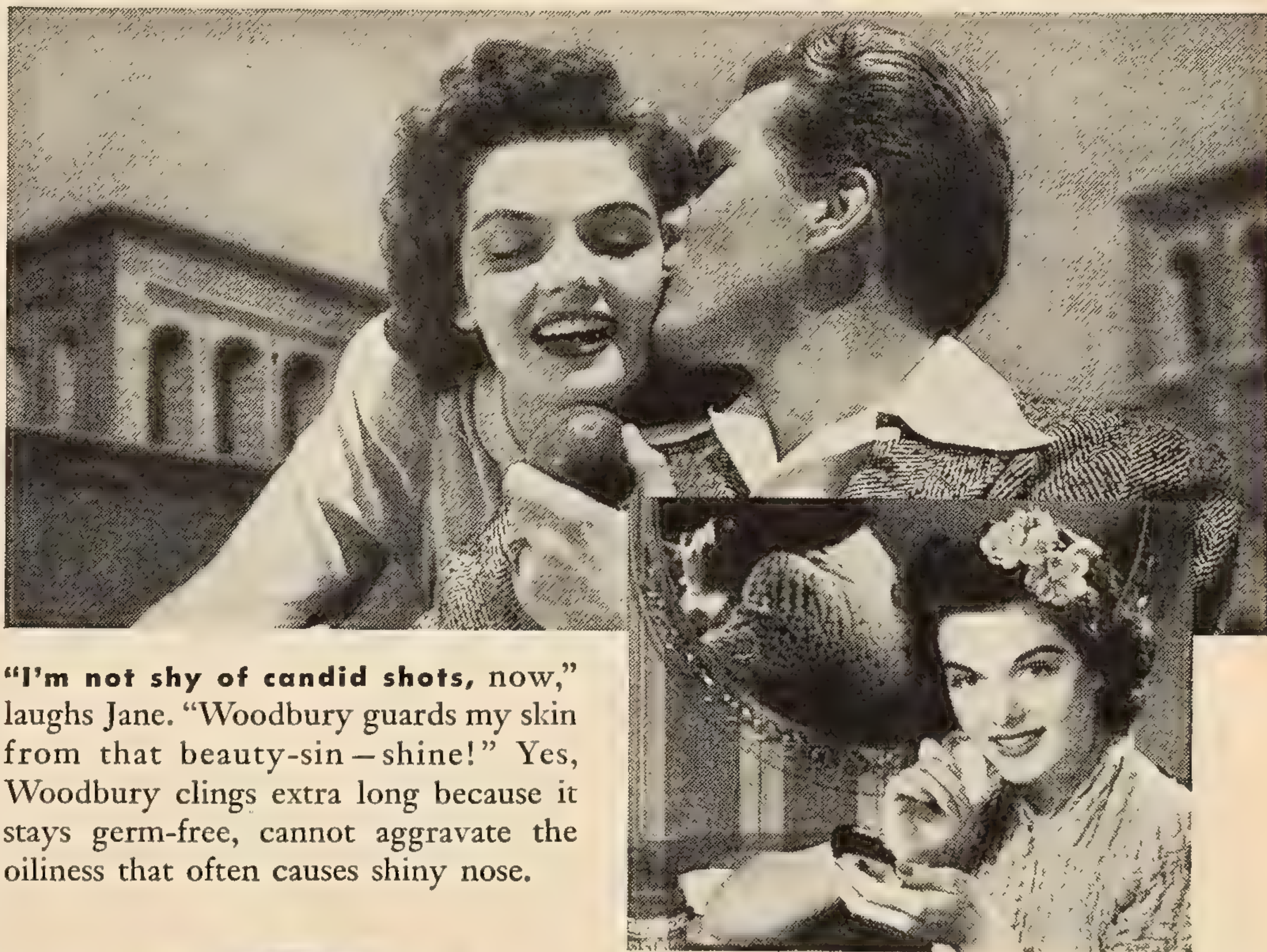
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"I'm not shy of candid shots, now," laughs Jane. "Woodbury guards my skin from that beauty-sin—shine!" Yes, Woodbury clings extra long because it stays germ-free, cannot aggravate the oiliness that often causes shiny nose.



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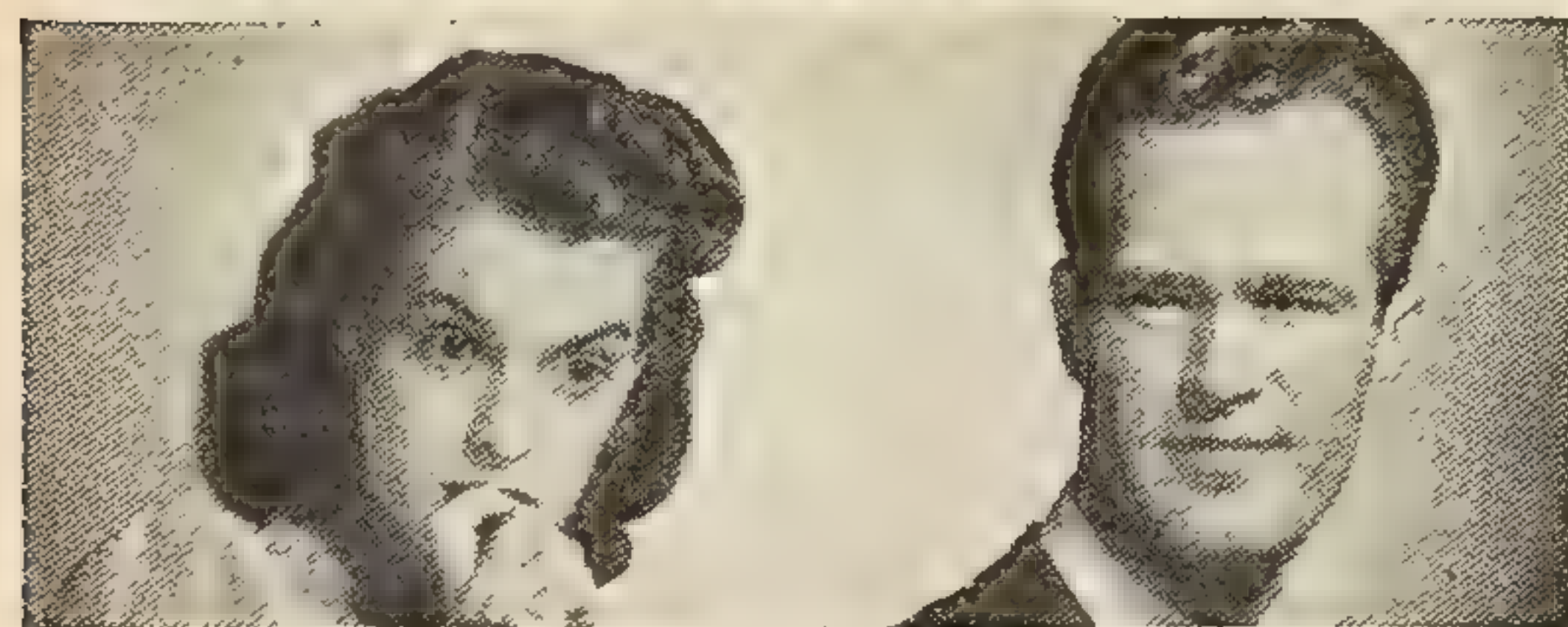
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says, "You can't do this or that," because, says her mother, "Judy has never made it necessary."

Judy has *thought* she was in love but knows she never has been, not really.

Cameramen can't tell you whether Judy has a photogenic face or not. It's never quiet long enough for them to tell—its expressions are constantly changing.

Judy puts dates under two headings, "Not A Special Date" and "A Special Date." Most of her dates with Mickey come under the first heading. Most of them are "spur-of-the-moment-dates." Mickey will call up at the last minute and ask, "What are you doing?" If Judy isn't busy, he'll drive over and Judy will come downstairs to find Mister Rooney raiding

the Garland ice-box. After the raid, they set out for a movie, armed with cashew nuts and lime drops. When she goes on a "Special Date," with Bob Stack, for instance, it's a date planned well in advance. "A Special Date," explains Judy, "is with a corsage and everything."

For the first time in her life, Judy is learning to read music and having a horrible time with it. She recently bought herself an enormous yellow sapphire ring set with tiny baguette diamonds. It's her first real extravagance, and when she asked the price, it so staggered her that she is buying it "on time!"

For the last five shooting days of "Strike Up The Band," Mickey was wearing a class-pin of Judy's!

BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE

(Continued from page 45)

safely be cleared up by home treatment. There are pyorrhea, gingivitis, trench mouth, for examples, to say nothing of abscesses, decay, tooth impactions and straightening jobs.

Pyorrhea, an infection sometimes due to neglected tartar deposits, faulty filling, over-vigorous brushing or other constantly irritating causes attacks your gums at the tooth sockets. The symptoms are: easy bleeding, inflammation, pus pockets, and sometimes, in advanced stages, even the loss of teeth. Only a dentist can give the competent, thorough cleaning and scaling as well as specific medications necessary to remedy this condition. But even he can't if you wait too long.

NICOTINE, tartar and other cumulative stains need special dental treatment, too. A dentifrice strong enough to remove stains that have taken months to accumulate is likely, in time, to undermine the very tooth enamel itself.

A good dentist is as important as a beautician as he is as a doctor. Take the little matter of crooked teeth, for instance. If your teeth don't meet in a firm straight bite, not only does your digestion suffer, but your facial beauty is permanently marred. Many a lush and beauteous Hollywood star wears tooth straightening braces gladly and unashamedly rather than allow her face to become disfigured and her health jeopardized by crooked teeth. With dentistry what it is today, teeth can be straightened even in middle life. True, this work is naturally easier to do in younger mouths, but it can be done successfully long after your twenty-first birthday.

The food you eat has an amazingly direct effect upon tooth health and beauty, too. Calcium, phosphorous, minerals and vitamins—especially vitamins A and C—are absolute essentials. Milk, eggs, butter and cheese come near the head of the list. Then tomatoes, citrus fruits (oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes), green vegetables, meats, fish, nuts, cereals and breads rate next. Hard, crisp foods like raw celery, carrots, apples, melba toast and such are awfully important, not only to exercise, but also to help polish teeth and to make them strong.

Speaking of the elusive vitamin, did you know that the vitamins contained in sunshine also contribute to the sparkle and soundness of your precious molars, bicuspid and the rest? So hie yourself out into the sun as often as possible.

Artificial sun-rays are better than none, but they don't hold a candle to Old Sol's healthful benefits.

After hard, crunchy foods and frequent brushings, for exercising teeth and gums, put down gum-chewing. This pleasant little national pastime of ours has many virtues. Not only does it tone up teeth and gums by giving them a bit of work to do, but facial and lip muscles are also loosened and prettied up at one and the same time. So chew some gum for a while every day.

A smile is more than a face decoration to be worn for special occasions. It is the greatest little "winner of friends and influencer of people" that ever came down the pike. But, if a girl doesn't have pretty teeth, how can she smile wholeheartedly or radiate charm and happiness and oomph? Besides, if your teeth aren't strong and healthy, you're not very likely to feel like smiling and that would be a catastrophe. So hop on the bandwagon and brighten your smile if you'd stay in style. What's good enough for the Hollywood charmers, whose business is being beautiful, ought to be worth a thought or three to the rest of you aspiring damsels. Now, get out your brushes and scrub!

AN excellent dentifrice, which has for years been especially recommended for use with tooth and gum massage as an A-1 smile brightener, is the famous red and yellow tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. The makers of this fine quality and pleasant tasting dentifrice have the right idea when they warn against the dangers of "pink tooth brush," (which is just another way of saying gums that bleed too easily). Massage and stimulation with a good brush and a safe, pleasant dentifrice like Ipana is one of the very best ways we know of firming gums, brightening teeth and insuring that priceless personal asset—the infallible appeal of a beautiful smile. If you haven't tried this simple and effective way to mouth loveliness, put Ipana on your shopping list right now, and then see if you don't agree with our enthusiasm for the way it brings new glamour to your old smile.

Watch for the new
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SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

(Continued from page 41)

The day I checked up on Bill I found him living by himself in a small house in the San Fernando Valley. Only the bedroom is furnished; he hasn't had time to shop for the rest. He has just two suits of clothes; he says he doesn't need any more. He drives a little red Ford. His spending allowance is twenty dollars a week, the amount he received as salary when he sold fertilizer. He has yet to glimpse Ciro's. He has no business manager, no press agent. And he's got just one girl, Brenda Marshall—but even she can't take his mind off his work—yet.

Maybe it's because, when Bill first stepped on a Hollywood set, he stepped on it with the right foot. Naturally nervous, realizing his inexperience, he asked Rouben Mamoulian what to do about it. Mamoulian said, "Bury yourself in your job. If I were you, I wouldn't go to a movie, a play, a dance or anywhere. I wouldn't even go out at night. I'd try to be the character I'm playing. Then I wouldn't worry about it."

Bill took his advice and he's never forgotten it. He moved into a small apartment with a friend of his, Hugh McMullan, a dialogue director. He saw no one else, not even his family. He lived like a monk. He never left the house at night, except to go to the Hollywood Athletic Club for a few rounds of boxing to make his ring scenes real. He sat at home and sawed away at a fiddle for the same reason. He got completely wrapped up in Joe Bonapart, the fighting violinist. He learned to concentrate as he never had before.

Just the other day, at Tucson, Bill and

Jean Arthur were deep in a love scene. It was outdoors, near a herd of cattle. As Bill whispered, "Do you mind if I come and serenade you tonight?" a fretful cow blasted out with a mournful "moo-o-o-o-o-o." Everyone laughed and Director Ruggles cut the scene. Bill kept right on. He hadn't even heard the cow. That's the kind of a mind he has.

For almost ten months, Bill's mind was set on playing Peter Muncie in "Arizona." In the end he played it, at the start he wasn't given as much consideration as an ankle at a bathing beauty parade.

ARIZONA, maybe I'd better explain, is about the biggest picture Hollywood has on the fire at the moment. It's in the two million dollar class, maybe the last of that expense rating for some time to come, what with the war and all. Columbia built an entire town in the Arizona desert just to film it. They insisted on a hot box office star to play with Jean Arthur. To be specific, they wanted Gary Cooper, then Joel McCrea. They definitely did not want William Holden.

So when Bill, months ago, bashfully suggested to Wesley Ruggles that he'd sure like a crack at the part, all Wes could do about it was be polite, pat Bill on the back and tell him he was a nice kid but he was stepping out of his league. Too young, too inexperienced, too unimportant—he hoped Bill would understand. Bill did, but he didn't let it throw him. A break came then—and a break is all a chap like Bill Holden needs. The war broke out and in the ensuing Holly-

wood panic "Arizona" was postponed. In the meantime, Bill made "Our Town." He also did a lot of other things.

He started reading everything he could find about Arizona and the early West. What spare days he had Bill spent on a cattle ranch on the Mojave desert. He'd always been a good rifle shot, but he started banging away until he could knock out a gnat's eye at forty paces. He rode until he could sit a Western saddle like a rocking chair. He practiced drawing a pistol from a holster in nothing flat.

All that might seem like playing cowboy and Indians and a big waste of time to any other young fellow busy enough making an important picture like "Our Town." I don't know how Bill knew it, but he knew he was getting himself ready to get what he wanted. "Just a hunch, I guess," said Bill. One thing he did know—that Wesley Ruggles was having his troubles trying to find Peter Muncie.

Well, one day Bill Holden was leaning against the counter of a shooting gallery in Palm Springs. He sported an old faded pair of blue jeans, a dusty corral shirt and a tattered sombrero. He had a few days' growth of beard on his face. That was when Claude Binyon shuffled in for some shots.

Claude Binyon is Wesley Ruggles' portly writer, partner and inseparable companion. Bill Holden believes the whole thing was a case of sheer luck and one of those happy accidents that continually carve out Hollywood careers. But it sounds a little suspicious to me



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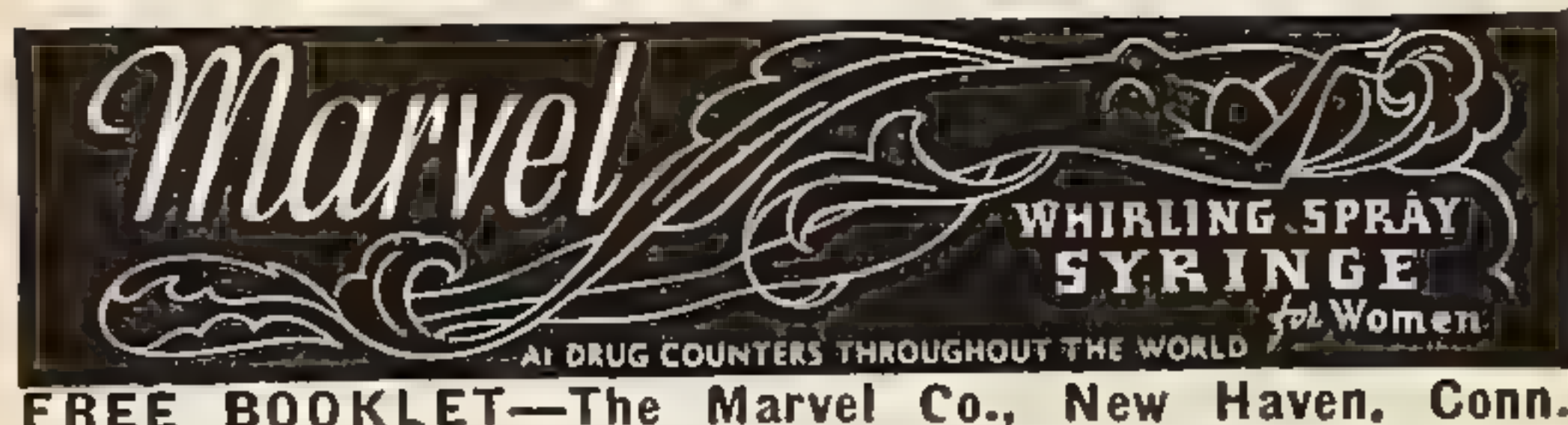
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—that Ruggles and Binyon happened to be in Palm Springs the same week as Bill, and all of them customers of the same shooting gallery.

Anyway, Binyon took a squint at the rangy gent calmly blasting all the clay pipes, ducks and bunny rabbits in the gallery and gasped, "Good Heavens! Peter Muncie!" He took another look and hustled back to the hotel to collar Wesley Ruggles.

"I've just seen Peter Muncie," declared Binyon, "and guess who he is—that dog-goned Bill Holden!" So Bill got his test.

THE point is, the kid is canny. Whether from intuition, an extra portion of brains or just plain luck, the fact remains Bill has steered himself with the finesse of a veteran. Show business is a specialized racket, as any actor can tell you, with more angles than a geometry book. Hollywood is the big league of show business and careers have to be guided carefully through a maze of intricate do's and don'ts.

Bill Holden, popped into this dizzy world as a lamb pushed into a pack of wolves, has, with no movie mother to guide him, stepped surely and swiftly in the right direction, time after time.

For instance, after "Golden Boy" there was nothing for Bill to do at Columbia or Paramount, his home base. But there was a supporting part at Warners in "Invisible Stripes," with George Raft, Humphrey Bogart and Jane Bryan under the aegis of that slam-bang veteran director, Lloyd Bacon. It looked like just another typical Warners prison movie. Nobody but Bill, not even his studio, nor the Hollywood friends he'd made, saw where it could do him justice. No normal Hollywood reasoning would tag a fourth-fiddle part in a run-of-the-mill movie anything but career poison after his success in "Golden Boy." But Bill reasoned differently and like this:

"I'd been coddled and sheltered and painstakingly directed all through 'Golden Boy,'" he explained. "I needed to work with seasoned Hollywood troupers and tough guys for a change. I needed a director who wouldn't waste a foot of film on me. I had to learn to take it."

He begged to be loaned out and finally was. And he found he could take it in the hard-cooked-set school, as well as in the plush. If he hadn't learned how to get along on his own in front of a camera with no holds barred, as he did in "Invisible Stripes," Bill isn't at all sure he could have stood the pace in "Our Town."

This picture, too, he had to battle to get. At Paramount, they thought Bill Holden was just sticking his neck out to tackle Thornton Wilder's sensitive, poetic play—and in company with actors who were absolute tops in seasoned dramatic art—people with solid stage successes like Frank Craven, Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter and Martha Scott. The general prediction was that, if Bill played in "Our Town," these worthies would make mince meat of him and put him away in jars for Christmas. Well, when it was all over, it was a toss-up as to who really did steal "Our Town." There wasn't anyone in a list of standouts who had a real edge on William Holden, when the final returns came in.

Now "Arizona" has given Bill a burning desire to do a movie on the life of Billy the Kid, that ruthless young early West murderer. It almost broke his heart the other day when he read that Bob Taylor was lined up for it at M-G-M. Instead, Bill is looking ahead now to "Birth of a Hero," a war picture at Paramount.

His next picture has no romance, but

in his personal life there's Brenda Marshall. Bill met Brenda Marshall at Warners when he made the toughie Cagney-Bogart picture there. They hit it off at once. "We get along perfectly together—Brenda and I," Bill drawled, looking away a little bashfully. "We like the same things and have a lot of fun—but that's all there is to it. No marriage." Bill added he wasn't in the market for a preacher until—oh, he guessed about when he was thirty years old. You've heard that before, of course. But for a guy with as level a noggin as Bill Holden, I wouldn't be a bit surprised. First, he's interested in making good for keeps. Besides, Brenda Marshall hasn't had her divorce very long, so they couldn't marry until eight more months have passed at the very earliest.

With Movietown's social life holding no charm for Bill, and night clubbing being a bore and too darned expensive (he isn't getting rich on his salary yet), he squanders his spare time riding, shooting or taking flying lessons from Hollywood's famous stunt man, Paul Mantz. It's Bill's current patriotic ambition, incidentally, to do a film for the government—free, of course—to promote flying and the CAA.

He dreams wistfully of having some time to himself every now and then. For instance, he would like to hunt up more records to add to his prized collection of South American, African, Indian, Balinese and Tahitian native music. Music and a few books are about the extent of Bill Holden's cultural interests at present. On the physical side, he thinks that late sleep in the mornings and a juicy steak in the evening are his two ideas of things to look forward to.

HE would like also to furnish those other four rooms of his new house, if he can ever find time to look the situation over and shop around. Bill came back from Arizona to find that his old place had suffered a sudden rent raise of a hundred dollars a month, mainly because the owner discovered he had a movie star tenant. That burned him up, and, being a gentleman who doesn't waste time, he changed his address in the next few minutes.

That's why he has had to clank around in an empty house and eat off the seat of his Western stock saddle. That's also why, while I was with him, Bill received a much postmarked letter, which had been chasing him around all his various addresses. It was from his folks and it answered the letter he'd scribbled off on his Hollywood anniversary down in Arizona—the one inquiring whether or not they thought he was doing okay, or ought to trade in film fame for fertilizer.

The letter said, "Keep it up, with our blessings. We're proud of you!"—or words to that effect. Bill wasn't surprised. Just the same that was the moment when, as far as he is personally concerned, Bill Beedle made good!

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THE SECRET OF LOMBARD'S SUCCESS

(Continued from page 22)

first scene we shot, her voice pitched differently, her very movements changed.

"All of this makes me feel that Carole Lombard has more talent than has ever been tapped. I want to make this prediction—that while other stars become dated and obsolete by additional calories or wrinkles, Carole Lombard will go on acting as long as she wants to. She's got that much on the ball.

"Here are the things," he said, "that make her great: She has a capacity for absorbing externals. By that I mean she can sponge up direction. The outstanding thing about her is her vitality. Most of the glamour ladies, at about six in the evening, droop like dish-rags and you just wouldn't dream of putting them in an important scene at that hour. But Carole is as bright at six in the evening as at nine that selfsame morning.

"Furthermore, she possesses the almost psychic ability of being able to anticipate advice and directions. She knows when I'm going to criticize or compliment her. Even as I start to speak a sentence, she'll finish it. This may be exasperating to some people, but it saves me loads of explaining.

"Also, the little lady can take failures with grace. Everyone in the theatre must sooner or later grapple with minor Waterloos. Even Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell had their tumbles. But most failures tear sensitive actresses apart. Irene Dunne had a run of bad luck before I met her and, when she came on the set of 'My Favorite Wife,' she didn't have a lick of confidence. But Carole is built differently. If a picture

of hers lays an egg, she takes it in stride, never even winces, just breezes forward. This ability keeps her from being handicapped by worries and fears.

"The one thing," concluded Kanin, "that has helped keep her on top of the heap since her Mack Sennett bathing beauty days is simply this—she's not complex and she's always happy. Her philosophy of life must be perfect. Today, she is really happily married to Gable. Apparently, they never squabble or fight and must have an idyllic time. As a consequence, Carole comes to work every morning with her mind clear, with no home problems troubling her. She comes in lilting and gay, tells a story about Gable chasing a chicken all over the backyard and laughs herself dizzy. Her mind is free to attack her work. Almost every other actress I've ever known has had a million problems to interfere with her career and take her mind off the picture. Women like Ginger Rogers and Irene Dunne are much more complex.

IN brief, Carole Lombard's off-screen life is so wholesome that she can drive all her energies into her on-screen life. Besides—"

At that moment the door of his trailer was yanked open. Two arms reached in, encircled a startled Mr. Kanin and dragged him out onto the set. The arms belonged to Carole Lombard.

"Let's get going!" she whooped.

Garson Kanin grinned at us helplessly. "You see what I mean?" he sighed.

So, with Kanin back in the combat zone, we decided to march off on a lone

pilgrimage in quest of others who know Lombard. We took a slight detour and found ourselves in a bathroom at Paramount. In the bathroom was a tub, in the tub was Ray Milland, and over Mr. Milland hulked Director Mitchell Leisen. It was a scene from Paramount's "Arise My Love."

We were mumbling to ourselves about Carole Lombard, and Mitch Leisen, 49-year-old son of a brewery boss, having overheard us, left Mr. Milland in his bathtub and confessed that he had known Carole for almost twenty years.

"She was a hard worker even in the old days," he said. "She was the only Mack Sennett bathing beauty who ever went in bathing!

"The greatest thing about Carole is her camera flexibility," he revealed. "By that I mean her genius for changing her mood on a moment's notice. I've directed her in very dramatic scenes, when her face drooped and her eyes were watery. Suddenly, I would decide to do a comedy shot, and in a second, Carole's eyes would be bright with laughter!

"Another thing about her is her marvelous intensity. She works so hard, believes so in her roles that she lives them. I recall one scene where she was supposed to be pathetic and sad. The fellow playing opposite her was supposed to be cruel and harsh. As the scene progressed, the hero lost his cruelty and fell into Carole's tempo. 'What the hell,' I said to him. 'What's wrong?' He sighed, 'I can't help it, Mitch. She makes me so damn sorry for her!'"

Leisen spoke of Carole's perfect timing.

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"She never fumbles a punch line." He spoke of her co-operativeness. "She'll squawk and battle over a script she doesn't like, but once it's decided upon, she'll slave over it."

"She doesn't only learn her own part. She learns everyone's, so that she knows the story and feels it. She doesn't memorize words and dialogue, but tries to get the thoughts behind them. That's why she can't go wrong. It's this understanding that gives her performances an underlying current of plausibility. She told me that 'My Man Godfrey' with Bill Powell was her toughest picture, because she had to be nutty, slap-happy, goofy, and her lines lacked continuity, were unrelated and without thought. They were hard to grasp. Incidentally, to get into her screwball character she sat beside her director's secretary, who was just the type, for weeks studying her!"

"Carole's an asset to any film because she does so much for the cast. She'll take new people into a corner and help them. You hear a lot about her rowdiness and swearing, but she only acts up with a purpose. When everyone is tense, she breaks it up with gags, and on such occasions she'll whisper to me, 'Okay, Mitch, we got 'em laughing, now let's go.'"

"She helped make Fred MacMurray what he is. He was stiff and scared in 'Hands Across the Table.' She kept kidding him, and with Madalyn Fields, her best pal, she once sat on Fred and plucked his eyebrows until nothing could upset him anymore!"

"Another thing I mustn't forget. When she's in a picture, she never says, 'I think I should cry in this scene,' but rather, 'I think the girl should cry in this scene.' She always refers to her role in third person, which shows projection. One day, in 'Swing High, Swing Low,' Fred MacMurray came up to me and said, 'Mitch, this guy just wouldn't talk that way.' That was the day I knew he'd become an actor. Because, at last, he was referring to his role in the third person."

"Carole Lombard hasn't given her greatest performance yet. That'll be when she and Clark have their first child. She told me that would be her most important role. And I believe her. Take it from me, the gal's really an actress!"

FOR the sake of science and honesty in our clinical study of a top-notch female thespian, we decided to confront one more director. Thus, the next phase of our research landed us smack in the middle of the swank Sunset Plaza apartments, in the living room of George Stevens. It was alert Mr. Stevens who guided Carole in her recent picture, "Vigil in the Night." We asked Stevens what he thought about Lombard.

"It's difficult to discuss Carole Lombard. She's so good that there's the danger of speaking only in superlatives, and having it sound like a lot of goo. The thing that strikes me about Carole's talent is her imagination, her creativeness. In a comedy scene, she embellishes the script and creates amusing business of her own, which most actresses are unable or too lazy to do."

"In fact, she is most effective in comedy. She's probably the most expert laugh-provoker in this country today. Carole has not been quite as strong in drama, but only because her vehicles have been weaker. In drama, her career is only beginning, and there, one day, in a play like 'The Little Foxes' she will achieve real recognition."

"There are, in the movies, two types of actresses. The calculative type and the 'I-feel-it-and-I-hope-you-see-it' type. Carole is both types, which is unique."

She is equipped technically and emotionally.

"She is blessed, further, with a perfect degree of detachment. She can do a gripping scene, stop it, and a second later discuss what she'll eat for dinner. This sometimes upsets her co-players, who think she can't be very interested in the role. But they just don't understand her."

"Most marvelous thing about Carole is the way she can throw herself entirely into a scene. I'll never forget one bit in 'Vigil in the Night.' In the script her sister had just died and Carole came into her room and wearily hung up her coat. It was a very tense scene. We shot it once and no soap. Tried again, and I still wasn't satisfied. The third time, Carole shuffled in, put up her coat, wavered and toppled over! I thought it was a gag—but she almost killed herself falling into the near-by sink, and I then learned she'd fainted. Sure, fainted from trying so hard, being so emotional, imagining she had a sister who had just died."

"Do I have to tell you more about Lombard, after that?"

INSPIRED by Stevens' enthusiasm, we decided to scurry back to RKO and huddle with Harry Stradling, the famous cameraman. This would give us a lens-eye view of Lombard, the Actress.

Harry Stradling, with twenty years of experience under his shutter, said, "Carole Lombard is the cameraman's delight. That's because she knows lighting, angles and the camera as well as I do. Before a scene, she'll always be on the right mark, with her face and body so placed that the kliegs bathe her properly. She doesn't need any pushing around, and time is never wasted on her pictures."

"For example, when I photoed Wendy Hiller in 'Pygmalion' I had to sweat. It was her first picture. She didn't know a thing. She wasn't camera-wise and had to be guided in every move. Marlene Dietrich is just the opposite. She's like Carole. Shrewd. Clever. She'll ask you to shade her arms so that they won't appear too fat. That kind of stuff."

Stradling emphasized the importance of lighting. He said it could hide or accentuate defects.

"Take Madeleine Carroll. She had too much weight in her last picture. I made her face thinner and her body, too, when it wasn't in motion. But when she moved around, neither camera nor lights could aid her. Carole's weakness is her jaw. It photographs quite square and makes her cheeks too full. But she's smart, that girl, and sees that she gets the best angles."

"Then there's that scar on her left cheek. You know about it. She got it in 1925 in an auto accident, when she went through the windshield. I was worried that the scar would detract from her performance in close-ups. The object was to get the lights to hit her face so that they would fill in the scar and blend it with her cheek. But Carole knew even more. She said to me, 'Put a diffusing glass on your lens and I'll look okay.' I obeyed her, and wait'll you see how beautiful she turns out."

"Every day, at lunchtime, she goes into a projection room and watches the latest rushes. She then tells us if a scene was filmed too light or too dark. Uncanny, her knowledge of everything, of every part of the business. That knowledge, I feel, is her strength."

While the cameraman talked, other members of the proletariat gathered around. They listened and, when the gabfest was over, each put in his word of wisdom about Lombard, the Actress.

Fred Hendrickson, her still photog-

rapher, drawled, "She hits good poses for portraits instinctively. Many actresses have a dead pan, but her face is always alive. She clowns a good deal, but will work endlessly. She stands up best in fashion stills and never kills a photo for petty reasons, but only if it is artistically poor."

George Gabe, husky prop man who has been with RKO for seven years, remarked, "She even knows all about my job. If I'm not ready with various properties, she'll stall so that I won't get bawled out. And when there are expensive props or rare ones, which would cause me trouble to replace, she is careful not to break them. She is considerate. That helps make her a big actress and a great woman."

Ruby Rosenberg, dark-haired assistant director whom Lombard calls "Nellie," put in her bit. "Sure she's tops, but I know Carole's Achilles' Heel. That's Gable. She can do anything before a camera, until Clark walks in to watch her. 'I'm not worth a dime when the old man's watching me,' she says. She has him wait outside until a scene is over, then races out to meet him. She's democratic, too. Breaks a studio rule to give the entire crew coffee every morning. Doesn't have a dressing-room. Only a chair and mirror. Won't have doubles or stunters, but will literally go through storm and fire for realism. That's a picture of The Madame, as Gable calls her."

And that, fellow patriots, makes just about every precinct heard from and gives us a pretty thorough word Xray of Carole Lombard at work.

HOWEVER, as much as her directors and co-workers have studied, discussed, understood her, we feel none give as clear a picture of Lombard, the Actress, as that little story we heard about her the other day. It may not be a true story. And then again, it may. But anyway—

Once, years ago, Carole Lombard was acting in a stage play. Before the matinee performance, she had foolishly consumed enormous quantities of herring and dill pickles. Then, before a crowded house, in her big scene in the middle of the second act, the herring began warring with the dill pickles. Carole became nauseated, halted in her most dramatic speech and calmly strode off the stage. In a few seconds, feeling better, she returned and took up her big scene where she'd left it.

At the end of the play, a renowned critic cornered Carole, congratulated her, told her that, by dramatically leaving the stage in the middle of her big scene, she had accomplished a new and most effective piece of acting.

"And I know," the critic added, "that it required thought."

"Mister," replied Carole, "what you don't know is that it required speed!"

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 52)

sweet peas, roses, even the orange trees in the window, and had them sent to her!

DIDJA KNOW

That Lana Turner will wear a sweater in almost every sequence of “The Ziegfeld Girl” . . . That Ann Sheridan is the biggest box office draw in Mexico . . . That “Daisy” of the Blondie clan is pappy to a litter of seven pups . . . That Helen Parrish’s legs are like a Petty girl’s . . . That Jean Cagney is a member of Phi Beta Kappa . . . That Jean Hersholt owns 75 pairs of spectacles which he uses to impersonate various screen characters . . . That John Payne used to sing the accompaniment to a strip tease act . . . That autographed pictures of Hollywood glamour girls are being sent to British soldiers along with medical supplies . . . That Nat Pendleton is the great grand-nephew of Francis Scott Key who wrote “The Star Spangled Banner” . . . That Marlene Dietrich buys more furs, jewels and clothes than any other star?

DON HASN'T CHANGED

Dizzying success has made many a man kick over the traces of the traditions and the faith in which he was raised. But it's done no such thing to Don Ameche. Don has a picture of Pope Pius XI hanging over his bed—and will never do a radio show without first presenting the script to his Catholic priest for okay.

CASH AND CARY

Cary Grant seems to be handing a very good line to Woolworth Heiress Barbara Hutton. They're frequent occupants of a dimly-lit corner of the Cafe Lamaze, where they dawdle for hours over their dinner, look tenderly into each other's eyes, and insist “there's nothing to it.” Bing Crosby, another steady Lamazer, apparently thinks differently, however. Bing just made a new recording of “I Found A Million Dollar Baby In A Five And Ten Cents Store”—and sent the first disc to Cary!

ADD CHAPLIN TROUBLES

Paulette Goddard is a changed woman. A year ago, the face she turned to the world was shiny, schoolgirlish and clean of make-up but, suddenly, Paulette has gone exotic. Under the joint influence of her Mexican trip and her thick-as-blood friendship with Dolores Del Rio, Paulette's tied her flowing hair into a braided business that she wraps severely about her head, uses a midnight blue lipstick and conceals her beautiful tan with a bluish-tinged powder. The effect is startling and, though we find it difficult to believe, we're told that a fan, overwhelmed at the sight of the new Paulette, rushed to her side at a preview shouting, “Hey, Gang! There's Dolores Del Goddard! Let's get her autograph!”

GROUCHO SERENADE

“Arizona” is the most expensive picture Columbia has ever made. It was earmarked

for a million-dollar budget, but its total production costs ran to almost twice that amount. Called upon for an explanation of what the industry terms an “overslop,” Director Wesley Ruggles came through with some whacky stories to justify his staggering location bill. “Don't blame me,” said he. “Blame the cast. Blame Jean Arthur. She held up production by arguing that it was cruel to make pigs stand in dirty hogwash! Holy smokes, if we put them in clean water, the A.S.P.C.A. would get after us! Then, another day, she decided that the dogs in the picture were being underfed and had George Cole, a Columbia employee who's been handling animals for years, charged with cruelty and slapped into the local jail! Of course, that was ridiculous and Cole was released the next morning. Warren William didn't help, either. He was deathly afraid of rattlesnakes and always wore high boots. Every time we went into a take, he'd kill it by turning pale and begging the prop man to assure him that the boots were thick enough! And the rest of the cast! They did their part by backing into cactus and spending half their time in the hospital having the stickers pulled out of their pants!”

A NOTE ON MUSIC

Allan Jones was recently invited to warble “The Star Spangled Banner” at an important national convention but had to decline because of studio commitments. “Too bad, too bad,” lamented a local scribe. “Allan is probably the only American who can hit the top note and remember the third stanza at the same time!”

A DOG'S BEST FRIEND?

A powerful toothache, the kind to which death is preferable, struck a pretty, young starlet the other A.M. and sent her scrambling to the nearest dentist. Yowling with pain she rushed into the good man's home, brushed aside his secretary and barged into his inner office. There, to her surprise, stood George Brent—in the flesh and smiling. One look was enough. Our starlet passed out. Relating the story to some friends that evening, she apologized for her display of emotion. “But you can stop your ribbing right now,” she said, “because it wasn't Mr. Brent who made me faint. It was his dog. While Brent stood there grinning, the pup sat in the dentist's chair having his teeth treated!” It seems that George, who's old enough to be done with such whimsy, feels that what's good enough for him is good enough for his pet and, though both the dentist and the dog hate the idea, the will of Brent prevails.

MAYBE HE NEEDS IT!

We are happy to report, however, that the will of Brent does not *always* prevail. It took an awful beating a short while ago when Ann Sheridan discovered that George was a strict vegetarian and had been for years. Now, Annie's not the wan and wistful type and her idea of a he-man is not the gent who derives his virility from mashed potatoes and green peas. Early in their romance she began to twit George about his

abstinence from meat—and the last time we saw him he was passing up the boiled onions and sheepishly wrapping his molars around a big, bloody steak.

BENNY THE BOUNTIFUL

A star-stricken visitor to the Paramount lot got Oscar, the studio bootblack, to give him a polish job the other afternoon. While Oscar rubbed and scrubbed, the visitor shot question after question at him. "Does Bob Hope get his shoes shined here?" he queried. "Yassuh," replied Oscar. "Does Bing Crosby get his shoes shined here?" "Yassuh," from Oscar. "Does Jack Benny?" "No, suh," and with contempt, "Benny shines his own."

WE'D CELEBRATE, TOO

Nelson Eddy stuck the thirty-ninth candle into his birthday cake a few weeks back and apparently the occasion was no secret. Nelson received dozens of phone calls and telegrams, fourteen thousand birthday cards and a load of gifts. The thing that gave him the biggest bang, however, was a visit from a little messenger boy who had been sent around to deliver one of those singing greetings. When Eddy appeared, the kid parted his lips, closed them again and then blurted out, "Here, you sing it. I'm scared to open my mouth when you're around!" Nelson, incidentally, had something better than a birthday to celebrate that day. He'd just completed the third year in which he'd been earning \$11,000 a week. Come Wednesdays and he gets \$5,000 for his picture work and \$6,000 for his radio broadcasts. His concert income is extra.

BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE MONTH

Hollywood never thought he'd be born in this century—an "actor" who admitted he couldn't act and didn't care who knew it! This wonder of the age, this man whom Diogenes so patiently sought, is none other than John Carroll, Louisiana's donation to Universal's "Hired Wife." "I'm a cook, a pilot, a truck driver, a barber and a boot-black," says John. "But doggone it, I'm no actor! I just got into this business by accident and it pays pretty well, so I guess I'll hang around until they bounce me out."

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

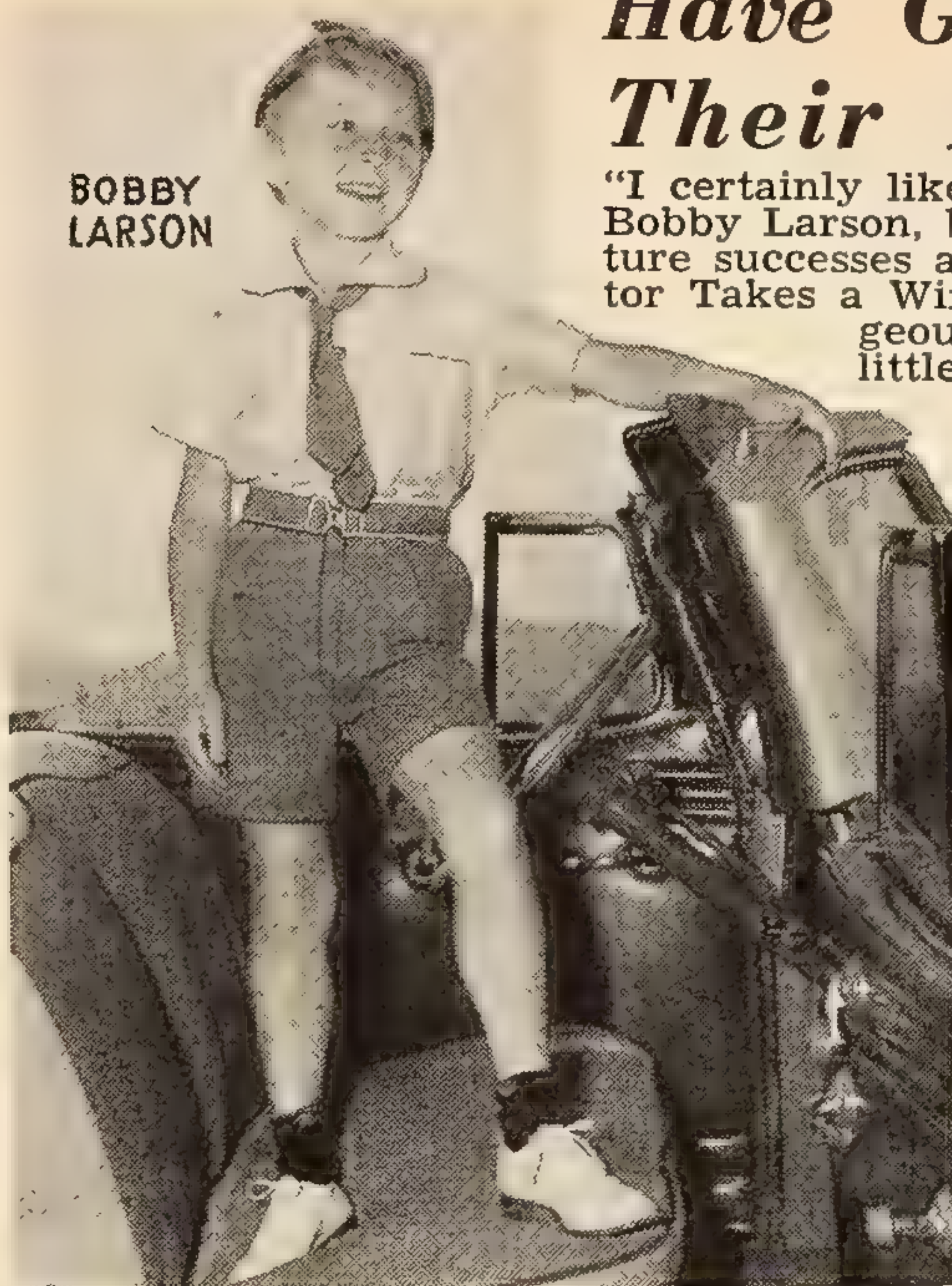
The Marx Bros. tip us off that the gags you'll hear in their new movie, "Go West," will be old stuff to thousands by the time they reach the screen. That's an amazing admission, but here's how come. Before making the film they decided to test their jokes on a personal appearance tour rather than present them cold to movie audiences. They salvaged those that got the laughs and only the rib-ticklers were written into the picture—they hope. It's possible though, that a few of the others sneaked in, too, for the other day, when they fetched Harpo's red wig from his traveling trunk, Harpo looked at it and discovered two grey hairs. "Hmmm," said he, "even the wig worried about that last personal appearance trek!"

GABLE GETS THE BREAKS

Clark Gable and the Missus are burned up about the story going round that all is not

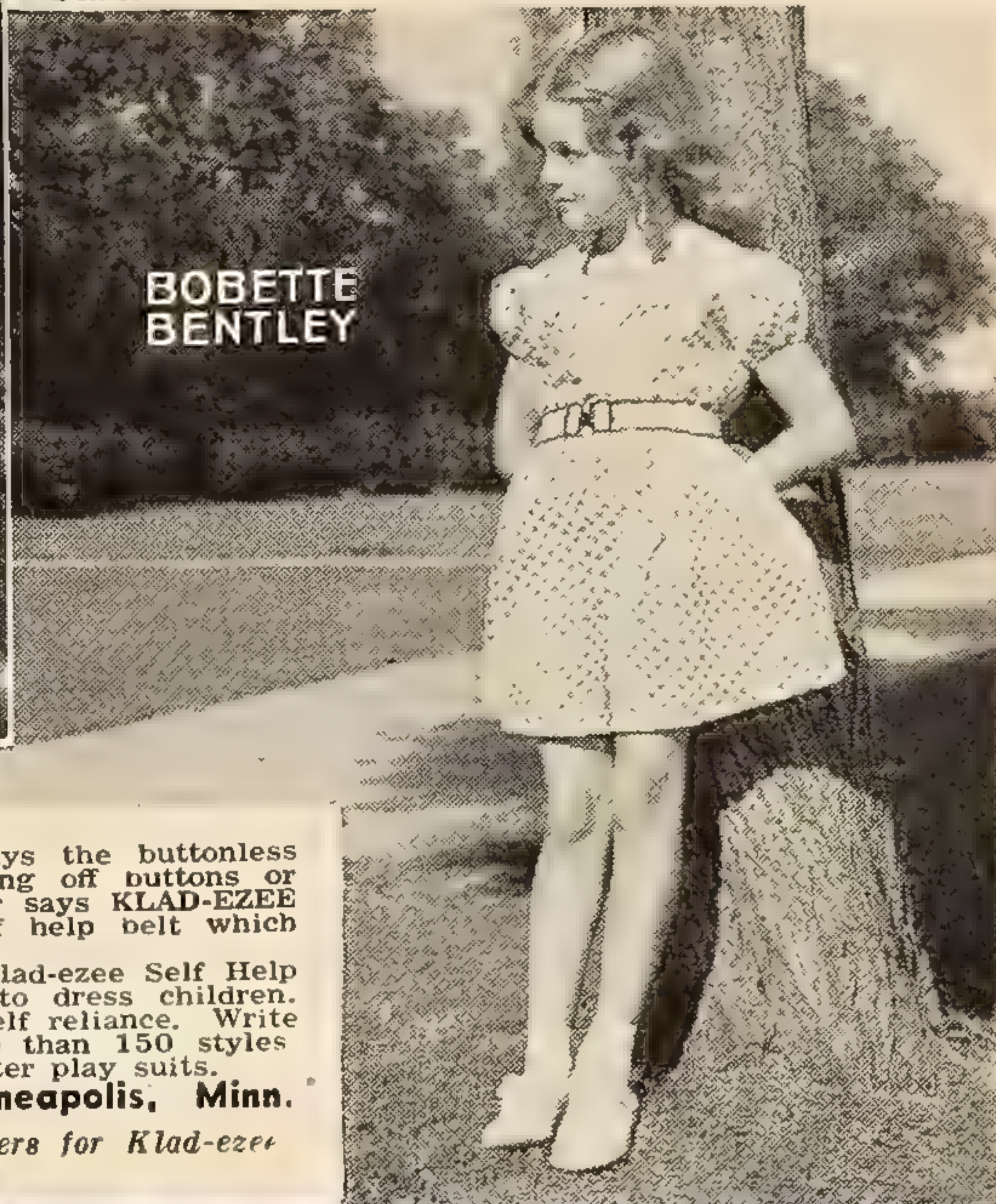
These Rising Young Hollywood Stars Have GLAMOR GALORE in Their KLAD-EZEE SUITS

BOBBY LARSON



"I certainly like to wear KLAD-EZEE Self Help suits," says Bobby Larson, brilliant six year old star of such motion picture successes as "Earthbound", "Five Little Peppers", "Doctor Takes a Wife", "Howards of Virginia", and "The Courageous Dr. Christian". And you'll admit that lovely little Bobette Bentley, who was Ruth Williams in "The Courageous Dr. Christian", and Genevieve in "The Women", looks glamorous and dainty in her trim fitting KLAD-EZEE play-suit.

BOBETTE BENTLEY



BANISHES BUTTON SEWING

"Mother likes Klad-ezee too," says Bobby. "She says the buttonless back drop seat relieves her of worry about me tearing off buttons or buttonholes when I'm playing." "And my mother says KLAD-EZEE are smarter looking on account of the adjustable self help belt which assures a trim fit waist line," says Bobette.

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well between them. Those who are spreading the poison should be squelched by the announcement that the pair intend taking a four-month honeymoon-vacation just as soon as Carole completes "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Another muffler for the gossip was provided by Clark just a few days ago when he told the following story about the wonderful Lombard sense of humor. It seems a bad case of poison ivy hit Carole recently and swelled her face until it looked like an automobile tire about to pop. A vainer woman would have hidden from the world—but not Carole. She borrowed a mask of Joan Crawford that M-G-M had made for "Broadway Serenade" and when Clark anked in one evening he was greeted by Joan's face smiling pleasantly above Carole's neck!

SUPPOSE THEY COMPARE NOTES!

Rita Hayworth is smarter than your sister's baby. In the past few months, thousands of people have written in requesting her photograph and, knowing the value of a fan following, Rita wants to keep all of them happy. Therefore, she has two kinds of pictures mailed out—one to her male admirers and the other to the females of the species. The ladies get a picture of Rita in sports clothes, exercising her dog, but the gentlemen—lucky stiff—get a photo of her in a clinging evening gown with the accent very definitely on allure.

SHORT SHOTS

Mickey Rooney has been gifted with seven wrist watches and wears a different one each day . . . Joan and Constance Bennett are going to do a picture together . . . Kay Francis is so tall that both Jack Oakie and Charles Winninger have had their shoes built

up for scenes with her in "Little Men" . . . Fred Astaire has the greatest inferiority complex in show business . . . Paulette Goddard is taking ballet lessons from Madame Nijinsky and in her next picture will dance with Astaire (which may help that complex) . . . Pearl White, the most famous silent serial heroine never saw Hollywood. Her pictures were made in Bound Brook, N. J. . . . The bar stools at the Brown Derby are chained to the counter . . . In an hour's conversation, Herbert Marshall will refer to his wife as "Lee, God bless her" at least twenty times . . . The Gene Markey—Hedy Lamarr separation, whisper those in the know, is only temporary.

CAN HELEN TOP THAT ONE?

The Helen Parrish-Forest Tucker engagement has been dead these many months but Helen and Forrest still like to "show" each other. Helen was recently escorted to a neighborhood eatery by two young men, Actor Charles Lang and Edward Arnold's son, Bill. A few tables down she spotted Forrest with just a single female, pretty Martha O'Driscoll. Boasted Helen, "See, I'm one up on him!" And it did look like her inning—until two nights later when Forrest retaliated by renting the Grace Hayes Lodge, and throwing a party for practically all the Earl Carroll beauties!

THESE MODERN MOTHERS!

When Jane Wyman was assigned to "Honey-moon for Three" she scratched her head and said, "Boy, that's a thought!" Ever since she and Ronald Reagan were married they've been so busy in pictures they haven't had time for their own honeymoon. Now, according to Jane, they're going to wait until their baby is born in January so that all three can take it together!

SILVER STARS

(Continued from page 67)

of silver in contact with the aluminum. Bring to a boil and remove silver just as soon as tarnish has disappeared. Do not let silver soak in the mixture but carry out the treatment expeditiously, following it with a thorough washing in fresh, hot soapsuds. Rinse and dry very thoroughly.

★ TABLE SETTING RULES FOR SILVERWARE

These are few but important. Start off by thinking of each place as a picture in a frame, that frame being the amount of space allotted to each individual place at the table. As with any picture the effect should never be crowded, and correct spacing is also important.

Place knives to the right of the plate, cutting edge in. Spoons go to the right of the knives. Forks are placed to the left of the plate—with the exception of oyster forks which go to the extreme right. Plenty of space must be left between right and left hand implements for the largest of the plates you intend using. All silver must be placed parallel and with the lower edges in a straight line an inch from the table edge.

Place butter knife on butter plate, handle at the right, cutting edge toward you. Place spoons for coffee, tea or cocoa on individual saucer.

The order of use governs the placing of the silverware. One starts with the

knife, fork or spoon farthest from the plate and as the meal progresses one works towards the plate. Once this is realized one should have no difficulty setting places for a meal of several courses (or in eating one's way through a many-course banquet for that matter!) Never have more silverware on the table than will be needed for that particular meal. In placing serving spoons, forks and carving tools remember that they can be placed crosswise as well as lengthwise—but never diagonally.

SPECIAL SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS

Your local five and ten cent store carries the silver cleaning cloths that work like a charm, silver polish, soft chamois in convenient size pieces, enamel dish pans, and rubber-covered drainers to hold the silver—after washing—for a thorough scalding. For extensive silver cleaning, be sure to have on hand a pair of rubber gloves. That polish was never intended for fingernails, so protect your hands with these new longer-lasting Latex gloves. A pair of 10c food tongs is fine to have, to lift the silver out of the galvanizing cleaning bath piece by piece. As an added precaution against scratching, wrap the ends of the tong with strips of cheese cloth, kept for this and countless other household purposes. The tongs, too, have unnumbered uses besides this one.

NURSERIES FOR NEWCOMERS

(Continued from page 27)

in 'Waterloo Bridge' and I couldn't help remembering the first time he came to me, a handsome, young college graduate from Pomona. He was raw, but very sincere and wholly unaffected. He stood before me, voice a little tight from nervousness, and read a scene from his favorite play, 'Journey's End.' I was impressed and did all I could for him.

"I don't claim to have discovered Paulette Goddard, but I helped her. After she'd appeared in one movie, she was sent to me by Charlie Chaplin. He asked me to give her polish. That was easy. Paulette was talented, cooperative and over-anxious to learn. I drilled her on technique, both in classes with other students and privately. And, well, she seems to be doing all right these days.

"If you'll take your eyes off Betty Grable's picture a moment, mister, I'll tell you about her. Cute but inexperienced, she came to town from Kansas City. Her family encouraged her to come to the Community Theatre, and she worked overtime, never relaxing or gossiping, but just working."

THERE was an old portrait of Julie Haydon, as she appeared with Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel." Julie looked like a poem by Shelley. Even better, maybe. I sighed. Neely Dickson sighed, too. Julie Haydon was her pet.

"Her father, editor of a Hollywood newspaper, brought her to me when she was sixteen. She wanted to be an actress, and he wanted her to get it out of her head. She didn't have much basic equipment, physically. She wasn't beautiful, wasn't strong, was over-sensitive. But she was endowed with a vivid imagination and a will of steel.

"After Julie had been with us a year, her father dropped in one night to see her play in Eugene O'Neill's 'Anne Christie.' She played the old hag, you know, the drunken hag Marie Dressler had portrayed. Her father stood with me in the back. He watched his shy, ethereal, blonde daughter come out on the stage, stooped, ancient, her voice rasping with the burn of whiskey. He grabbed my arm. 'Neely,' he whispered, 'I'm wrong. You're right. She's going to be great!'

"After three years she left me. She's been the star of four Broadway shows in the last four years. I feel like exploding with pride."

Neely Dickson spoke of her most recent discovery, a virile Apollo named Dana Andrews. He had appeared in her productions and she secured an agent for him. The agent brought a Goldwyn scout. The scout blinked his orbs and brought a director, a cameraman and one of Goldwyn's relatives. Dana Andrews was tested opposite Sigrid Gurie—and recently signed to a long-term.

"What I object to," stated Miss Dickson, "is that Goldwyn publicity insists Dana Andrews was discovered in a filling station, when he was found right here!

"In fact, I think Hollywood fosters too much bad publicity about everyone being discovered at ribbon counters, in grocery stores, or on the boulevard. It's false and deceiving. It makes the movies appear too easy. As if good looks and luck alone can get you in.

"Youngsters write to me and say they want to work in my theatre so that they'll be seen. But they don't realize what they might look like when they are seen. Most newcomers have poor voices, no technique, no control, no stage culture, no

poise. They must learn much before being seen. That's my job, and I love it!"

Ten minutes from the Community Theatre, toward the heart of Hollywood, squats the low, spacious Max Reinhardt Workshop. The building is actually the old Columbia Broadcasting Studios with its face lifted. The interior is cool, airy, expensive and artistic. Walking down the long corridors, you expect Stanislavski or some other alumnus of the Moscow Arts Theatre to greet you. Instead, the world famous Dr. Max Reinhardt, with his gray pompadour and his thick accent, greets you. He is a Colossus, this man, and you know his name will be alive when all your favorite movie stars are long in the wastebasket.

It is costly to study under the eminent doctor. I learned his Workshop fee is \$100 a month for the first year. The qualifications necessary for entrance are "special talent, sincerity and naturalness." The price for the second year is \$50 a month—and only at Dr. Reinhardt's personal invitation, thank you.

Upon becoming a student of the Workshop, you, along with fifty-four others, spend your first four months under the guidance of Rudolph Amendt, film heavy. With basic thespian knowledge under your belt, you move along to Helene Thimig Reinhardt, the doctor's brilliant wife, for three more months. And from there on, the great man himself takes you over.

Side by side with students from sixteen states and three foreign countries, you will slave in three rehearsal studios. If you don't know Shakespeare, you will be generally frowned upon. If you don't know the solid classics, you will be taught them.

Finally, in an upholstered CBS recording studio, on a platform before fifty seats full of sundry friends and glum talent scouts, you will do your bit.

I learned that the odds were with Dr. Reinhardt's students. He, who enchanted Europe in 1905 with his gorgeous "Midsummer Night's Dream," who in 1911 popularized the revolving stage, who in Berlin trained the 'teen-aged Hedy Lamarr in "The Weaker Sex," has had fifty percent of his students accepted by the movies. And in spite of the fact that he has only had his Workshop for two years.

IN this little recording room, Elaine Brandes, the slender nineteen-year-old, who had been selected by Chicago artists as that city's "Ad Queen," appeared for three months before she was grabbed by Twentieth Century-Fox. In this same room, George Cukor's find, Bebe Anderson, and Rosemary Lane worked for additional seasoning. Here, Nanette Fabares, the New Orleans beauty, was first sighted by Warners and hired to be a lady-in-waiting to Bette Davis in "Elizabeth and Essex." Here, too, Robert Ryan, a six-foot-two prizefighter from Dartmouth, played a character rôle, was seen by Paramount and inked for the lead opposite Jeanne Cagney in "Golden Gloves."

"But frankly, we do not guarantee to place people in the movies," admitted Dr. Reinhardt. "Nor is that our aim. My primary desire is to teach the sound fundamentals of the acting art, not to sell new talent. When my people learn to act, they are naturally signed by the movies. It goes hand in hand.

"The biggest weakness in newcomers is localized speech. They come to us from Kentucky, New York, Alabama, Dakota,

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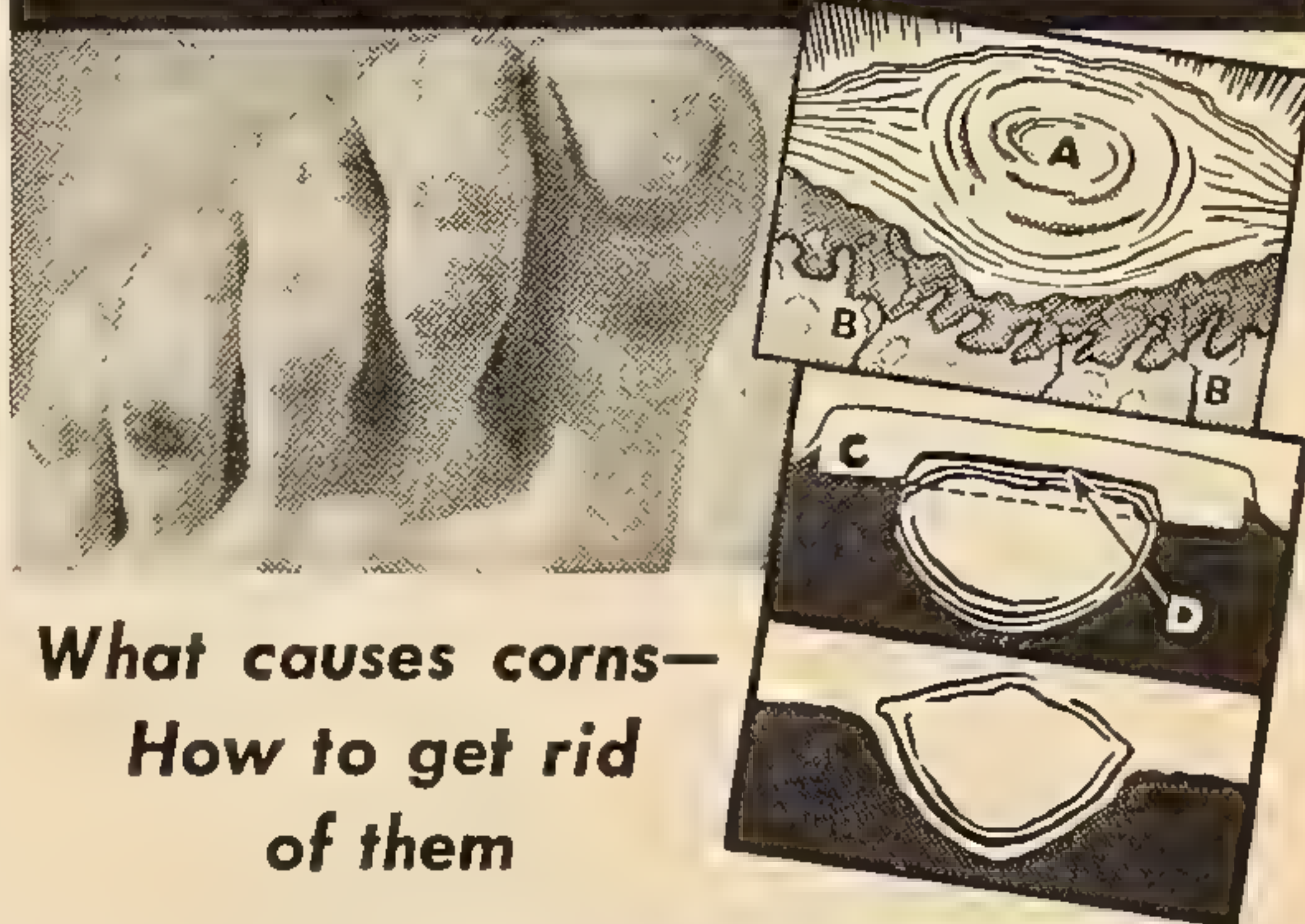
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and it takes us four months to standardize their speech. Then it takes three more months to curb them from over-acting."

Dr. Reinhardt's favorite word is "sincerity." He mentioned the humorous incident of a student named Ray Randolph, who was wanted by all of the studios, but who, upon being cast as Death in "Everyman" and desiring to do a sincere and realistic job, shaved off all his hair and eyebrows—and horrified the talent scouts who came to sign him as a matinee idol. (P. S.—His hair is growing back and he'll soon be in films!)

I left the doctor as he returned to his rehearsal of "Fortunato." His method of direction was quiet; his instructions, a spoken caress. In leaving him, I was aware of one impression—that an hour with Dr. Reinhardt was like living an hour with the Theatre's history.

Forty-five minutes from Movieland, and suddenly you stand before the seven-story Spanish styled Pasadena Playhouse.

Some twenty-three years ago it was established in a tumbledown burlesque house, with pails on the rafters to keep the rain from leaking down on the paid customer. Today, it is a magnificent showhouse, built at a cost of \$600,000 and having three theatres and countless classrooms from which such stars as Anne Shirley, Wayne Morris, Robert Young, Randolph Scott have emerged.

Every day, from 8:30 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, about two hundred future dramatic greats attend classes and rehearsals. Half of them, especially those in their second and final year, appear on the main stage—that of the Pasadena Playhouse itself—with its \$15,000 switchboard, its special sound booth where records are played for off-stage noises, its balcony and eight hundred and thirty-two seats.

In another section of the building is the Playbox, where intimate dramas are produced. It's a crazy place, almost Elizabethan—you act in a pit with the audience almost in your lap. It was in this topsy-turvy Playbox, incidentally, that Bill Holden was discovered by a scout while playing the role of an aged man in a version of the life of Madame Curie.

THEN, also, there is the Laboratory Theatre. It has two hundred seats, and produces twenty new scripts annually. If you don't have \$600 necessary for your first year in the Pasadena Playhouse proper, or the \$400 for your second year, you can try out any Sunday night for the Laboratory Theatre, and if you are talented enough, appear entirely free of charge.

The thankless job of instructing half of their students to emote is in the hands of seventy-five faculty members, fifteen of them associate directors like Morris Ankrum, who was bitten by Carmichael the bear in "Buck Benny Rides Again," and Victor Jory and Onslow Stevens. High Mogul of the directorial crew is the legendary Gilmore Brown, once decorated by the French government for his artistic achievements. Behind him there is also an advisory silent and imposing council containing Beulah Bondi, Elmer Rice, Walter Hampden and Paul Green.

None of the faculty receive salaries. The arrangement is entirely cooperative. Out of every dollar bill earned, forty-seven cents goes to the faculty.

"Only half of our students want to be actors," pointed out Gilmore Brown. "The rest are interested in other phases of drama, like directing, designing, teaching and so forth. And there are more jobs open on those ends. Why, do you know, we have a waiting list of jobs for young men and women talented enough to de-

sign stages, build flats and things like that!"

To prove the wide interest in these other phases of the theatre, Mr. Brown led me up the entire seven stories of the colorful Playhouse. He showed me the wardrobe department, holding nine thousand costumes valued at \$35,000, most of them home-made or donated by actresses. He showed me students sewing, dyeing clothes, some constructing sets. He showed me the drama library, packed with donated volumes. "It's the largest play library in America, aside from the New York Public Library," remarked Brown.

On the subject of production, Brown proudly confessed that his was the only theatre in America to have staged all thirty-seven of Shakespeare's plays. Also, it has staged eighty famous world premieres, including Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed," with its cast of two hundred players. In its two decades plus, Pasadena has produced one thousand plays, and in them have appeared tyros who are today headline stuff.

THERE was Randolph Scott," recalled Brown. "He wrote to DeMille from Georgia, and DeMille sent him to us for seasoning. He was sighted and signed from our boards. Robert Young used to be a board marker in the stock exchange down the street. His boss told him to keep his mind on his job instead of on acting or quit. Bob quit, walked over to the Playhouse and was later found by M-G-M.

"Gloria Stuart, beautiful blonde, talented, was given a lead in 'The Seagull' by me. Universal snatched her. Vic Mature came to us. He'd never acted before. Just a big good-looking lad. He stayed three years, lived in a trailer, and now Hal Roach is making him a name. Lloyd Nolan arrived one day, fresh out of Stanford. He wanted to be a technician. He wasn't going to be an actor and starve. Oh, no! He spent a year backstage with the props, got the histrionic bug watching others, went on our stage himself and clicked. And John Carradine. How can I ever forget him! Tall, gaunt, standing in the street in front of the Playhouse, dressed in checkered sox and golf knickers, swinging a cane, bellowing lines from 'Macbeth' and trying to hitch a ride to his home in Hollywood!

"Wayne Morris graduated in June of 1936. Before graduation I cast him in 'Yellow Jack.' A small role, nothing impressive. He was seen by the Warners casting director and rushed, without a test, into 'Kid Galahad'."

Pasadena's roll-call is bright with other stars! Tyrone Power, Helen Mack, Michael Whalen, Akim Tamiroff, who then played comedy, and Mischa Auer, who then played serious drama.

Even the immortal Paul Muni found Pasadena Playhouse a haven. He was brought out from New York to play Lon Chaney roles and was buried in the goo of make-up instead of being given a chance to act. He finally quit the old Fox company, went to Pasadena, appeared in "The Man Saul," then went on to Broadway, greater success—and returned to Hollywood in triumph.

Just before I left Gilmore Brown, I prodded him for a capsule of wisdom. He stood immersed in thought, then said, "Well, just this. I want to break the illusion that all the names I've mentioned got some place by luck or by good breaks. They got to the top by work, the kind of work you do in a construction gang or in a laboratory or on your feet in a store. That's how actors are shaped, and let every beginner remember that!"

The next stop was the Bliss-Hayden Miniature Theatre, situated off fabulous Wilshire Boulevard. Located behind a store, drab as to exterior, seven years of longevity behind it, it was founded by stately Lela Bliss and her pipe-puffing, myopic, chubby husband, Harry Hayden.

In their miniature theatre they instruct and display forty students, two-thirds of them girls. These students pay \$35 a month—and to enter they must be over sixteen years of age and serious about their work.

Should you happen to sign to work with Miss Bliss and Mr. Hayden, you will be expected to rehearse four weeks for your first part, maybe a mere walk-on. You will rehearse once in the morning, once in the evening. You will no doubt have the faults Harry Hayden finds in most greenhorns—inability to project your voice and inability to sustain a definite characterization. After six weeks you won't know yourself, they say.

Lucille Fairbanks, niece of the late Doug, enacted a society girl as her first character at Bliss-Hayden. It was a weak role. She was a strong actress. Warner Brothers took her in tow. Marilyn Merrick, after appearing in two plays, was sitting in the audience one night watching her understudy when Solly Baiano of Warners edged over to her and whispered the open sesame, "Would you like a screen test?"

Others hatched by Bliss-Hayden were Jean Muir, Jon Hall, Fay Holden, and Ann Gwynn, who was spotted by Universal during her fourth play.

To those with a desire to emulate the happy discoveries, Harry Hayden offered this tidbit: "You can improve yourself at home, before coming to this town. Spend a half-hour a day reading aloud. Not straight prose, but dialogue—Shake-

peare, when possible. The main trouble with beginners, I think, is that they speak with their mouths half closed. Their speech is reduced to incoherent mumblings. I'd advise beginners to take a large cork, hold it between their teeth, and read an entire part from a play aloud. This rounds tones, develops the voice, lowers the pitch. Fifteen minutes a day of this, plenty of ambition inside, and then come to us!"

NEXT we visited the Ben Bard Playhouse, blue, white and beautifully modernistic, outside and in.

The owner and director is Ben Bard himself, dark-haired, middle-aged husband of the late Ruth Roland.

It costs \$50 a month to benefit from Bard's vast experience. If you show no talent or drive, Bard reserves the privilege of sacking you after a month. He will not put you in any play for three months. He will work you, aided by his staff, from 10:30 every morning to 3:30 every afternoon, with many night rehearsals.

Self-educated, Ben Bard spent six years in films before he took over a store front, converted it into a theatre and taught his first pupils—among them two little kids named Shirley Temple and Jane Withers.

More recently Bard has developed some of the finest finds in the business. At the

drop of a script, he will recall his best bets.

"John Archer, for example. His real name was Ralph Bowman. One afternoon I went into MacDonald's Restaurant for lunch. He was working there, trotting food. He looked like something, so I asked him to drop over to the Playhouse. He did. I coached him like a demon, got him into the 'Gateway To Hollywood' contest, which he won. You've seen him in many RKO pictures since."

Ben Bard gave the facts in the case of Bill Orr. "He was a case, too, take it from me. Very shy, too bashful to get up in front of a class and read aloud, but excellent at imitations. He worked them up for one of our talent scout revues, was hired for that stage hit, 'Meet the People,' and M-G-M cast him as Bob Stack's brother in 'The Mortal Storm.'

"Another tough one was Jack Carson, soon to appear with Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers at RKO. He used to be a hick town vaudeville comedian—had a Chaplin walk, jerky gestures, the usual double-talk style. He would get these mannerisms into all his characterizations. In a year I broke him of these habits—and the scouts mobbed him.

"Sure you can be discovered, but it takes talent and time. A physician slaves eight years and a lawyer six. It's the same with actors. They've got to learn their profession right on the legitimate stage. That overnight ride to fame can't be depended upon."

There you are. Five representative Little Theatres. They may make you, or they may break you, because the stage is tough and cruel. You'll know when you've at last become a real actor or actress. It'll be this way, the way Ben Bard puts it: "You'll really be an actress, mam, when you can tear someone else's heart out and still not tear out your own!"

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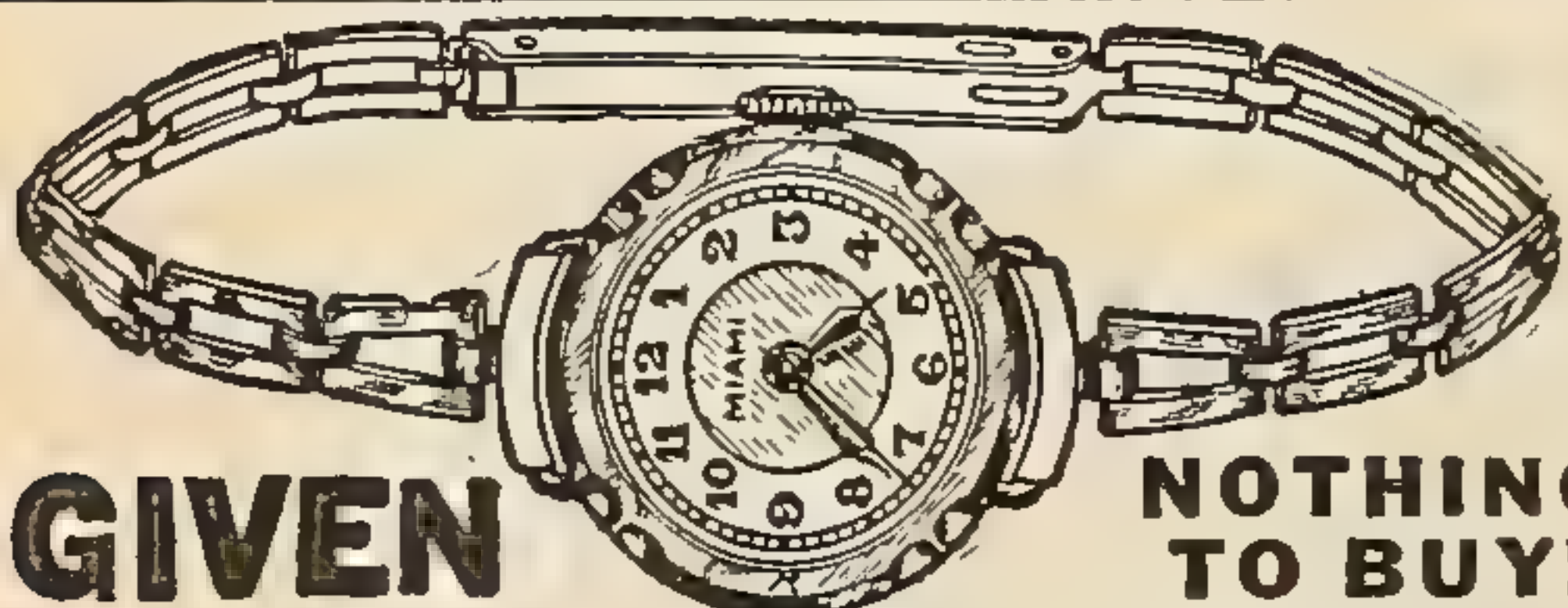
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WHY GIRLS CAN'T RESIST HIM

(Continued from page 37)

Appearing at the same spot at the same time, they couldn't help knowing each other. Bing thought she had a future. He went out of his way to tell her so. Something about the guy convinced her that he meant it. That was enough to make her think of him as a friend. Before she knew it, she was telling him her ambitions. And the fact that she confided in him seemed to make Bing think of her as a friend.

"Anyway, after a while she came to Hollywood. A few months later, Bing came out. She called him up to wish him luck. He said, 'I'm giving a little party and I want you to come and bring your boy friend.' Five seconds after he heard my name, he was calling me Johnny. In self-defense, I had to call him Bing. Anybody would have thought we had known each other for years. Somehow, we got to kidding about golf. One of us suggested a game. And—well, we've been friends ever since.

"Maybe I'll go off to New York to do a play and won't see him for months. And maybe, when I get back, I'll see him only casually. But he doesn't change in the meantime. If you're his friend today, you're still his friend the next time he sees you, whenever that may be.

I DON'T know what it takes to be a friend of Bing's," he said. "I've never thought about it. I know fellows who have been trying to get close to him for years—fellows he sees every day at Lakeside. You can see him freeze every time they say, 'Hiya, Bing.' If he doesn't like you, he just doesn't like you. And, with that open face of his, he can't keep from showing it.

"These fellows are in the same racket he's in—movies. They play the same game he plays—golf. That gives them two big interests in common, but Bing just doesn't want anything to do with them. Yet he'll make a buddy out of some dirty-faced little caddy with patches on the seat of his pants.

"As near as I can figure it out, he has the caddy pegged as a kid with the right stuff inside and these other fellows pegged as four-flushers. They talk too loud and too much.

"Maybe he was a sucker sometime or other for some high-pressure salesman who failed to deliver. Or maybe he was double-crossed somewhere along the line by some blowhard he trusted. Or maybe he just has a strong instinct for sincerity. I don't know. All I know is that he can spot phonies a mile away. And, if possible, he'll keep them a mile away.

"He's a pretty average guy, himself, and I've noticed he likes to be around average people, whether they're bankers from Wall Street or down-and-outers from Skid Row. He doesn't seem to care what else a man is, if he's a down-to-earth human being."

To an outsider, it might look like smart business on Bing's part to keep in touch with the common people. After all, he usually plays one of them.

"It's not a matter of smartness," John assured us. "It's a matter of taste. Bing did a lot of scratching around before he struck pay dirt. All those years, people didn't like him for what he had, because he didn't have anything; if they liked him, they had to like him for what he was. He wanted other people to find things to like in him, so he got in the habit of looking for things to like in other people. That's an easy habit to break, I

hear tell, when everybody starts telling you how wonderful *you* are. But Bing hasn't lost it.

"For one thing, he doesn't believe all the flattery he hears. I happen to know that he still carries around an old worn clipping, a review of another star's picture, with this part underlined: So-and-so 'has a marvelous voice, but can't act as well as Bing Crosby, who can't act at all.' For another thing, he doesn't believe that important people are the only people worth knowing. He gets a kick out of proving it. He's forever finding characters, God knows where.

"Like the General, for instance. Did you ever hear about the General? One week-end Larry, Bing's brother, went down to the ranch at Del Mar. It gets black dark down there at night. This particular night, about nine o'clock, Larry stepped out to the kitchen for a glass of water. There was a knock on the kitchen door. Larry opened it. Out there in the darkness stood this grizzled old character with a gun in his hands. He said, 'I want to see Bing.' Larry said, 'Er—who wants to see him?' The old codger said, 'Just say the General.' Larry thought he had a crazy hill-billy on his hands. He said, 'Er—wait here.' He shut the door and jittered into the living-room.

"We'd better locate the guard," he warned everybody. "There's an old guy outside with a gun." He tapped his head meaningly. 'Says he wants to see you, Bing.' Bing asked, reasonably enough, 'Did he say who he was?' Larry said, 'Yeah. Said he was the General.' Bing laughed. 'Well, bring him in. He's a friend of mine.'

"How Bing met him or where, Heaven only knows. He was an old soldier who had a little farm somewhere up in the hills, where he spent most of his time hunting. Anyway, Bing liked the old guy, and the old guy liked Bing. And it seems they had a date to go 'coon hunting the first night the hunting looked ripe. The General said this looked like the night. So what did Bing do? He passed up the little party that was just getting started to go 'coon hunting with the General.

JUST to show you how Bing gets around, the last time he and Dixie went east, they were house guests of a millionaire polo player, who's also an interesting guy."

John wanted to straighten out one thing.

"He gets along all right with women, but's he's a man's man. He played with one female once who thought he should also be a ladies' man. She went on the make for him. And Bing thought it was a gag!

"She didn't seem to get anywhere as long as they worked at the studio. But then the company went on location to a small town up the Coast. They put up at a small hotel. All the rooms were on the second floor, looking out on a balcony that went across the front of the building. One night, after they had gone to their rooms, Bing looked up, to see her coming through one of his windows. With that, he went out the other.

"Last year, Bing and I went up to Del Monte for a golf tournament. On the way up, we got to talking about an actor whose wife was soon bound to discover that he was cheating. 'Thank God, I don't have any of those worries,' said Bing. 'I don't have to be afraid some girl

will call up the house and get Dixie by mistake.'

"He has his own way for handling temperamental women. I remember one little spitfire he played with. She'd throw a fit every few days. And Bing would say, 'When you get her straightened out, let me know. I'll be out at Lakeside.' He doesn't let people bother him. He doesn't let anything bother him. He's easygoing. He could have been just as happy as a tramp as he is as a movie star."

John grinned persuasively.

"If you're going to be around Bing, you want to have your sense of humor in working order, because he's always trying to get a rise out of people. A certain banker who was due out from New York a while back found that out.

THERE was going to be a tournament at Lakeside, with amateurs teaming up with pros, and the banker wanted to get in it. Bing said, 'I'll team you up with somebody good.' When the banker arrived, he said, 'Well, who's going to be my partner?' Bing answered, 'Lew Gardaro.' The banker had never heard of him. 'Why, he's the pro at the Hard-scrabble Country Club, just outside Philadelphia,' said Bing. The banker thought he knew all the clubs around Philadelphia, but he'd never heard of that one. Bing said, 'Why, it's famous. And Gardaro's famous. A great golfer. Of course, he's a little eccentric, but that's because he's deaf. You'll have to yell to make him hear.'

"The banker began to look worried. 'Oh, yes, and he's an insurance salesman on the side,' Bing added. 'He'll probably be trying to sell you insurance. But he's a great golfer.' The banker was speechless with dismay. 'He's a mountain boy,' Bing went on blithely, 'so don't be surprised if he takes off his shoes and goes barefooted, if he has to work hard to win.' About that time the banker exploded. Bing could count him out of the tournament. 'That's too bad,' said Bing, 'because I've really got you paired with Sam Snead.' He had dreamed up 'Lew Ga-

daro' as a gag. The banker's still laughing at the way he fell for the gag.

"Bing goes for people who can laugh at themselves. Everybody does. And between you and me, that's one reason why everybody goes for Bing.

"People rave about his voice, and he pokes fun at it. They can't help liking a success who's that modest. The funny thing is that he honestly doesn't take his voice seriously. I've seen proof. I've been with him during recordings, and I've seen him smoke a big cigar between songs.

"He cracks about his being a movie star and this tickles people. He's not only a star, he's near the top of the heap, but you'd never know it to see him on a set. Two years ago, Paramount gave him a fancy portable dressing-room. A while back, a character actress started screaming that it was an outrage that she didn't have a portable dressing-room; every important player was entitled to one. 'Take mine,' said Bing. 'I never use it.' He hadn't even been inside the thing after two years. A camp chair's good enough for him, between scenes.

"People can't help going for a guy who is a success, but who hasn't let it go to his head because he's so busy thinking of other things. All of us have asked ourselves what we'd do if we ever had money, and we've said, 'We'd enjoy life.' Well, here's a guy who has followed through on that. He does the kind of work he likes, plays the kind of games he likes, pals around with the kind of people he likes. He lives in the kind of house he likes and has the kind of wife he always dreamed about with four kids of the kind he always hoped to have. Nobody knows anybody who gets as much out of life as Bing does. That's his big attraction."

Was John trying to tell us that a wife and four children fitted into the explanation of Bing's appeal to women?

"Yes," John said. "Women like to see a man who's frankly sold on matrimony. He's an encouragement to other men. Especially when he's a man's man—one hundred percent masculine."



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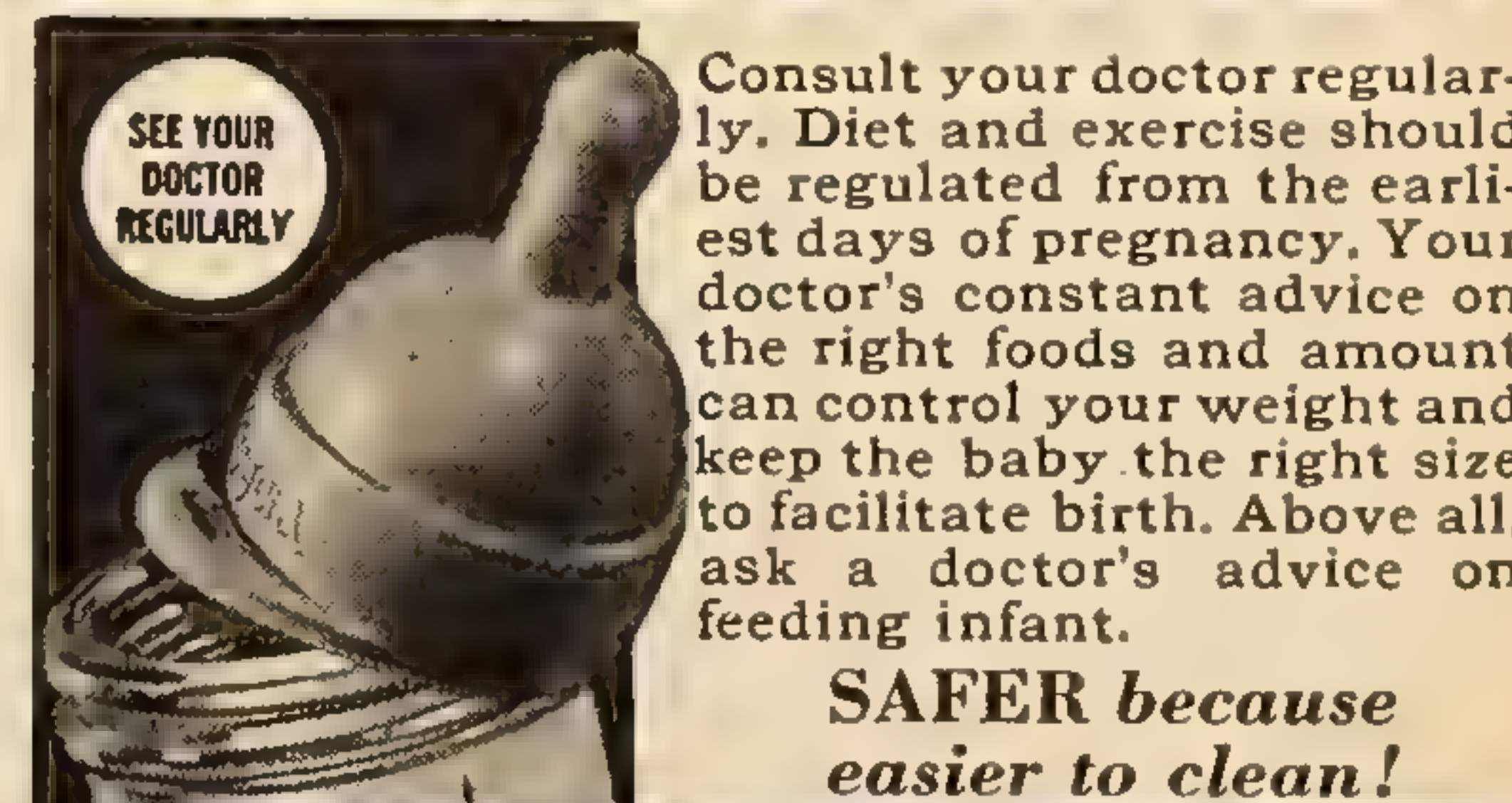
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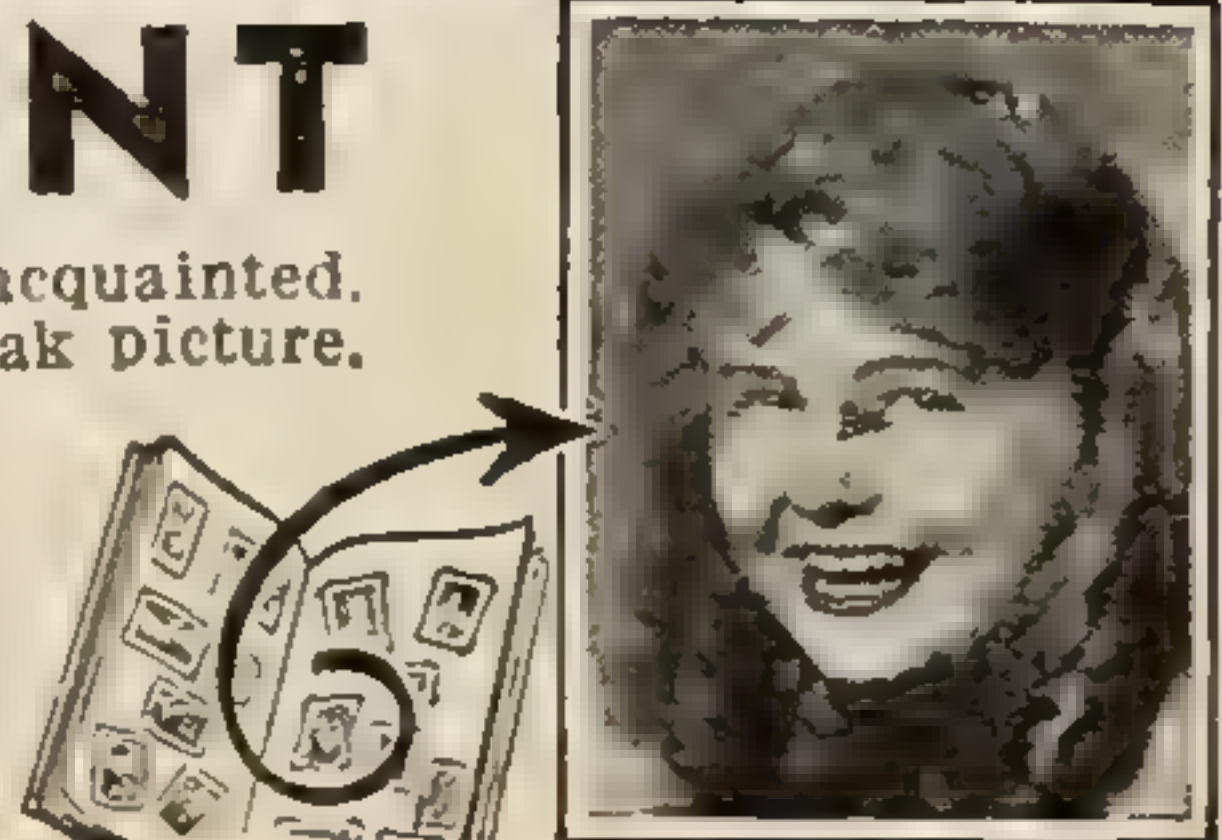
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THE LETTER

(Continued from page 48)

weird, native music began to come from the bunkhouse again. Deep in the shadows where they could not see him, stood the Head Boy and beside him was a woman. In the eerie light of that hour that separates night and day, her features looked Eurasian. She followed the Head Boy to where Hammond lay. As she gazed down, no emotion stirred her mask-like face. But in her eyes were tears. From the distance came the fading sound of the motor on its way to Singapore.

As Leslie's lawyer, Joyce recognized one possible difficulty. If she had shot Hammond only once, it would be plain sailing, but all six chambers of the gun had been emptied into him, some of them evidently after he had fallen. Though no one had made a point of it, this was still worrying him three weeks later as he sat in his office in Singapore and studied the case of "The Crown vs. Leslie Crosbie, Defendant." Technically, the charge was murder. They had kept Leslie in prison and she was taking it like a thoroughbred.

It was bewildered Bob who was a wreck from the strain of it, kind old Bob—not brilliant, a bit on the stupid side really, but Leslie's loyal husband and his own good friend. He kept saying, "She shot him as she would a mad dog," and everyone agreed with him. They all felt there was no question but that Leslie would be acquitted. Hammond's real character had been revealed with investigation. It seemed that he owned a gambling house on the quiet and that the Eurasian woman had secretly been his wife. Public opinion was flatly against Hammond.

THERE was a knock at the office door and Joyce's Cantonese clerk, Ong Chi Seng, came in. He was a small, trim, gleaming fellow. His English was precise. The night before, Ong had gone with the Crosbie Head Boy to a room above the shop of one Chung Hi. There, Hammond's Eurasian woman had shown him a letter and he was instantly aware of its value. Now he spoke of it to Howard Joyce.

"A friend of mine has brought information, sir, that there is in existence a letter from the defendant, Mrs. Crosbie, to the unfortunate victim of the tragedy, written on the day of Mr. Hammond's death."

Joyce was startled. He knew that Ong was no fool, but he pretended to be unperturbed. Ong gave him a hand-written copy of the letter.

"Robert will be away for the night. I absolutely must see you. I shall expect you at eleven. I am desperate and, if you don't come, I won't answer for the consequences. . . . Don't drive up. Leslie. . . ."

"It is inconceivable that Mrs. Crosbie should have written such a letter," scoffed Joyce. But as he left the office a few minutes later, undoubtedly for the prison and a conference with his client, the

wily Ong Chi Seng knew he had made his point.

Leslie came into the visiting room and held out her slim, fine hand to Joyce as though she were receiving him in a drawing room. She was perfectly groomed—not a hair out of place. Her fragile grace as she sat on the rough bench, her quiet voice, every detail of her being, seemed strange in these surroundings, made the letter unbelievable.

To speak of it was even harder than he had anticipated. He heard her saying cheerily, "Only five more days now—then I'll be home," and he pulled himself up.

"I need to ask a few more questions," he said. "I suppose I'm right in believing you had no communication with Hammond for several weeks before the catastrophe?"

"Oh quite," she answered.

"And you hadn't written to him?"

"No."

"At one time you and Bob and he were on fairly intimate terms," he went on. "How did it happen you stopped asking him to your house?"

SHE waited a moment, then spoke frankly. "I may as well tell you, Howard, we heard about his—his wife. Once, just by chance, I saw her—"

Joyce watched her closely. "I think I should tell you that there exists a letter to Geoff Hammond in your handwriting."

"Oh, I've often sent him little notes to invite him to something or to ask him to get me something when he was in Singapore."

"You'd better read this for yourself," Joyce showed her the letter.

She scarcely looked at it. "That's not my handwriting," she said.

"It is said to be an exact copy of one written the day Hammond died." He made her read it. "If the original were in your handwriting?"

"It would be a forgery. I didn't write it! I swear I didn't—Anyhow, it's not dated. It might have been written years ago—" Then as he kept looking at her, "Give me a little time—I'll try to remember—"

"Leslie," he said and his voice was grave, "if it falls into the hands of the Prosecution, they could cross-examine your houseboys and soon find out if someone took a letter to Hammond on the day of his death." As she didn't answer, he turned as though to go.

Suddenly she cried out. "Wait, Howard—wait a minute." He paused and she went on, "I did write that letter, but I was afraid to mention it. I thought none of you would believe my story if I told you he'd come at my invitation. You see," she gathered speed as the words tumbled out, "Robert wanted a new gun for his birthday. I wanted to surprise him with it and I don't know about guns. I thought I'd get Geoff to order it for me." Her eyes were begging desperately for belief.

Joyce's voice sharpened. "Leslie—until now I was certain of your acquittal. But this will start suspicion in the mind of the Prosecution. I won't say what entered my mind when I read it. It's my job to defend, not convict you even in my own mind. But if the jury decides you killed Hammond in self-defense—Leslie, don't tell me anything except what is needed to save your neck!"

Before he could catch her, she crumpled to the floor. In the first-aid

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room, they revived her. When the others were gone, she sighed and looked up at Joyce. "Are you going to let me be hanged?" she asked. He looked at her questioningly and she added, "You could get hold of that letter. If they brought it to you, they are prepared to sell."

Buying that letter was the same as suborning a witness. It would finish him if he were known to do such a thing. Yet she asked it. She seemed so helpless and she was the wife of his best friend.

"If Robert loses his trust in me, he loses everything," she said.

"I'll do what I can," Joyce finally told her. He would have to advance the money and collect it from Bob after the trial. Crosbie was a witness and he must go on the stand with his faith in her unshaken.

Ong Chi Seng demanded \$10,000 for the letter. He had discovered by devious ways that Mr. Crosbie's account in the Bank of the British Malaya Company totaled \$10,450. Bargaining was useless. There was also one other condition. The Eurasian woman insisted the money must be brought to her at Chung Hi's place by Mrs. Crosbie—no one else.

"Great heavens, man," cried Joyce, "do you think she can walk out of prison whenever she likes?"

Ong had thought that out, too. "I shouldn't be surprised if she had been taken ill this morning," he replied easily. "Perhaps on the plea of ill health, the Judge will permit her to stay at your house until the trial, if you are responsible for her, sir." As usual, Ong was right.

The night before the trial found Leslie a guest in Joyce's home. He watched her as she sat on the garden terrace working peacefully at her lace in the light of an overhead lantern. He had come to realize that this lace-work was like an opiate to her in moments of tension. Crosbie gazed adoringly at his wife, and Dorothy Joyce was light-heartedly planning a party to be given in Leslie's honor after the verdict.

JOYCE reflected ironically that somehow he and Leslie had to get away from the two innocents and meet the Eurasian woman at Chung Hi's that night—or there would be no party. His manner had been casual when he had mentioned the letter to Crosbie. Without revealing its true contents, but stating simply that it might be awkward in wrong hands, he adroitly got Bob to say, "Do as you think best and put in your charges." Now, grateful for Bob's docile, stupid goodness, Joyce sent him and Dorothy to a cinema, telling them it might help pass the time while he and Leslie went over preliminaries to her morning in court.

As soon as they had gone, Leslie and Joyce went down a dark garden path to where Ong Chi Seng was waiting. He took them through dim, narrow streets until they paused before the shop of Chung Hi. As they waited for Ong to reconnoitre, Joyce and Leslie, looking in his window, were idly interested in the carving on the ivory handles of two little knives. "Imagine all that on a knife!" exclaimed Leslie.

"He who kills with an unworthy tool commits two crimes—one against himself," said Ong's voice suddenly at their shoulders. But he was smiling so impersonally that he seemed merely to have spoken an old adage with no ominous intent. "My friend is ready," he added.

Up steep, dark stairs they went into the dingy room of Chung Hi, who received them with polite ceremony.

Joyce spoke abruptly, "Have you the letter?"

"Woman have got," said Chung Hi, and

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when it was clear these people would not allow the proper Chinese politenesses before business, he sent for her.

Suddenly the Eurasian woman stepped noiselessly through the doorway. She was dressed in Oriental style. On her arms were heavy gold bangles, around her neck a heavy gold chain, and there were gold pins in her hair. But these were forgotten when one saw the face. Only her eyes had expression, eyes that shot daggers of hate and contempt at the white woman. While Joyce gave her the money and Ong translated to her the request for the letter, she kept that unwavering stare on Leslie and said, "Tell her to stand up." Then, "Tell her to walk over here."

Standing very straight, Leslie walked slowly to the Eurasian woman. The woman took the letter out of a pocket in her tunic, then tossed it to the floor at her feet. She would make this white woman bow before her. Leslie looked at her with the faintest trace of a smile, then, with a deliberate and graceful motion, she stooped and picked up the letter.

"Thank you," said Leslie, and her manner lessened the other's triumph.

The Eurasian's hate followed her as she and Joyce went out.

IN the crowded court room, though beads of perspiration were on his forehead and it seemed to him that one word would not follow the other, Joyce held his voice firm as he made his plea to the jury. In the small room where they went to await the verdict, Leslie's fingers wove the delicate spider-web of her lace and she quieted Bob, who was nervous. When they were recalled to the court room, Joyce saw the Eurasian woman and the Crosbie Head Boy at the back of it.

Leslie rose and faced the jury.

"We find the defendant—not guilty," pronounced the foreman.

There was scarcely a change in her, only a slight relaxing through the body. The crowd rushed to congratulate her. In the eyes of the Eurasian there was sardonic amusement.

Back in Joyce's garden, Bob Crosbie could not taste the cocktail he drank. All he could know for the moment, all he could feel, was "Leslie's safe, Leslie's safe." Then, when he'd got his bearings, he told Leslie and Joyce what he had been planning. "We can't live at the old place again. We've gone through too much there," he said. He had found a plantation in Sumatra. A man in financial trouble had agreed to sell it to him at a great bargain—\$30,000 if he got the money tomorrow.

"I've got ten thousand in the bank," he exulted, "and Charlie Meadows will let me have the balance on a mortgage."

Joyce and Leslie exchanged glances. Ten thousand in the bank? It was what he owed Joyce for the letter, only Bob didn't realize that. Crosbie began getting out blueprints, chattering happily of details.

At last Howard Joyce broke in on him. "I hate to throw cold water on your plans but—" Somehow he got it out—the fact that he had had to pay ten thousand for the letter.

"You must have been mad!" Crosbie exclaimed. "Ten thousand—why, that's all I have in the world!" After a while he began to see it was absolutely necessary. "But what was in it?" he demanded. "At the time, you said only that Leslie had requested him to get something for me and—"

"I wanted to get you a new gun," she said. "I wanted Geoff to help me."

For the first time, his voice became hard. "I was buying a gun myself. You knew that." Then he demanded the letter.

"If I've got to pay that much for it, I'm going to see it," he shouted, his temper shaking him with emotion.

Joyce gave it to him. He read it. "What—does it—mean?" he asked in a whisper.

Leslie's voice was flat. "It means that I was in love with Geoff Hammond," she said, and then she told him all of it. "We met constantly. Oh—I hated myself for it and yet I wasn't happy except when I was with him. Then a time came when he began to change toward me. I was frantic. I heard about that—that woman. I wouldn't believe it. I couldn't—until at last I saw her. I sent for him. That was the one letter he didn't take care to destroy. I don't know what I said. At last, he turned on me. He said she was the only one who meant anything to him. I was beside myself. I grabbed the



Cute Jane Wyman even has her pet mount eating out of her hand. Watch for her in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again."

revolver. I fired. When I saw I'd hit him, I ran after him and I fired again and again until the gun was empty." She finished bitterly. "I've no excuse—I don't deserve to live."

There was a moment of silence. As she had spoken, Crosbie had begun to sob—huge, dry sobs. But when she ended, he managed to control himself. He looked at her with a kind of pity. "I'm sorry, Leslie," he said and turned and went to the house.

"He's going to forgive you," said Joyce.

Leslie and Bob had the same room. Mechanically, they dressed for the party. At last she said, "It's no use, is it? We can't go on, can we?"

He said, "If you love a person, you can forgive anything. But Leslie, can you go on?"

At first she said, "Yes." She had wakened from a horrible nightmare. She even said she loved him. Then suddenly she cried out, "I can't—I can't!" And the truth broke through. "With all my heart, I still love the man I killed."

Somehow, Bob Crosbie got out of the room. Perhaps it took Leslie a little longer to finish dressing than it would have otherwise, but she was composed again as she turned out the light to go downstairs. Then, as the moonlight fell through the French door to the balcony that overlooked the terrace, she was drawn to it. Something light lying on the threshold caught her eye. Dread ran through her. It was one of the small ivory-handled daggers from Chung Hi's window. She knew its meaning. Should she pick it up and use it? It seemed to hold a strange power over her. Then with sudden determination, she pulled herself free of the thought. She turned and walked out of the room and down the short flight of stairs to the party that was being given in her honor.

"I'm sorry, Dorothy," she smiled. "I took rather a long time to dress."

They surrounded her, saying pleasant, admiring things. She answered them all gently and beautifully, a modest and lovely woman. It was while she was dancing with Mr. Withers that her nerves began to jump. His complimentary memories were almost more than she could stand. She was alarmed, too, because of Robert. He hadn't left the bar since he had come downstairs. Then she saw Dorothy go rushing up to Joyce and it was clear they were trying to do something about him.

Crosbie was not merely tight. Something more than that had disordered his mind and set his tongue to spinning the story of the plantation he intended to buy tomorrow, his and Leslie's plans to go there and be happy. Nothing could dam the flood of words that poured out the story Crosbie wanted to believe and wanted others to believe. His mind rehashed the terrible truth it could not endure. "There'll be just the two of us," he babbled. "But my—my wife's a good sport. Always can count on her. We'll have each other. That's important."

Leslie could stand no more. Abruptly she turned and left the room. Crosbie just talked on. People grew embarrassed. Joyce asked the native orchestra to play so that they could dance.

LESLIE rushed upstairs to the bedroom. Frantically she got out her lace to quiet her mind, but her fingers twisted it and ripped the thread. She jumped to her feet, a cry tearing at her throat. The dagger was gone from over the balcony doorway! She ran out into the night, a slim wraith with pale hair shining in the moonlight. She ran across the terrace—down the path through the garden. Tears flowed from her eyes that were wide with anguish. She ceased to run. She stood still in a moment of unbearable grief.

Did a cloud pass over the moon or was it only the cloud that passed through her soul and shadowed her face with fear? A scarf swiftly thrown over her head from behind muffled her scream. A man held her arms pinned to her body. The Crosbie Head Boy was strong. In the hand of the Eurasian woman who stood beside him, was the dagger that had disappeared from the doorway—a beautiful and not "unworthy tool," according to the belief of the one who held it and plunged it into soft flesh.

Once again, the Crosbie Head Boy saw a woman standing in the moonlight and her shadow lay across a still figure huddled on the ground. The Eurasian woman stood proudly.

Within the house, the dance music had stopped. The boys of the orchestra started singing softly, a weird tune that wound like a question through the garden and into the quiet tropic night.

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